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SEPTEMBER, 1849.

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1849.

Shirley T. ...
Ann. No. ... Date ...

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOTSPUR.—In our next.

K.—The account of the Races at Mauritius reached us too late for the present number. It shall appear in the Calendar in September.

The following note was received too late to be appended to Mr Western's paper, in our present Number; we therefore insert it here.

"Mr Hare has just advertised a reprint of his Pamphlet on Dysentery which contains an additional *part*. In this second part I find at page 27, he *twice* alludes to a valve to the Cæcum, but no where else throughout, although the entire Pamphlet contains 32 closely printed pages. I have said in my paper that he does not allude to this valve, and he has said that he "has written a book upon it." At the time I last wrote I had not seen this *second part*, therefore my assertion was literally correct; and I mention the above rather than be thought intentionally to misrepresent Mr Hare. It is possible there is yet some other work of Mr Hare's *on the valve*; but when alluding to it as he says, "See my book on Dysentery," I fear he is in the habit of writing loosely. At this page 27, of the 2nd part of his present Pamphlet, he also mentions a valve to the *Colon* (line 3 from top) which if not a mistake is, I conclude, a great discovery. It *may* exist in man, but certainly does not in the horse.

J. W."

Calcutta, September 28th, 1849.

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THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS;

OR,

THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.

PART II.

"The honour of *our Holy Church*
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep ;
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it these your hearts would yield
To the Godless infidel ?"

MRS HEMANS.

Regarding the readers of any record of voyages, travels or works of similar enterprise, in which monotonous and continued exertion for the most part occupied more of the author's time than those spirited moments of excitement, which, without fatiguing the reader, rouse and amuse his imagination,—regarding, then, the readers of such works, as mentally undertaking the identical route which the author has performed, and therefore as fellow travellers with him, a considerate man would avoid, as

much as possible, imposing on his audience quite as much labour, fatigue and annoyance, as he had personally encountered; while, as the most agreeable society in life is invariably conducted on "give and take" principles, and is found more or less delightful as mutual forbearance and sympathy can be excited and kept up,—so the author of the "Labours of Idleness" must ask of his readers some indulgence for the long, tedious details of trifles which must necessarily occupy a considerable portion of a diary, more especially of a journey through a land as deserted as these shores of Palestine, and among a people, whose habits, while composed of elements novel to our own, afford few salient points to give piquancy to the narrative of an Indian invalid, merely flitting through these realms of historic interest to his own quiet home in England!

The few days' break in a journey which the jealousy of European policy on the *vexata questio* of the prevention of the plague has imposed on all travellers in the Levant, is often regarded by fresh English travellers, who never had a pain in the shoulders and whose "withers are unwrung" by the agues and fevers and other shocking disorders incident to a residence in the east, as a remedy far worse than the disease it is intended to guard against, but which the *ennuyé* too often travels in perpetual company with. The classical reader need scarcely be referred to Horace for an authority on this subject "*sedit post equitem atra cura.*" Let us make the most of this breathing time between the heats—and, be it known, that we, the invalid gentlemen from Bombay, contrived to run four heats during the distance between Cairo and Constantinople, over a space of ground not often recorded in the racing calendar, and of which race, had the time been taken, I dare say the "Child of the Isles" and his gallant contemporaries would have made light, although some of the line taken was perhaps familiar to him and them in the days of their youth; and though the distance from Jerusalem to Constantinople was accomplished with the same horses and on a kind of standard of weight for age and inches, yet both competitors thought themselves fortunate in escaping a dead heat. We took up, if I may be allowed the simile, a fresh horse to bring us in the last half mile, having worn out the interpreter who accompanied us from Cairo to Aleppo, and who, having there declared himself unable to hold his place any longer, was superseded by Joseph Simon, a Maronite Christian, *vice* Guiseppe, the Sardinian.

The courteous reader has been already introduced to the *dramatis personæ* of the piece, but as the diary style does not admit of the development of individual character as agreeably or as intelligibly as the novel writer's system, in which every

incident, like the old *Deus ex machina* of the Roman theatres, most appropriately places one or more of the actors in a very prominent and characteristic position, while the audience are informed as it were by a stage whisper of certain idiosyncratic peculiarities, they could never, by any other possibility, have discovered. But lest the preface to *Part two* should become as tedious to the reader as the journey occasionally became to the author, the reader may as well endeavour, if it be possible, to imagine himself in company with the Bombay pilgrims, now confined within the Quarantine station of the classical town of Gazza. The head of the establishment, rejoicing in the title of Nazir, is a favourable specimen of young Turkey in Asia; a dapper looking little personage, rather slight made, without a beard to his dark, but European-featured countenance, to which a neat moustache fixed to a fashionable curl on either side of a well shaped mouth, and very prim-looking eyebrows, *bien prononcé*, gives a comical expression. On our arrival he received us with a profusion of polite bows and energetic flourishes of his white wand to keep ourselves and attendants beyond contagion-distance, till our steady approach from the camels towards the quarters to which the two guardians, appointed to receive us, were leading the way, fairly caused him to back himself out of the court-yard into the inclosure common to all the idlers of the town not in quarantine. Once or twice during each day of our stay he contrived to go through a similar ceremony, which was carried on, on our parts, by a volley of questions upon every subject connected with the population, usages and produce of the neighbourhood and the establishment more immediately under him. The quarantine establishment at Gazza consists of a medical man—an Italian, forty horsemen and twelve footmen, or peons as we should call them in India, wearing a broad belt and plate with Italian and Arabic inscriptions thereon, dressed in the ordinary Turko-Ægyptian costume, of a short pelisse of broad cloth; blue, green or brown, ample shalwan, which are garments in a transition state between a voluminous *doppatta** and modern knee breeches, but which are tied below the knees, attached to the coarse grey stockings, which all classes of men in

* For the benefit of the untravelled in Eastern ways, it may be added that *doppatta*, which means two sheets, is applied to the long web of coarse cloth wound about the waist and thighs of the Sepahis and other classes of Hindoos, instead of small clothes, but the convolutions commencing from the centre, reunite in two ends—hence the name, from the method of folding the cloth, while the female garment, the *Saree* is used over the whole body, commencing from one end attached to the waist and wound round the legs and body, until the other end is attached to the head as a veil.

Syria better than mere field labourers wear, completing the costume by thick shoes, sometimes of good European manufacture and sometimes of a very inferior Syrian kind, but slightly removed from the classical but inconvenient appendage which, in India, is pronounced *chupple*.*

We were generally attended by a stout middle aged Egyptian of this kind, and as we exercise ourselves during the fine, but not too warm hours at noon, upon the flat roofed promenade devoted to our service, our good humoured and dark-visaged friend comprehends, as well as can be expected, our very indifferent Arabic discourse and communicates the information required of him. That indefatigable and minute detailer of Syrian localities, the author of "Biblical Researches," has provided the best and most complete sketch of the history of this town from the days of the occupation of this coast by the armies of Israel until the present period of Turkish rule. We can only add that the town which we visited on the day of our departure and whose suburbs we traversed on our approach from Khan Unoos, appears built upon a natural mound artificially strengthened and once fortified, so that it still retains many of its original features, rising about fifty feet above the surface of the gardens, which, crowded with fruit trees, hedged in by that species of cactus here known as *Abooshoke*, that is, "the father of thorns," and crowned with the picturesquely oriental palm (always, be it understood, that diminutive species, "the date tree") spread round the town in all directions, and fill the oblong bowl or valley in which stands the ancient town of Gaza. The suburbs are white with tombs cemented to resemble marble, and were animated by lively groups of white-veiled and long-garmented women, who sun themselves throughout the day reclining upon the verdant turf, which covers every knoll not actually under the plough, and surrounded by troops of merry, rosy children. As in all oriental countries, not too far removed from tropical influence, here also there is a distinct land and sea breeze daily. The wind which occasionally predominates at this season at Gaza, being that unpleasant, suffocating breeze, which becomes in Egypt the *khamseen* and in higher latitudes is

* The *chupple* is, on the Bombay side, commonly used for the very primitive article attached to the sole of the foot by sandals passed over the instep and by a wooden peg held between the two first pedestrian digits. The Sepahi regiments in which this article is still used, leave them at the door of any house, which a Sepahi wearing European shoes considers himself privileged to enter shod, a disrespectful infringement of the customs of the country, much practised by the opulent native merchants of the Presidency—under the sanction of Government House practices, which perhaps would be resented as an indignity in any private native establishment.

termed the *sirocco*. This morning the wind blew gently off the hills of Juda, which, blue and bare of trees, open into a wide gorge in the direction of Hebron. As the shadows droop towards the east, the wind has shifted to the western quarter and comes freshly from the Mediterranean, bearing on its wings the soft murmur of that tideless sea, distant, as our guide tells us, one short hour's journey, and invisible from the low hills which bound the coast. The town does not apparently contain more than about three thousand inhabitants, principally Moslim, who employ themselves in the manufacture of common linen cloth; oil, from their rich dark green leaved olive trees; and in preparing skins for water carriers, &c. &c., each of these petty articles of trade being conveyed into the interior for sale. There are a considerable number of Christians resident here, mostly writers bearing in their dress and carriage the badge of all their tribe in these Turk-ridden realms! The variety of costumes which appear in and without the debatable ground, whenever a caravan arrives in quarantine, are highly amusing. For instance, on the first day after our detention, a very intelligent American traveller, Mr Sampson! (what's in a name?) came in from Petra and Sinai bringing with him camels from the Arabs of Nakl, a small fortified station on the high road to Mecca from Cairo, and to which the usage of the country and the jealousy of the tribes in the interior of this desert where the Israelites are supposed to have passed their wanderings for forty years, compel all travellers to and from *Ækaba en route* to Jerusalem to return, although adding some days to the journey by the direct course. These animals were extremely small, lean, and yet capable of making longer marches with proportionate burthens than their robust and gigantic congeners. With them came the dark shrivelled specimens of humanity that people those dreary solitudes, men of the fierce and independent bearing peculiar to the children of Ishmael, and though less in stature and in muscular strength than the men who had accompanied us from Egypt, more intelligent and alert in action and in conversation, and more resembling the Bedouin Arabs whom we afterwards met, and invariably received a more favourable opinion of than of those with whom we had hitherto associated. The city destroys the good qualities of the desert born, and neglects to impart any profitable exchange. As Arabs all the men not in the direct employ of Constantinople wear beards, while from their heads descends the picturesque *mundeel* or red and yellow striped handkerchief, if the wearer cannot boast the white or green turban of the more opulent descendants of the prophet, round that hideous skull cap, the worthless *turboosh*; a folly of the late Sultan Mahmoud, which seems to

answer no earthly purpose of utility, being hot and affording no defence from sun or rain. The short blue jacket called *jublia*, clothes the shoulders over a white or whitish shirt, (as the journey has been long or short, for these orientals seldom undress or change), of coarse calico, and below the habiliments peculiar to the Levant according to the wearer's fancy or professor. Another day, a caravan from Mecca with piece goods and coffee came in, last from Suez, distant eight days' journey, with water at only three of the halting places. Such caravans are frequent and undergo twelve days' quarantine! As goods are considered more infectious than animal substances. As these pages are designed, not to add, like the wounded and weeping stag of Monsieur Jacques' moralizing narrative,—“their stock of more to that which hath too much” and become the fiftieth series of Syrian travels on the shelves of a London bookseller, but to supply, if possible, that want of minute detail which the Indian travellers themselves experienced in the absence of all books to afford much of the information required, it may be as well to state that the “Shaik” who accompanied us, besides refusing the most ordinary assistance whenever he thought he might escape an open insult before his tribe, was not slow in disseminating among our fellow-prisoners the fabulous report that up to the present day, we had paid him not one piastre and he had “found” himself, all his associates and their camels in all the necessaries of life, and therefore he could not pay the tax of thirty piastres upon ten camels demanded for the privilege of foraging on all the hills in the neighbourhood and for the exemption of at least two of the Arabs, in charge of them from the inconvenience of quarantine. On the last day of our detention the Nazir, who rushed in eagerly about breakfast time to announce our freedom and to shake hands with us, adding many polite speeches for his hitherto compulsory abstinence from European customs of “welcome,” was appealed to on the subject of the Shaik's delinquency, and all the receipts on the subject were handed to him, with an assurance that if he would allow his writer, (a meek Christian, who suggested a bottle of brandy as the most acceptable remuneration for his services, on plea of sickness,) to draw up a formal receipt, we would advance our rascally attendant an additional hundred piastres—a sum considered by all parties sufficient for subsistence during the three days' journey to Jerusalem, where we intended to dismiss the camel-men, and having purchased horses for own use, to hire a dozen mules for the baggage and our servants riding; a plan we would recommend to all travellers as being, like Warren's blacking, “cheapest and best.” The weather is much warmer to-day as if the *khamseen* wind were blowing, and doubtless it has been blowing for

some days past throughout the land of Egypt, this being the season, during which, for fifty days—hence the name—this disagreeable wind continues to blow, and we may consider our vicinity to the sea, as a reason why we are less incommoded by the season's difference than the very short difference of latitude northward would lead one to expect. On the hill country round Jerusalem and northward, spring has scarcely begun to make herself known, and they are not, we are told, inconvenienced by the *siroccos* (a Levantine term, by the bye, for the wind from the same quarter, and not known as *khamseen* there) until the end of June. Throughout July a period of intense heat, when the close brick built town of Jerusalem, with its narrow winding streets and high battlements is scarcely habitable, all who can, remove to the hill tops and live in tents as is the custom among the Turcoman villages, in a much more elevated range and more northern latitude on the plains of central Asia Minor—where, as far as we could judge, the thermometer never ranges high compared to the temperature of the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, the valley of the Nile, Aden, Ganges, Guzerat, or Scinde! Doubtless from February to October the valley of the Jordan and the vicinity of the Dead Sea, as far south as the Wady Moosah, is beyond all comparison the hottest country out of the tropics, and, as personal feelings were concerned, appeared much more disagreeable than a summer residence in tents at any of the above quoted tracts, *nimum propinque solis*, which are the most torrid portions of eastern Asia. In India generally we have the benefit of living above the level of the sea and our personal luxury increases with the elevation; not so in the valley of the Jordan, the vicinity of Jericho, and the shores of the Dead Sea, all which places lie nearly 1,400 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean and consequently of all other seas.

6th April. The quarantine expiation is finished and we are to escape as soon after sunrise as the peshkirie or Turkish passports can be prepared.

The Nazir made a demand of 156 piastres for "mutton and eggs," also adding 115 piastres for lodging and 12 for the passports, of our entire suite. We paid all demands and left the station at 20 minutes to 9 A. M. Some delay occurred, owing to the Shaik and his men who having been compelled to pay the separate demands made for their camels by the quarantine establishment, would not assist to load until I told them that their conduct had been so bad, that they need not expect a present to any one of them, except the red boy Mahomed. After the train had left the gates of the station, Captain E. and I mounted our camels and rode them slowly through the streets of the town. These Turks certainly keep their towns in a far cleaner state

than our Indian Government, in spite of the regulations of 1844, can compel provincials to do, and yet we saw few houses that were not falling to decay, and only two or three with glass windows. The Bazaar had separate streets for shoemakers, for cloth workers, and for manufactories of arms. We saw few people and those in very ragged garments. The people appear darker than in Cairo, and though taller and stouter, have not an intelligent look. As we left the gate on the last side, we saw men making cloth in very long webs about 40 or 50 yards long and of very strong thread. There is not, I believe, any other trade carried on out of the town. I have described the town as seated in a valley some 4 miles long. It is on a mound, the debris undoubtedly of former cities. There are many marble slabs in all faces of the walls, and the quarantine station, built on the eastern bastion of the old walls, appears to be in the most ancient quarter of the town, if not the oldest building in it. The gardens outside are abundant, the wheat finer without any irrigation, than the irrigated crop in Egypt. The growth seemed but slightly retarded by the shade of the numerous olive trees which line the fields on either side, the effects were partially visible. The weather had become much warmer than on our entrance on 1st April, so that I doffed the great coat before mounting and was glad to avail myself of the veil and umbrella together. The road was broad and well marked for nearly three miles from the city, and bounded by olive trees. After one hour's riding we overtook the camels as they ascended the low hills from the basin* in which Gaza stands, up to another of those successive elevations surrounded by low undulating hills, which appears to be the characteristic appearance of the country even from El Arish, where we begin to quit the desert up to Ramlah, where we fairly enter a spur of that continuous chain of hills which crosses the whole of Palestine and Syria forming, as all mountain chains appear to do, the primary boundaries to the sea, which assumes its outlines from these giant ribs of the earth. Look at any map of the quarters of the world, and it will be seen that the coast generally of the sea is backed at some distance by a chain of mountains, and with us our right horizon was bounded by the blue, round capped, and stony but not unproductive hills of Judah,—not unproductive in the fruits of the earth, and much more fertile than any other land in varied incident, in tale of battle field and of wondrous works, in man's redemption and the inscrutable but unerring fulfilment of all prophecy and all mys-

* These flat basins, similar to, but more extensive than those which we had remarked in the desert of moving sands, are the *plateaux* formed by successive deposits and subsequent evaporation of lakes of water.

tery ! We were now in the land of the Philistines, and were about to visit the site of four of their most famous cities. We had this morning emerged from the southernmost town of Gaza, well known for the exhibitions of Samson's youthful feat of bravado, and his last dreadful act of revenge : by the stern war waged by its inhabitants, with the children of Israel and with the king of Judah. The same unyielding spirit actuated their descendants in the days of Macedon's madman, whose engines of war perhaps had often battered but in vain against that ancient wall which now supports many a vaulted *serai* and white-domed Moslem fane. Later still the crusaders fought their fiery antagonists, the hated Saracens, upon these wide, undulating downs, and these hills resounded to the "shrill fife and spirit-stirring drum" when Buonaparte marched his hitherto unconquered bands from their repulse at Acre, their insane revenge at Jaffa, to their final overthrow at Aboukir and to the evacuation of these provinces they had so sternly seized upon. Every step they marched had been traversed by us, and where they had encountered privations, misery and death, in the month of May, surrounded by an energetic, merciless and revengeful foe, we had travelled daily with ease and healthful change, and had slept unguarded in the desert without a thought of fear ! We had seen, while encamped at Khan Unoos, as the sun's level rays gilded the rising mists of evening, the steep precipices of El Ghor looming unnaturally high across the eastern sky, and were unconscious of the exaggerating effects of a Syrian twilight. Now, to-day each successive ridge which bounded the long flats we were surmounting every hour to a more elevated range, shewed us the bleak forms of Judah's fruitful hills, in plainer hue and more decided outline. Every valley appeared more fertile than the last, and though even the olive tree had disappeared within four miles of Gaza, yet corn fields were of a richer hue and heavier with grain, and the turf more luxuriant in flowers and varied kinds of grass, than hitherto, affording abundant pasture to the large herds of fine-haired goats and thick white-fleeced sheep. The inhabitants are decidedly few in number to the means of living in this fertile land, but the men are tall and stout. At 10 hours 30 minutes A. M., we passed on our right hand a village distant a quarter of a mile, the village of Beth Hanoon. The country close to the road is now quite bare, all the crops having been reaped and removed. There are no trees except near the villages. At 11 hours 15 minutes A. M., we crossed a stone bridge over a brook said to be the brook Eshcol, and soon after a village called Beer Esnail. About 12 hours 15 minutes, we saw a village some 500 yards distant to the right which the camel men called Gerge Bussool—a name apparently forged for the occasion,

as the name is not on any of the maps. At 12-40, we came to the village of Barberah, on a mound to our left, part of a long ridge shelving down towards the northward, from which we saw a fine view of the blue hills of Judah. Shortly afterwards, about 1 p. m., we passed the village of Aquiceah, on our right, and at 1-30, we persuaded a Mussulman travelling northward with ourselves, to conduct us to the ruins of Ascalon! while the servants and baggage went another mile and a half to the village of Mejdal, and halted for the night, after a journey of about 14 miles from Gaza. We turned off by a footpath to the left through the fields of barley and oats, until after having ascended a very long ridge of low hills, we saw a most beautiful valley extending from the village of Naidh, situated among olive trees and wheat fields thickly decorated with wild poppy, up to the N. W. foot of the slope, on which stands Barberah, which was, of course, distinctly visible from our route. Still following a winding footpath westward, we traversed what appeared to be the remains of a broad, well made road, raised in the centre, with drainage on the sides, and once, as the guide said, flanked with trees, perhaps as late as the wars of the Crusaders. Successive invasions had swept off every stick from the country. Upon a high bank of sand perhaps two miles from where we had quitted the camel track, was visible a ruined portion of a mosque, and between this and the road we were now travelling from N. W. to N. E. lay a most fertile valley crowded with olive trees, having the village of Naidh on the left, while far away among the olives and figs to the right, rose a neat little minaret and a heap of houses!—for no other word can express the collection of flat roofs which gave the appearance of a hillock of sandstone to the village of Mejdal. After crossing this valley, grass became more scanty and sand more abundant till we reached the ruined mosque where we found three devout Moslems at their afternoon prayers. Distant about 500 yards to the westward, over sand and across the now dry channel of a brook which lent verdure to a few wheat fields in the sinuous eccentricities of its course, couched upon a ridge of sand, curving in a convex semicircle from the sea, lay the ruins of Ascalon! What recollections of the lion-hearted king and his no less bold antagonist came over us, as we leapt from the camels and traversed, sword in hand, (used as a walking stick, for respectability's sake,) the heavy sand on which the Crusaders had toiled, their heavy armed hosts and iron frames broken down by fatigue. After crossing the rivulet and the fields of wheat which the red boy led the camels across, without scruple as to the consequences of every broad foot-fall, we passed a large tree like our Indian burr, but most likely a sycamore, and after our guide, a respect-

able looking Moslem with a Jewish cast of countenance and a popular cast of one eye, over which he wore his turban slouched to save it from the sun, had dived into the *Wely*, or Moslem saint's tomb, and had exchanged a few words with its contents, he joined us as we toiled up the steep sand bank, and rushing into a ruined bastion, with an upper story of huge stones, still standing, burst into a wordy paroxysm of Arabic eloquence, which commenced and ended with *Shoof! Kuloo Eskalone!* "See! all that is Ascalon!" Tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ascalon—was the minstrel king's lament over the death of his master and his enemy, the revengeful without cause—the first anointed of the Lord! but who fell so signally and rapidly from his youthful excellence. We looked through the window of a lower chamber and saw a view of the walled site and well defined streets of Ascalon in bright relief against the bluest of all seas that my eyes ever beheld, set like a picture in a frame of greyish yellow sand stone in heavy masses upon all four sides; thence climbing to the upper story we beheld the sea, just rippling with the northern breeze which blew fresh but still seemed powerless to raise into billows! Upon three sides spread the sea like a blue curtain, and behind us, on the fourth, rose the sand in wavy hillocks, till the olive crowned heights of Barberah closed the scene. From the westward and round to the south, the sea had evidently, once upon a time, driven its now placid waters, during some convulsive moment over these shifting sands, and had piled them high and heavily against the walls of Ascalon's broad amphitheatre, even up to the top, but had not penetrated within the town, neither had its salt waters tainted the freshness of the soil within. That fertile soil on which once stood dwelling houses, theatre and Christian churches, where the heathen had long before that day worshipped, but where now men ploughed the peaceful earth, which gave forth, with liberal hand, figs, mulberries, and olives—where once were temples, now were fields, rich with the bean, with wheat and lupins!—where the theatre once spread its motley surface, now wheat, in rich abundance, almost concealed the prostrate columns of blue granite, which still in well defined rows marked what once had been their use! Long rows of loosely piled stones marked out, perhaps, the ancient streets; and fig trees and a wild privet covered the site of many a once opulent abode. Wells ridiculously small in circumference, but very deep, were numerous, and the water, though so near the sea, was fresh and plentiful. On all sides were the capitols of white marble, mostly in the simple Doric style, serving now the most humble purposes. Fractions of some marble columns formed the lintel or the threshold of a rude garden gateway, and even on the sea front in the wall

overhanging the sea whose waves broke upon the sand not twenty yards beyond the foot of the still compact and well set rampart, was a well of sweet water much in request. Not far from this, upon the north-eastern angle of the town, stood the remains of a Christian church, almost invisible from the vegetation around it, and half way along the sea wall, a distance of perhaps two thousand three hundred yards, might be traced, as my companion described, a quay and basin for the reception of small coasting craft. Within the cincture of rather an irregular ellipse whose depth from the base formed by the sea front might be 1000 or 1200 yards, we saw tumuli and remains of masonry in every varied form, but not one human habitation.—Surrounded on three sides by sea or sand, the fourth was one of the most luxuriantly productive spots I ever saw, seeing that art did little and nature all for agriculture, and within perhaps four hundred yards N. E. of the ancient walls of Ascalon rose a small village of Arabs' huts, and by them was this irregular ruin cultivated but not "inhabited." Thus had the prophecy been fulfilled; natural causes have worked His will, and Ascalon, though not deserted, was still not inhabited. The Syrian climate changes much: the day had hitherto been mild as spring; the evening set in clear and cold. Before we again mounted our camels which we had left kneeling in a narrow way leading to the beach between the northern angle of the city wall and the cultivated land, which unlike most maritime localities was here arable to within a very few yards of the sea, we turned to take a last look at these time-honoured remains. We saw beyond the north and in continuation of the south walls, a faint resemblance to a mole of solid masonry stretching into the sea, into two curved lines; and distinctly traced on the southern side, as was clearly apparent on the northern curve, a row of pillars, now lying horizontal. Perhaps this had once been a harbour and pier, although I think, from the figure of the coast, it had not always been, as now, close to the quiet waves, but that they have encroached upon the city, and left her as she now is. I had wandered between the fields and stone walls through the principal road across the centre of the city's site, and E. had traced the wall's circumference from the centre of the curve whence we first beheld the sea, down to the strong foundations of the comparatively uninjured wall upon the sea face. The original figure was complete, and here and there upon the rampart nearly 25 feet broad, where we had crossed into the area, the picturesque ruins of the battlements and towers still remained; some "nodding to their fall," but enough to render these ruins the most interesting place we yet had visited, and to enable imagination to kindle upon such poor remnants, some sparkles of the former beauty of Ascalon! We slowly followed our verbose

but intelligent guide through a richly cultivated valley, into the green fields of Mejdal, where we found our train encamped in the most picturesque spot we had yet occupied, beside a wheat field abounding in quails, which we were too much fatigued to slaughter, and all the guns having been loaded with ball, through fear of the Philistines. Guiseppe also was prevented from exercising his skill though he lacked not the inclination. We reckoned, as the loaded camels went, this day's march at 16 miles.

7th April—Thermometer in the tent 42°, out side at sunrise 37°, so that though the weather was agreeably warm at noon, the cold weather had not yet left the plains of Syria. The dew fell so heavy during the night that the tents were saturated before the morning. We had loaded and left the ground at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 A. M., passing through a very interesting town, not so clean as Gaza, but with a more crowded market. There seemed to be a kind of fair, from the numbers present of men and women, and the variety of wares for sale in the market place or on loaded asses met by us throughout the day crowding into Mejdal; and, strange enough, among heaps of dates, upon one of which an awkward camel placed his large splay foot, without eliciting any angry remonstrance from the apathetic owner. Nasty looking sweetmeats and coarse cloth were plentiful, but not inviting, and heaps of soap, for which manufacture Ramlah, our evening's destination, is celebrated. It seemed to us incredible that so much soap could be sold among the people, who evidently indulged so seldom in the useful compound. With countenances burnt to a brickdust colour, yet not black; with forms more developed by labour and with more energetic expressions, the men appear a much larger and taller race at Gaza, and along the coast generally, than in Egypt:—for “Joshua cut off the Anakim entirely from the hills of Judah: only in Gaza, in Gath, and in Ashdod there remained.” Full three thousand years have elapsed since the fact here recorded by the inspired historian occurred, and we the superficial enquirers from a distant island, whose name was for centuries unheard among the children of men are irresistibly struck with the existent and vivid corroboration of the Scripture expressions. To circulate our Indian blood, E. and I walked till we had passed Hamáni at 8 A. M., when a discussion between the Shaik and his followers at a bifurcation in the pathways, through a rich field of oats and wheat, had caused a halt; and we availed ourselves of the delay to mount. We met great numbers of poor people with asses laden with soap, oranges, &c., from Jaffa and grain for Yebnee and even from the distant town of Nablous to be taken to Gaza and El Arish, but only once met a

well dressed party, which consisted of Turks travelling southward mounted on ordinary bay horses, four in all. The country perceptibly became more elevated and not so well cultivated; the pasture, richer; flowers of all sorts, most numerous. We neared the site of Ashdod, the city of Dagon, where the Philistines, after they had taken the ark of God, placed it before Dagon, and "when they of Ashdod arose early in the morning, behold, Dagon was fallen on his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord," &c. This was the site of the third city of the Philistines which we had seen, and is to this day known by the name pronounced *Shdood*, a village more remarkable for the ancient tumuli in the neighbourhood, than for the comparatively modern Moorish-looking serai or the mud built huts of its present inhabitants. We passed out into the plain at 20 minutes past 10 A. M. from among a few orchards, rich in apricots, pomegranates, figs and olives, and crossed a strong stone bridge on the three pointed Saracenic arches. The road is nearly 70 feet wide, over a deep but narrow brook. After ascending a long valley with low hillocks on the right and left, till 11 o'clock, we allowed the baggage to go forward, and descended from our camels under a solitary sycamore, upon the ridge from whence there was a magnificent view of the hills of Judah eastward, and of the sea about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant to the west. Yellow, purple and white flowers of heath were in profusion; a small species of passion flower and forget-me-nots, in great abundance, adorned the green dress of earth. But our march to-day was to be long and wearisome from the continued ascent, so that here, even with a pleasing view to tempt us, and a delightful climate to enjoy, the task we had appointed to ourselves forbade us to loiter; so we again scrambled up on the patient companions of our daily toil, and at five minutes past one, we reached Yebnee. After noticing the numerous conically-shaped mounds constructed for public furnaces and now inhabited for the sake of the warmth, we crossed by the track which diverged eastward, another stone bridge going fast to decay on arches similarly shaped, but not so wide as the last, and leaving the broad sandy road which had hitherto marked how extensive was the traffic between Jaffa and Gaza, we entered a more hilly and less inhabited line of country, with a mere sheep track for the road, and after traversing these open downs during three consecutive hours, during which we saw, on the right and left, two small villages of which we could scarcely detect the true names from among the variety, of which each man appeared to possess an assortment for the use of Frank travellers, we gained a high ridge of hills running down towards the sea and passed large herds of horses, mules and cattle belonging to some very ruddy-cheeked Druses and Armenians,

who offered their animals for hire to us, saying they had come thus far with the pilgrims according to the custom. We finally saw Ramlah and the immense range of the Judean hills close before us, having reached our destination at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4 P. M., after $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours' dreary ride, and after having travelled at least 25 miles. I had varied the motion by trotting my camel from time to time, but he required so much kicking to be excited to the requisite point and that could only be accomplished with the feet on his neck and out of the stirrups, while E. was so heartily sick of his brute and its slow stately stalking pace, not to mention the amiable peculiarity of throwing himself suddenly on his knees, if displeased—that we decided upon having horses to carry us throughout the next day's long but interesting march. We had repeatedly seen the plough drawn by one camel harnessed to traces round his neck, and this day, while entering Ramlah, I saw a solitary mule ploughing. The soil is peculiarly light both in colour and in consistency, but the cereal produce is said to be heavy even for this fertile but neglected land, and the variety of grasses spontaneously springing up on every waste spot, bear evidence to the richness of the soil and the humidity of the climate. From early in October till the beginning or the middle of April, we were told that much rain or snow was constantly falling and the face of the country among the hills bore tokens, in the depth and boldness of the ravines, to the weight of the mountain torrents. We already occasionally and subsequently during our sojourn in Syria, repeatedly witnessed the very heavy dews which fell at night, while the abundance of water, wells, springs and brooks, throughout this and, except absolutely in the sandy desert, afford every local advantage which could be imagined, for a land flowing with milk and honey, two products of the soil unaided by the care of man, while the corn, oil and olive, still in plenty, must have been incalculably greater, when the hills of Judah poured forth the armed thousands which tempted king David to sin against the Lord, and to number the hosts of Israel (2 Sam. xxiv, 9.) "and there were in Israel eight hundred thousand valiant men that drew the sword and the men of Judah were five hundred thousand men." These men, with their wives, and only the very meagre estimate of three children between two married pairs will amount to 4,550,000 souls: add to them one million and a half for the aged, the sick, and the unwarlike, for the haughty Levites whose families were not counted, and for the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and we shall find that a country 120 miles long and 40 miles broad supported more than six millions of inhabitants.

Ramlah is a large town on a very picturesque eminence.

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We first came upon a deserted mosque of more than ordinary size, afterwards in view of the whole town, conspicuous among whose white walls was the church-like edifice, which is said to be half a mosque, and half still used for a Christian service. There are three monasteries, or, as they are called, convents, in the town. We found a party of Armenian horse dealers near the ground we pitched our tents on, and who came immediately to offer nags for hire. While the tents were being placed we had a visit from an intelligent looking, rather effete specimen of Turkey in Asia, in the person of the superintendent of quarantine, whom mistaking for the governor, at least, we entertained with bad Arabic, pipes and coffee, allowing him to lounge upon E.'s bed and salaaming with great reverence whenever he directed his conversation or our pipe to 'us. I carried on a sort of telegraphic Arabic conversation with a veteran *Guardiano de quarantino*, who came as drogoman to him, and soon after the American Consul with two Janissaries (in this case chobdars,) rode up to the cook, whom, be it understood, even when he is busied with his art, none can resist mistaking for the principal character among us, and asked if we were Americans, but hearing we were Englishmen, passed on and made no sign. Guiseppa was now called into the service and required beside bringing coffee to invent a respectable lie on the absence of cups, *finigan*, and on the necessity of lending our new acquaintance a tin pot, to drink the smoking beverage from, which he of the badge did with great gusto, and the Turk, with great politeness, filling, during the pauses of the conversation, our pipes with his own tobacco, handing, with many bows, the peaceful weed to us alternately, beginning always with the Bim Bashi, as they had styled me, till we vowed in the elated spirit of politeness to sacrifice to the Graces even in the desert, and to purchase forthwith a second and third republican pipe and elaborate cups for the future facility in drinking coffee. As we began to despair of dinner, our friend rose abruptly, and while I muttered something about *rooksuth* vanished incontinently, taking with him our Shaik, whose attempt to join in the conversation he had repulsed with a well-bred stare and an evident gesture of astonishment, and whom both he and his satellite had evidently compelled to eat dirt until they thought he might be frightened into shewing some of the 1366 piasters, which I perceiving the state of the case, was cruel enough to declare had been received by our disagreeable attendant. Pronouncing g. as if j. *finigan* is the ordinary term throughout Egypt, Syria and Asia Minor for the very diminutive cups of gilded and richly ornamented china, in which the strong decoction of black coffee is served. We met with the same article in every house from the Consular abodes of

Egypt and Syria to the desert Arab's tents; of a more exaggerated style of magnificence on the silver salvers of the Turkish Pachas, and of more ancient and generally less complete figure among the tentless wandering Arabs—carriers of the desert who invited us to share their cup. Our ordinary breakfast cups would have required an insurmountable effort of politeness in our guests to empty without sugar or milk which I do not think we ever saw any Syrian or Turk indulge in, though the Arabs will eat your sugar by the handful, and will supply you with camel's milk in small pailfuls, considering themselves well paid by a piaster, or twopence halfpenny, for the measure.

We all know how the conditions of society are modified by the position of the several parties whom conquest or commerce have associated, till they finally assume the stamp of national habits. In India for ages the indigenous inhabitants have existed only on such terms as the successive hordes of conquerors have accorded to their captives of the sword and the bow. Hence the guest assumes the garb of a suppliant, is received by the courtesy of the host, and dismissed with his express permission. The Turk with the haughty air of the conqueror of Western Asia salutes not the guest till he has assumed for himself the position of equality and become seated, when if his appearance be welcome, the mutual salutations are simultaneous. Coffee is offered only to certain ranks, and pipes to none but the acknowledged equal. Hence therefore the guest in the Sultan or in Mehemet Ali's court, if not a man of high official or hereditary rank, is received by a deputy, and entertained by him previous to the coveted interview with the great potentate, and we also experienced this intermediate hospitality until judicious enquiries into our station in life, our employment and official rank in India satisfied Turkish etiquette to our right to associate even with princes!—So much for the courtly manners of a race of conquerors, whose sway during nearly five centuries has dispossessed, in some parts, the indigenous inhabitants, but refused to amalgamate with them—holding themselves distinct in race, and superiors in birth and position to the nations under them. Doubtless were we intimately acquainted with Roman manners in the provinces, those who were born free citizens of Rome and perhaps joined the advantages of official with these high and coveted social privileges treated all the barbarians, as the proud Romans pleased to call all nations but themselves, with the same intolerance and pride as we have witnessed among the Turks, though, be it understood, we the pilgrims from India invariably met with courteous demeanour towards ourselves from all the agents of the Turkish Government, high and low, whenever we came in contact with them and had explained our position in English society, and our

employment in the mighty British empire in the east. Like all proud men the Turk feels a dereliction on his part from true courtesy to be an ill reflection on his own character. With the Arab every guest is equal: hospitality is offered freely to all comers without question and without return for a certain period, varying with the means of the host and modified by the supposed wealth of the guest. But in the latter case I believe modern intercourse with Europeans has aroused that insatiable avarice which eastern hospitality had for centuries concealed. They alone from the earliest traditions to the final dispersion of the Jewish nation could boast themselves to be a peculiar people *the* seed of Abraham and holding themselves the true inheritors of the promised land—promises made unto Abraham and his seed for ever. The descendants of Ishmael in the persons of the Arabs are to the present day as unchanged in their manners, their primitive habits, and ideas, as any nation on the face of the earth; and perhaps as far as we moderns can hope to discover are still true *copies* of what the ancient patriarchs were—simple, dignified and generous—noble in sentiments and satisfied with the pure pleasures and healthful excitements of a pastoral life; exemplary in conduct towards each other but implacable to all unbelievers, and regarding the properties and persons of all travellers, not under the special protection of their hospitality as the right of a race whose “hand is against every man’s,”—feelings fostered by their isolated position, by their contempt of commerce, and by the ruthless spirit that rules at Mecca.

But after this long digression on popular manners, not altogether irrelevant yet marginal only to the notes of this journey, we may as well note, as has been hitherto observed, the atmospheric changes during the last night passed by us in the land of the Philistines. Henceforth till the middle of July, when we again approached the sea coast in our descent into the plains of the Issus at Baice beyond Alexandretta, the scene of the victory of Alexander over Darius, we travelled in more elevated regions and in the drier air of the mountains or on the table lands between them, and therefore it is with the hope that these observations may interest or serve to guide any invalid seeking health or relaxation in the change of climate from India to the beautiful regions I now attempt to describe that I have been induced to record so minutely the daily thermometrical variations. In India we remark that during the hot weather while dry, very little variation in the mercury is seen, but in the colder months 40 or 50 degrees between sunrise and noon is, by no means, uncommon: here we found at sunset the thermometer stood at 60—but had sunk to 39 outside the tent at sunrise on

8th April, our tents being saturated with dew. Having seen the camels loaded and the train in progress (the event from which we daily counted the time expended on the road), E. and I mounted our sorry nags, and entered the town of Arimathea, guided by a very intelligent Arab youth with a Jewish countenance, fair and tall,—the most picturesquely dressed man we had seen in Syria. Round his red turboosh was wound a slight parti-coloured shawl, rather old and faded, but worn jauntily over his thick brown hair, which clustered in heavy curls on either side his ears: a light jacket of pink and white striped calico fitted not too tightly to his youthful figure down to the waist, and thence very full *shalwan*, falling in folds down to his ankles, closed at the heavy white leather shoes, allowing no fork as in modern terminations, but combining the statuesque beauty of drapery with the utmost freedom of action, and adding height to his slim middle size. He was very intelligent, walked by one or other of us during the twelve hours' march, and conversed freely and pointed out every thing worth notice. The town, not so clean as Gaza, nor to be compared with Mehemet Ali's well kept precincts, is in many places as foul as an Indian village. The bazaars are large and tolerably well supplied. There is a large soap manufactory and we noted some very good dwelling houses, particularly that of the American Consul. The whole is built on a rocky eminence and commands splendid views of sea, plain and hill scenery all round. The hills over the vale of Sharon were so enveloped in clouds which hung half way down their sides at most points that nothing but the range down to the sea was visible, where a great number of trees marked the site of Jaffa. We commenced a gradual ascent from the town which employed the first three hours over downs similar to those we had traversed on the preceding day, the hillocks swelling into precipitous hills, and their sides and the valleys between were strewn with loose stones, and lined with strata of limestone, but still well cultivated with oats, wheat and barley, richer crops than nearer to Yébnée. At 9 A. M. we saw on our left a village upon a rocky eminence with one stone and several mud-built houses, without windows or chimneys, and with grass grown roofs, looking more like the hill side than habitations of men. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, we marched up a steep rocky path winding round the ruined castle on an eminence to the right hand side, known as *Ladrone*, fancifully supposed by Lord Nugent to be the residence of the repentant thief! and saw about 400 yards northward on the slope of a less precipitous hill a village called Emmaus, said to be inhabited by Christians; for, as the Arab guide said, when asked in reference to some pretty children at the first village who brought us water which we did not want, and for which we gave them

what they did want—coppers—“*El Nássarí Caffareah*”—which I interpret, the misbelieving Christians, descendants of the original inhabitants who were conquered at the Mussulmen invasion, for many of the Mahomedans of the town are so very Jewish in appearance as to leave no doubt of their extraction and of the compulsory change of religion, the “sword or the koran.” There are the ruins of a Christian church at Emmaüs, and yet after we had climbed to the top of the hill of Ladrone, and had astonished the natives by the warlike guise of ourselves, begirt with belt and pistols, and the *couteau de chasse* on thigh, we found the village Emmaüs invisible, so close to the hill side are the excavations, which serve the peasants as houses. We found two well-formed, arched walls in Ladrone, surrounded by a Greek inscription, so weather-beaten that we could not read, nor even decypher many letters of it. The inhabitants, without exception, are the dirtiest I had ever seen. These people appear never to wash, and being compelled to wear clothes, seem more obnoxious than any style of mere unclad poverty, common to the east. We saw the sea distinctly over the undulating hills we had traversed throughout yesterday, and which seemed now a level surface, bordered by the belts of high sand which had accompanied our track from El Arish, but which disappeared at Jaffa, the entire town being now distinctly visible. The vicinity of Jaffa seems better wooded but less extensive than that of Ramlah, now like a picture set in a green frame from our great elevation above it. We soon after this passed another small village about two hundred yards to the left, and E. having seen two horsemen emerge from among the houses and proceed into a dark ravine, and perceiving they were not members of a party of true Mussulmen and a black slave on a mule who had started in company with us from Ramlah on their way, as they told us, for Jerusalem, and seeing the Bab El Wadi or entrance to the country of Aboo Ghosh—the famous Arab chief who had for years been celebrated for his exactions from the pilgrims, we thought, in our ignorance of the effects of Ibrahim Pacha’s severity and of present Turkish influence, that we also might be laid under contributions and prepared for resistance. We closed up the line of march, and each took up an advanced position for reconnoitring. We soon after saw them alight under a large sycamore tree, and perceiving only three men, we rode forward and halted our horses close by their station till the camels had passed. They were young men of elegant appearance and with the impress of high birth in their quiet self-possessed behaviour, for whom the third party, a black slave, was preparing coffee and pipes. A tolerably well-shaped chesnut Arab mare much battered with rough work on the fore legs, stood saddled on the one side, and a bay short tailed pony

on the other, of a seat formed by the sinuous roots of the sycamore tree; and within, upon a carpet, reclining upon some baskets, sat a handsome pale faced man, about thirty-five years of age, with a dejected mournful expression on his thin compressed lips and dark brown eyes, while his short cut moustache and close curled beard, straight nose, and well shaped eyebrows, gave more the appearance of Jewish than of Arab extraction.* He had a very handsome Cashmere shawl wrapped round his red turboosh, wore a white linen shirt, opened at the throat and with European wristbands, a light coloured striped silk waistcoat, green and white jacket with gilt buttons from half way down his breast to his waist, and ending in tight sleeves within two inches of his waistband. Over this he wore the common jacket of glossy green cloth and over all half thrown off one shoulder was an ample cloak of dark blue with white coloured facings, most richly embroidered with gold and red silk work, much of which was on the seams although it appeared to have been some time in wear. It was the most elegant and the richest dress I had yet seen. His ample *shalwan* were of blue cloth, and neat boots finished his costume. The other gentlemen was much fairer, and ten years younger than his companion; not so richly clad, and armed with a long gun slung at his back, in addition to the silver tipped scabbard which protruded below his dark brown cloak, and as they each wore a belt of red and white shawl in thick folds, we could not determine whether they carried pistols or not. This person had a countenance strictly European and wore his turban high on his broad white forehead. He had round blue eyes, red cheeks like an English farmer, and a thick curled beard, and heavy drooping moustache of pale chesnut colour. He was shorter and stouter than his companion, to whom his behaviour appeared as respectful as that of a servant. For some time we wound our way slowly over the circuitous bed of a narrow torrent which was flanked by steep stony banks on either side covered with dwarf oak and a kind of laurel, wild figs, and a profusion of wild flowers till the round-topped hills leaped out in green array from the strata of white limestone which range behind range wound round their sides, dividing them into inverted steps, with here and there a sheep track like a white thread on their sides. We met a large caravan of mules and horses going to Ramlah, and soon afterwards a solitary

* As we became more accustomed to the features and expressions of the true Bedouin, contrasted with the Soomalee or coast bred Arabs we had seen at Aden, Cairo and other places of mixed resorts, we were confirmed in the opinion that the descendants of Abraham either by the son of the bond woman or by the son of the free woman are uniform and distinct from all other men—"a peculiar people."

European on a well groomed white horse, with red dyed mane and tail who returned our greeting, but passed on his way. After we had stopped a few moments to extricate the camels from the rocks adjoining a fountain of good water, perhaps a mile and a half within the pass Wadi Ali, we were passed by the two gentlemen above mentioned, and were informed by the guide that they were brother's sons of the Arab chief Aboo Ghooosh, who was himself in surveillance at Constantinople, having been invited to a conference at Jaffa a few years since with thirty chiefs, disarmed by the Turkish governor and shipped to Constantinople in a steamer. After we had ridden some two miles further up the pass which still presented the same difficulties to the traveller and facilities to the robber, we approached a ruined building, under a very large sycamore tree, near which was a spring of water surrounded by a herd of goats and sheep, and one or two Arabs lounging about. Here we again formed an acquaintance with the black slave, who grinned with much delight at some remarks having been made by E. and myself to his masters, whose brief answers, consisting of the Arabic names of the tree, some questions relative to the country round and villages near and which E. inserted in his note book. "Write, write," said the Abyssinian, "he will write all he hears." We now fairly joined company, and I and the elder Arab, who had mounted his horse, rode side by side, conversing with tolerable ease, in Arabic, his politeness forbidding him to shew that he misunderstood me, and his answers being almost always comprehended by me. We were soon joined by Guiseppe who conducted the conversation as an interpreter—first with one couple of gentlemen and then with the other. He took care to announce our titles and employment and whence we had come. Thus arose fresh matter. At last the son of Aboo Ghooosh said to me, with a most mournful accent, "Is there no oppression in India? There is much violence here. Is Mehemet Ali unjust, and what did you think of his government?" We continued riding and talking together for nearly an hour, when I asked him if his father was in Constantinople. He answered, yes, in Brusah, meaning the place of his confinement, and said—"I rule this country and have some sixty villages under my hands." Guiseppe had told him the usual information regarding E. and myself, and explained the route we intended to pursue to Stamboul. He said his country produced "olives and vines."—We had seen olives in every corner which would admit of an artificial embankment to prevent the earth from being washed away, and soon after as we all separated to pick a way for our horses over the rocky ground, we parted and saw them no more. It was an interesting interview. We heard that his grandfather

had conducted an attack on the Turkish troops under a cousin of Abrahim Pacha, about 30 years since, and had cut off 14,000 in this defile, the Wadi Ali, which is full eight miles in length. About 20 minutes past one, we came near a village, named Céreséáh, invisible at the turning of the road where we were met by boys and girls offering us water. Here we separated from our interesting acquaintance. On turning abruptly to the left, as the road still wound upwards, we dismounted to enjoy one of the finest views in this day's march. Looking through an opening between two hills, as high as the eminence we had already attained towards the west and north-west, we saw distinctly the sea forming an horizon level with our position: we could trace the ridge of sand which confines its waves, and with the telescope could see the white-topped breakers: the fertile green meadows were indistinct from the mirage: a third hill top formed the centre of this panorama, and between the right of this third eminence and the left shoulder of the lofty peak on the extreme right of our position—Ramleh and the white roofs of Jaffa were as plain as when we had seen them from Ladrone. Here on the left side of the road was a well of good water. After going a few hundred yards above the hill top, we sat down under our umbrellas to enjoy the fine breeze, and the beautiful view at the head of the valley, which at our feet opened into a wide spread of rocky surface, over which the road wound for nearly two miles till it disappeared below the eastern ridge of this flat or rather undulating plain upon the mountain top, and began again to descend into the well cultivated neighbourhood of the chief Abou Ghoosh's residence, called *Kuriet el Aineb*, being interpreted, *the village of grapes*. While sitting here to allow the camels, whose pace over the sharp rocky road, was painfully slow, we were passed by two European ladies, evidently French, their servant, and a few mules. They had left Jaffa in the morning, passed the village of grapes between 2 and 3 P. M. and reached Jerusalem after we did, that is, about 8 P. M., having accomplished the distance of not less than 36 miles, a very long day's march in Syria, in about 14 hours including stoppages. Mules and horses, however, travel unquestionably faster and safer than camels. We could have ridden up from Ramleh within 8 hours, easily, but delayed as we were by the tedious pace of the foot-sore camels, nearly 12 hours were occupied by a journey of about 23 miles. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the valley we looked down upon. It is the counterpart of every one in the kingdom of Judea, and the country of Abou Ghoosh is a good specimen of the laborious but successful cultivation required in this wonderful climate. Every tree that may be desired will grow on hills, which, to the

superficial observer, are but strata of bare rock,—cold and grey without soil. The Ras El Wady Ali was covered with sheep and goats: the lofty hills closed down into an irregular triangular space, of which the north-end was the apex and the level of the water-course below us, while the base lay high upon the plain, across which wound the road to Jerusalem. Every part of the slopes of the three mountains, which here converge to form the head of this valley, was formed by stone walls into terraces of rich but light brown earth on which olive trees were abundant, and which had been prepared for some cereal produce of which we could not comprehend from the Arabs here, the corresponding English terms. Where the layers of stones which ran like ranges of walls throughout the hills diagonally and sloping in appearance, but in reality as if formed by the subsidence of different soundings of waters, were too devoid of arable land to bear cultivation or too much exposed to the bleak winds to sustain the roots of trees, there was abundant green forage for cattle, sheep, and goats. The valley lay nearly north and south, while high above all the neighbouring hills rose the picturesque castle-like burial places of the Maccabees, perhaps five miles south of the road. The vine was growing on every terrace: men were ploughing with small brown oxen upon terraces so narrow as to afford scarce visible space for the team, and high on the hill side on every part of the valley. From the south, the road came down and winding throughout the valley began to descend the last valley between this village and Jerusalem, that into which ran the brook from whence David is supposed to have chosen the stone, with which he slew Goliath. Upon the west end of the valley to the right hand of the road lay the village, all very neat houses, and far above them all, towered a modern looking dwelling of two stories high of compact masonry, and with several large outhouses, inhabited by the family of the absent chief; and close to the road, on each side of which were tombs of the family, was a large well of solid stone built masonry.

This was, without compare, the neatest village I have seen in the east, and in which the houses had a general air of independence, cleanliness, and comfort not found often here. We overtook our camels at 3 P. M. and at 4½ P. M. we came to a declivity very steep for the loaded animals, in which the road which had been walled in on either side from the village of *Kuriet el Aineh*, and most accurately marked out, appeared to have been originally paved but broken up into such sharp pointed stones, as to be painful even to the human foot, and to judge by the pace with which the camels moved and the extreme care with which they let themselves down from step to step, almost unendurable, to their feet, many of which, I saw, had been already

divested of cuticle and were bleeding. We walked on till we met an Arab boy with a large long-barrelled gun in his hand with which he told us he had shot a partridge, many of which we heard in the neighbourhood, as we waited by the side of a spring of fresh water in the cleft of the rock from whence the boy and his dog drank, the arrival of the tardy beasts of burden. He shewed us the bird, a partridge unquestionably, but very large, and white up to the head, except a few black feathers in the tail: it had stripes of black on each wing and red legs, and would have outweighed four Indian birds. We heard some more calling across the ravine as evening closed in and told our sporting friend, wishing to see him exercise his skill with the single bullet, as he came quietly on, throwing stones into every likely bush; he declared he had hit this one flying. We soon saw on the steep bank to the left hand about 100 feet above us the village of Colowni and noticed with astonishment, peaches, almonds, and apple trees in full blossom, the vine beginning to bud and every other symptom of a most productive soil. After crossing on a bridge of one arch, the brook to the left of which lay Gibeon and the valley of Ajalah, the scene of the miracle at the intercession of Joshua, we began the very steep ascent of the last range which divided us from Jerusalem. The camels' pace seemed more tedious than before; the evening became very cold, and impatient of delay, I pushed on alone. At 10 minutes past 6, as I turned the corner of the last village Abd-el-kader, I saw distinctly as the level rays were shining on the cupola of the mosque El Sak-hara, built by the Khaliff Omur,—the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, and a few more minarets, and then lost sight of them again. I waited for E. To the right was a bleak plain of grey stone in fantastic heaps; on the left was a wide valley opening upon the distant hills of Ephraim, and these again backed by the very distant heights round Nablous, Nazareth, and in the extreme horizon invisible Libanus. Every hill side was studded with villages, and the telescope revealed even the most distant minarets of Moslem worship. We questioned a red faced peasant as he led his sheep by. He knew that El-khods was before us, Lufta, the village in the valley immediately below: you could have thrown a stone on to the houses, and Beth Surick was upon the north-west boundary of this wide valley. We passed on. E. would not believe that I had seen the Holy City, which Richard of the Lion-heart, perhaps looking from this very steep, had covered his face with his shield in bitterness of heart, and declared himself unworthy to behold. Hardly one hundred yards more had been passed when E. putting his wretched nag into a canter on the pathway through a field of wheat beside the broken up pavement of the main road, cried out.

El-khods! Bismillah! El-khods! We leaped from our horses, turned them loose, wrapped our cloaks round us in silence, and I felt that sickly inclination which excessive emotion causes, and could not speak for some time. The name of the Holy City most familiar to our ears, and most constantly in the mouths of our attendants was the Arabic word El-khods, and all who are acquainted with the style of conversation common among Europeans, who have passed much of their time among the natives of India, without the advantages of a society entirely English, will not be surprised that my enthusiastic friend's first exclamation on viewing the great object of our journey should be in Arabic. I felt so astonished, so disappointed at beholding a town, so different to all I had anticipated! Then we exclaimed against the freshness of the tall distant wall, fortified like the castles a child learns to draw, and not much larger in circumference than—I hardly can recall to recollection any town whose compact walled precincts are not larger than those of Jerusalem. The absence of any buildings beyond the walls save the sepulchres of the dead, the very crowded narrow streets, the valleys between the several small eminences which tradition has magnified into mountains, and the straight undorned lines of Saracenic battlements, detract from any picturesque appearance in this city, whose celebrity unequalled by any other site in the world, was till recently never presented to English eyes in a manner which memory could carry away with it. The gloss of novelty upon the trim-built yellow sandstone walls is due to the same purity of atmosphere which preserves the mosques of Cairo and the Pyramids of Egypt, bright as a building of yesterday; though these walls were built A. D. 1542, they appear more fresh than the walls of Buckingham Palace. The Mount of Olives was before us, visible behind the city, and few were the trees on its sandy sides. We knew that Titus had cut down all wood for miles round, and we thought of all the wonders this scene had occupied a part in. We saw mount Sion crowned with a Moslem minaret and a mosque, and the valley of Jehoshaphat and Gihon, white with innumerable grave stones. We waited till the camels joined us, when we descended to the gate of Bethlehem, or *Babel-khaleel*. Arrived at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 7 after a march of 11 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$ over barely 22 miles,—the most difficult for the cattle, the most interesting for ourselves. The Turkish soldiers clad in great coats of grey cloth, on guard at the gate promised admittance. We waited till 7 P. M., when perceiving no signs of opening, we encamped in the valley of Gihon, near the upper pool, and waited for that day. We dined rather late at 11 P. M., when the mercury had sunk to 54° , and we found the weather very cold in the tents. It may not be intrusive on the well applied labours of

more accurate writers, from the indefatigable and minute details of Dr. Robinson in 1838 to the graphic etchings of Mr Thackeray in 1846, to add some sketch of Jerusalem. Situated on a tongue of land sloping from Mount Scopus, as the ancients termed the ridge on which Titus pitched his camp, to superintend the siege which ended in the almost total destruction of the city, the present precincts are bounded on the east by the valley of the brook Cedron, which after a precipitous course of about a mile, is joined by the brook which has traversed the valley of Gihon, for nearly one mile and a half. On the west and south-west sides of the city, inclosing a wide irregular space whereof the highest point that of Mount Sion, where the Moslem mosque now covers the site of the tomb of David, rises 154 feet above the level of the adjoining valley of Gihon, and according to the nearest estimate (deduced from the measurement of the summit of the Mount of Olives which is said to be 2556 Paris feet above the sea and 416 above the valley of Jehoshaphat,) the tomb of David stands 241 feet above the adjoining level of the brook Cedron, into which, of course, the waters from both pools of Gihon discharge themselves. The remaining side or base of this triangular space consists of high ground, sloping from the heights of Scopus for nearly an entire mile to the upper pool of Gihon. The city is said to contain a population estimated at from 11,500, persons up to 15,000, where once, according to Josephus, so great a multitude thronged, that eleven thousand of the Jewish population perished during the siege, and upwards of ninety seven thousand were driven into captivity, so that a population of 108,000 persons must have been within the limits here described, and beyond which are no traces of walls. Josephus, whose estimates have always, I believe, been considered exaggerations, describes the circumference in his day at 33 stadia, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ geographical miles, while Dr. Robinson's accurate measurements leave an area of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the same standard.

9th April—Thermometer 41° at 5 P. M. inside the tents, which were pitched in a very dirty place, under some olive trees, with a foot-path before us leading round a triangular field under the plough, that is, if you can imagine a man cultivating the debris of old house walls. As we crossed the field in the dark to find a place to pitch in, we could not place one foot on firm mould: all was stones. Beyond the field eastward lay the road to Hebron, and beyond that road, the fort ditch and wall of the town in front of the castle of David. To the south of the tents lay the lower pool of Gihon, to which the field below us was a *feeder*, and to the north stood a bastion of the castle. Beyond the town wall were a few houses used as a quarantine station. Behind us rose a hill like all the rest in this neighbourhood, composed of strata of

limestone regularly spread one above another, covered partially with rich grass and formed into small terraces of arable land, shaded by olive and pomegranate trees, and set with barley, &c., while the whole neighbourhood bears the appearance of having once been populous suburbs. A narrow footpath close to the wall leads up to Mount Sion, on which, as you gain the top, you enter a burial ground thick set with tomb-stones, both of Christians and Jews, many with inscriptions in Syrian or Arabic, those of the former generally marked with a rude cross on the stone. The Franciscan brothers complained much of the bad faith of the Turkish governor, who, after promising to allow a wall to be formed, had so often stopped the work, till $\frac{1}{2}$ of the estimate had been expended in bribery, adding that the Government would listen to the English or French consuls, but never to the petition of the head of the Latin convent. Near this burial ground there is a large mosque with a minaret over the supposed tomb of David. The rest of the hill of Sion slopes down to the valley of Jehoshaphat eastwards, and to the valley of Gihon southwards, being cultivated ground, generally fields of barley or of the bean called fool, while the edges of the fields are shaded by occasional olive trees. There are one or two deep wells on the southern declivity, and the old walls of the city of David are remarkable by their massive proportions from the ditch of the castle, where the footpath crosses them, sometimes higher, sometimes lower: they are traceable along the western front and round to the southern declivity, where they are raised above the face of the plain, generally topped with loose stones as fences to the fields, and then descending again almost to the water level in the valley of Gihon, whence they run again upward on the eastern declivity and are lost near the small sally-port set down in maps as Porta Sterguilina, visible, though built up in the wall side. The northern part of Mount Sion is flanked by the southern wall of the town, which we examined in all directions, except within the Sakhara or mosque of Khaliff Omur. We traversed the footpath on the battlements and find it makes a most abrupt descent into the valley of Milo, between Mount Sion and the west wall of the Sakhara, formerly the site of Solomon's temple, but we could discover no traces of the bridge formerly existing from the temple wall to Mount Sion. Only occasionally a few massive stones near the foot of the town or of the mosque wall, reminded us of the works of ancient days. We were too late for the church service conducted at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. in the vestry room of the new English edifice, which is nearly completed, fronting the east side of David's castle. We walked to the hotel kept by the Jewish convert, and were shewn one wretchedly close small room with two beds in it, and when

we asked for two rooms, were answered with astonishment that they were not procurable, as they did not receive any but English, and reserved their best quarters for a party, adding, that they had a house for which they paid 1,000 piasters a month and could not underlet a part. After this, we were conducted to a house on the hill *Acra*, which overlooked the mosque of Khaliff Omur, and gave a beautiful view of the Mount of Olives and the hills of Abarim beyond the Dead Sea. Here we ascended to the roof and were there shewn a very small room for two, and another not much larger with four beds in it, very close, with much window curtains and bed furniture, to which we who have a vast love for air and light and cleanliness, and have a wholesome awe of Egypt's plagues, decidedly objected, and peeping as we passed into a third room, or rather, a wooden shed which occupied the third corner of the roof, saw a table for breakfast arranged, and heard that the ladies who had overtaken us on the road from Ramlah had put up here. We came back to the tents which having been badly pitched, in a very low and dusty neighbourhood, were rather hot. Thermometer at 11 A. M. pointing to 83°. After breakfast E. and Guiseppe went round the convents, and finding certain new rooms uninhabited at the Latin Convent, we loaded the camels and removed into our new quarters about 4 P. M. They are the nearest buildings within the Bethlehem gate. One of each of our windows looks up on David's castle across the street. The wall may be 30 yards distant. E.'s other window looks on the gate: my eastern window looks over the English bishop's house, on to the Mount of Olives and the hills beyond Jordan. We pay one dollar per diem for lodgings, and our servants work for us. The two rooms open into a third, about 30 feet long, and that again to a corridor connected with a very long suite of apartments, designed for pilgrims, when completed. The convent has 10 or 11 houses, by the rent of which its expences are paid. The Franciscans have lived in Jerusalem 680 years. They originally inhabited buildings over king David's tomb till they were turned out by the Turks 320 years ago, since which period they have occupied their present quarters, the Latin Convent, &c. While waiting in the tents this morning, I recognized the *muezzens*; at noon a boy shouted *Allah Akbar*, &c., from the ramparts, and was answered by several voices with similar expressions. These are strange contrasts in the city alike holy to the Christian and the Moslem, the beauties of the land, the fine air, the wonderful site of the town, and the magnificent history attached to all that treats of Palestine, cause a fraternal feeling among all classes of men: even the Jew is not despised in Jerusalem. The intolerant spirit of the Turks softened, and

the Christian can here retain his dress and his habits, without enduring insult. While I sat in the tent after having read over the morning service, I opened the walls of the tent for the benefit of the breeze and saw a small group of Turkish ladies take up their position beneath an olive tree, above the tents, but quite close: they were four; two, old; one, about twenty five; and a pretty girl about fifteen or sixteen. They were unveiled, and very fair for orientals, though the middle aged women had very regular but rather tanned features, the others boasted red and white complexions. They appeared much amused with our preparations, and were not alarmed nor annoyed when I pretended to sketch them. We soon found that a kind of fair was held there. Greek boys with their rosy looking cheeks and dark curls laughed and talked with groups of well dressed women, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jewesses. The men sauntered, or slept, or reclined and smoked, under the trees. A few poorer pilgrims asked alms from group to group. A little Jew boy was drinking liquorice water out of a decanter and offered some to me, speaking Arabic. Men and boys with trays or pitchers of iced water on their heads, shouted *Eáh Loz*, *Eáh Hulwah Shami*, and many other cries while hawking sweetmeats, fruit, and water. The thermometer had risen to 83° at noon, but sank to 55° at sunset. We saw the sun set over Bethlehem as we returned into the city at the gate of St. Stephens, or as the Turks call it *Bab-sit-Miriam*, the gate of the Virgin. After having gone round the walls from the western gate of Bethlehem over Mount Sion by the Bab-el-Nubbie Dawoud, by the sally-port, descending close to the foundation of the temple under the walls of the mosque of Khaliff Omur, which the Christian may not enter, again turning to the left—we gazed on Cedron and its many gardens—upon the valley of Jehoshaphat, with its ten thousand tombs! Above us was the beautiful gate of the temple now for centuries past never opened, by which the Jews fear the city will be taken, and which now forms part of the eastern wall of the Sakharah. We looked down with astonishment on the four most ancient tombs of Jehoshaphat, Absalom, Jacob, and Zechariah, as they are now known, and after winding over the undulating pathway along the eastern wall of the city, and crossing the brook Cedron on a bridge near the tomb of Jehoshaphat, we ascended the continuation of the road on the side of the Mount of Olives, each step of the ascent enabling us to look over the parapets towards Mount Acra, within the walls. Where once stood the palace of Herod, now was a Turkish guard house, and the quarters of a certain jolly-looking colonel we subsequently visited. Between four and five hundred yards beyond the bridge we came to the garden of Gethsemane, now

enclosed with a whitened wall, some eight feet high, but within which every adjoining eminence enabled one to perceive a few olive trees, and that the land had been prepared for the next season's crop. Here the road divided, one path turning to the right hand up the Mount of Olives: and one to the left, up to the gate of St. Stephens. At the junction of these three roads stands a church hewn out of the solid rock and known as the tomb of the Virgin, beneath the level of the road, where service is performed twice a day, and where there are two doorways, *one* for the Greeks, and *one* for the Romans, sad evidences of the narrow spirit of a bigoted superstition contracting the broad lines of our holy religion. The entrance opens from the south: a sloping footpath leads down to an enclosure about 40 feet square, in front of the Greek church, from whence a narrow way to the right conducts to the Latin church. Facing the entrance into this edifice, but in the public road within a square inclosure of stone work, about two feet high, is a very old sycamore tree, which the mercenary traders avail themselves of, so that upon the benches beneath it, a coffee shop and pipe-sellers' stalls are generally established. Across the Via Dolorosa, near a part of the Turkish soldiers' quarters, the pilgrims point to a white archway spanning the narrow street, from the window of which it is supposed that Pilate said, "behold your king!" The Greeks here are very numerous and one sees men and women entering continually during morning and evening mass, generally crossing and prostrating themselves with great devotion at the door before crawling on their knees up to the altar. The pathway up to St. Stephen's gate is steep, and certainly not less than 200 feet perpendicular height from the garden of Gethsemane to the gate of the city. About half way up is a slight level space, on the right hand side of which the rock is indented by the knees of vast concourses of pilgrims who throw themselves down to kiss the spot where Stephen, when they had cast him out of the city and stoned him, "kneeled down and fell asleep." We were completely confounded on our first excursion round the walls of Jerusalem, by seeing a well dressed little Greek girl throw herself down in the road beside us as we were climbing the very steep path from Gethsemane to the gate of St. Stephen, and having a lively recollection of such performances in India, we were hastening to assure her of our assistance; when an elderly woman labouring up the steep ascent, joined her in kissing the ground, weeping and praying till we comprehended the full extent of their expressive exhibition. The gate is like all the others in the city wall, about 25 feet wide and 30 high, close to which entrance is a kind of guard room generally occupied by a few Turkish soldiers. The road turns abruptly to the left hand, whence it

opens on the pool of Bethesda, a deep reservoir which appeared to me to be about 25 feet deep, perhaps 65 yards long and 25 yards wide. Facing the entrance to the gateway within the wall, and distant from the city-gate, perhaps 120 yards, is a very narrow gateway leading to the Sakhara, the site of Solomon's temple, inaccessible to Europeans. The street into the city turns sharp to the right hand after facing the pool, and continues through rough paved narrow lanes, inclining to the centre from a drain in the raised foot-paths about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide on either side. There are no wheel carriages of any description in Jerusalem, nor have we yet seen any in Syria, and a loaded mule will fill nearly the whole space of the centre causeway. Thermometer at sunset 55° in my room in the convent.

10th April, 53° at sunrise inside. Both here and at Cairo I could not fail to be astonished at the very equable state of the atmosphere: within the house it seldom varied more than six degrees and never more than 10. This morning we were out by 6 o'clock, and had reached the summit of the mount of Olives by 20 minutes to 7 and had returned before 9 A. M., so that the distance is very short, certainly not more than a mile and a half. After passing the garden of Gethsemane on the right, (it is now surrounded by a white washed wall about 45 or 50 yards square, and contains eight olive trees, none very large), you come to an old building, also on the right, to the eastward of the garden. Higher up the mount is a ruined building of two stories, which the monks assert to be the spot where our Lord wept over Jerusalem, and where he uttered the memorable words, "How often would I have gathered your children unto me, but ye would not," and now the house is indeed left desolate unto them! From hence you obtain the most picturesque view of the city, with the hills beyond the town. Most of the well known sketches have been made from the summit, whence the city appears like a bird's eye view and the height of the neighbouring hills is lost. All the drawings give too much importance to the mosque of Omur. It certainly is an extensive building of red brick with a black copper dome, and the mosque El Ahsa, which stands in the same enclosure, has a similar dome and is a more elegant and better proportioned building, stretching to the south of the larger building. Beyond these, in an enclosure planted with a few trees is the Pacha's palace. The church of St. Sepulchre is close to the northern wall. The houses on the hill called Acra rise between it and the spectator stationed on the mount of Olives. Having reached the summit of the mount, you turn to the left through an Arab village, where a new mosque and a circular tower afford a very fine view of all the hill country of Judea. This Arab village is supposed by some to be the actual scene of

the ascension, certainly at variance with the scriptural description according to St. Luke, xxiv. 50. "And he led them out *as far as* to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." I talked with an old Arab who complained much of the Turkish government and lauded the days of Mehemet Ali. He pointed to the village of Beth Saffafa on the hills to the north-west, inhabited by Mahomedans, and described a battle with the Fellaheem, in which about a thousand of the latter were murdered. After they had attacked and killed a few of the regular troops, Ibrahim Pacha, being absent when the first fight occurred, collected some 5000 men and returned to exact revenge. Little Mussulmanie girls brought us flowers and were very pressing for a second present, after having already received one. Beggary appears an honorable profession in the east for all sexes and ages. The view was magnificent. On the east behind us rose the rocky desert mountains of Abarim, and beneath them the Dead Sea gleamed with a leaden dulness in the merry sun light. Then came the corresponding peaks towards the Convent of Mar Saba, once the dwelling place of so many anchorites, cleft by the brook Cedron, whose course might be fancied from the bold fissures in the hills which may be distinctly seen on the south beyond the village of Siloah, at the junction with the brook Gihon, close to the Cistern and a vaulted building known as the *Fountain of Nehemiah*. From this point rises mount Sion and on its rugged sides may still be traced the ruined walls of David's city,—on its summit the mosque over the tomb of David,—the Armenian church,—the Greek, Latin, and American Cemeteries. The latter has a wall round it, while every available spot is green with verdant barley, waist high, on which troops of horses and mules are tethered to graze. Lower down the slope, olive, apricots, pomegranates and garden produce fill the valley. Directly west lies the holy city, conspicuous throughout its length and breadth. The furthest object is the castle of David with the red flag of Turkey, the crescent and the stars floating over it. To the right the high whitewashed travellers' quarters built by the worthy fathers of Terra Santa. Then next to this is seen the convent of that name, and nearer to the spectator, the vast Greek convent and the dome of the holy sepulchre on Calvary. There has been considerable activity evinced of late years by our enterprising relatives across the Atlantic in their connexion with Western Asia, both under Turkish and Egyptian rule, and none who have visisted these countries can conceal from themselves the fact that their church missions throughout the east are conducted on a more liberal and effective scale than those of England; while the consular agents

of the United States are stipendiary residents in every port or city of importance, men selected with more regard than are the representatives of other powers, to their personal fitness for such employ, and for the influence which energy and perseverance must confer, whenever they are contrasted with the supine character of most oriental officials, and these qualifications enable the American nation to be looked up to even at Jerusalem. There are not more than eight mosques with minarets, and the streets are invisible from their narrow and irregular course. The walls are from three to five feet thick. The flanking angles are well chosen and the gateways well defended, but the wall could be breached from a dozen different positions, all of which are approachable without danger and by naturally covered ways. To the north is seen the tomb of Jeremiah near the Damascus gate, the tombs of the kings stretching far over the hill towards "Abdel-Cader," and in the extreme distance the burial place of Samuel, on a lofty hill. The whole northern side of the hill beyond the walls is covered with tombs. On the east is the range of the mount of Olives, and passing through the Arab village, we came to a more modern tomb, about two fields westward, which a stupid youth who was ploughing and an imbecile old Sheik who met us insisted on calling the tomb of the prophet Samuel. Hence there was a fine view of the plains of Jericho and the Dead Sea. The weather though agreeable, feels still cold to us, as may be guessed by the low but equable temperature in the house, 61° at 2 P. M., 57° at 9 A. M. There are said to be 2000 regular troops within the town. We see two regiments go out to parade every morning, with a separate band of about 30 drums and fifes besides a dozen kind of trumpets, which play alternately with the fifes rather lively marches, without any attempt at elegance or scientific arrangement, but such as a young school girl might compose as an exercise. The Turkish soldiers are very indifferent looking men, some coarse, stout fellows, but the greater number lean, undersized and mean looking. They wear the red turboosh, with a brass plate on the top, blue European uniforms, with red facings, and one regiment has white cross belts, the other none. They have the light French made musket with screw fixed bayonets, have no scabbard for the bayonet on their belts and slope arms with the hand turned in from the wrist. The officers are not very soldier-like men: some are well mounted on neat little Arab horses, but one had white jean pantaloons, all his comrades having on blue cloth dittos. They carry the scimitar naked in any manner they please apparently.

11th April.—Thermometer 55° in the bed-room at sunrise. Accustomed as most residents in India are to early rising either on the march, or as at this time enjoying some few days' respite

from the toils of daily travelling, I usually rose about day-light, and E., who from habit and ill health found early rising extremely irksome, invariably whenever there was an arrangement made over night, for an early excursion, joined me about sunrise, for, although so early in the spring and after snow had fallen at Jerusalem within 10 days of our arrival, we were soon made aware that the sun after 10 o'clock A. M. in the day, was much too powerful for the exertion of walking, while both of us were sensible that a continued residence in India and much bad health had rendered our emaciated frames too weak for the stiff hills around Jerusalem, and not until we had arrived in the Lebanon range nearly six weeks subsequent to this period, had the strengthening effects of daily exercise in the open air and bracing climate enabled us to walk without effort or early fatigue. To-day we walked down the valley of Jeboshaphat. About three hundred yards below the tomb of that king is the upper pool of Siloam, an excavation below the water level of the brook, sixteen steps to the rock below, and fourteen below that to the water : after rain it must be full to the surface. There is a subterranean communication with the lower pool, or rather the Mussulmen who cultivate the valley with spinach and artichokes, have diverted the course from the lower pool which is now a dry reservoir, 100 yards by 60, having on the south end the tree of white mulberry, beneath which Jeremiah the prophet is said to have been sawn in pieces, and it forms the watering place of all the asses, horses, and goats of Jerusalem, used to soak sheep skins and wash linen in, it is daily the resort of all brands for that purpose. After having visited the "fountain of Nehemiah," which is a deep reservoir with steps leading to the water's edge, and having a domed building on the east side, with a similar building on the north we ascended by the road leading from Santa Saba to Jerusalem and thence climbing the hill to mount Sion, a most terrific pull ! Turning to the left after passing the Sion gate we passed down by the Armenian convent and reached the house. There are three convents which rival each other in all the ceremonies, &c., the Armenian entertaining hosts of pilgrims, who crowd the convent and streets leading to it, waiting for the early rations, which are served out gratis daily. We have numerous neighbours of the like description, only our friends at the Latin convent do not muster their pilgrims stronger than 5 or 600 per annum, while the Greek and Armenian can produce as many thousands. Another subject of rivalry is the number of houses which pay rent to the monasteries, the Latin convent owns 50 but receives a quit rent from nearly 500, that is, the tenant is compelled to disburse a certain sum yearly in charity on account of the convent, and the consequence is, the streets, gates, and

roads, swarm with persons in every way able to work, but who sit idle in rows to solicit charity. Thermometer rose to 69° at noon in the house, and sank to 59° at 9 p. m., varying only one degree during the night of 12th April. Thermometer 58° at sunrise. We walked this morning to the valley of Gihon, beginning from the upper pool, and searching for the field of blood, the "Aceldama," described by Usborne as on the south-west side of mount Sion, where the ravine (valley of Gihon) takes an eastern direction: "following the ravine the traveller reaches the potters' field." "On the right hand side, half-way up," as the American traveller, Mr Stephens, has written, "I went out at the Bethlehem gate, and after crossing the valley of Hinnom, on the side of the opposite mountain, I came to the field of blood." Dr. Richardson writes, "about half way down the ravine, which has generally been mistaken for the valley of Hinnom, on the side of the mountain, is what is called "Aceldama," "Campo Santa" and the potters' field." We searched mount Sion in vain, the Greek boy, Joseph, said that it lies on the top of the mount, in the garden of the Armenian church: there we found no indications of the potters' field. The garden is what its name implies, a long, narrow slip of enclosed vegetables, behind the church, as you walk from the gate towards the tomb of David, between it and the road, leading under the walls from the gate of Sion to that of Bethlehem. The south side of this church faces towards the mosque and other Turkish buildings which have been built over the space once occupied by the Latin convent and by "David's tomb,"—perhaps, really, the tomb of his fathers" alluded to as the burial place of all Jewish kings. East of these buildings we explored every field on the hill side down to the junction of the brooks Gihon and Cedron. There are in one place some subterraneous buildings which may have been caves, but are now most likely deserted Arab houses. On the south side there is an excavation under one of the towers of the old wall, one of the original bastions of the city of David, but this cavity could not have been the place to bury strangers in. The remaining space upon Mount Sion, west of the buildings above enumerated, is occupied by the burial ground for Christians and Jews, and is an irregular spot of ground about 170 yards diagonally, by 130 yards across the narrowest parts, between the city wall and sloping sides of the ravine which are smooth and sandy fields of green barley. We examined at the west foot of the ravine the lower pool, which must have been a very useful and magnificent reservoir, artificially formed, at least 40 feet deep, by a strong embankment on the eastern side crossing the valley, and carrying the road, about 40 yards wide and perhaps 150 yards long from east to west within which the naturally sloping rock,

protrudes in ledges slightly scarped, and the bottom is formed into terraces for temporary cultivation, being higher at the west than at the east end, now covered with soil to form arable ground—a fact which speaks much for the usually light falls of rain during the year, but which one cannot readily reconcile with the appearance of the ravines, hill sides, and stony valleys of Judah, scarred and furrowed by torrents. The upper pool of Gihon is situated nearly half a mile west of the head of the valley on the slope of a long plain which forms the road leading from the convent of the Holy Cross in the desert of St. John to the city, and on which two unfinished windmills built by Ibrahim Pacha are conspicuous. Every one who has visited Cairo will remember the numerous windmills with which Mehemet Ali has crowned the heights of Mûkâttim, and, as at Jerusalem so in all the towns where the Pacha of Egypt designed to establish the head quarters of his troops, he has built these useful, and doubtless, to the present population, novel inventions. Between the windmills and the walls of Jerusalem the face of the country is thickly set with Mahomedan tombs, and is the usual resort of the Turkish ladies on Fridays and feast days.

There is another extensive burial ground beyond the eastern wall of the town, northward of that part of the valley of Jehoshaphat where the eastern declivity of the ravine side from the garden of Gennesareth to the village of Silwan is covered with Jewish sepulchres of all periods, and varying from the three very ancient but not well authenticated tombs, known as those of Jehosaphat, Absalom, and Zechariah, down to the modern slab of greystone inscribed with Greek or Syriac characters, with the name of him who left the Minorities or Cheap-side last year to be gathered unto his fathers during the current season under the walls of Jerusalem. Among the tombs in the Turkish cemetery at the head of the valley of Gihon, we fancied we could trace the stone work of two large cisterns, undoubtedly those beside which Samuel anointed Saul and at which the envoyé from Sennacherib, king of Assyria stood, or perhaps, rather, may have encamped his army, while he, leaving his followers here, either personally, or by the voice of his herald, spoke to the people on the wall, hence distant a full half mile. After entering the Sion gate, we turned to the right and passing through some wretched hovels, mounted the wall in search of the ruins of the bridge which once connected mount Sion and Moria. We saw heaps of earth half way down the northern slope of Sion, less encumbered with buildings or stones, but occupied by muleteers, mules, and horses. We passed on thence and following the wall, were stopped by its abrupt descent of perhaps 50 feet into the valley, which as far as the

foot of the temple wall, is now occupied by thick prickly pear and other thorn bushes, and the mean huts which cumber the neighbourhood of the Sakhara. On the south side were plainly visible the fissures between the huge stones in the wall which are marked with bevelled edges, very large, and undoubtedly the original stones of Solomon's temple, through which the Jews still pray, that their prayers, at least, may still pass through the temple "where men ought to worship." E. saw a few old women and older men walking up and down the yard we had visited in the morning, and found it filled with camels and Mahomedan camel-men. One read from a book, others talked, and as they walked and talked they touched the wall and the fissures between the stones, with their hands, and thought it worship. Some of the stones at this place are very large, though not so huge as some that we saw elsewhere, not one being more than 24 feet long and three and a half deep. We had an interesting conversation with two of our worthy hosts during the afternoon, and they tell us that Kuriet el Aineb is not the true Emmaus of the Scriptures, but that after passing through Lufta, and therefore below the hill on the right hand of the road to Ramlah, we ought to ascend the other side of the brook Elah, towards Beth Surik, between which village and Galone there are a few ruined houses, which mark the site of the true Emmaus. We called on the superior of the convent last night to obtain permission to visit the holy sepulchre during this afternoon, and we promised to call on him again before leaving Jerusalem. He thought that we should leave the city so soon, and detained us till sweetmeats and wine, a kind of liqueur, the well known *rozolio*, were served. The holy sepulchre has been described by each and all of the fifty travellers whose works are in every circulating library in London. The court, into which, by a narrow lane from the *Via Dolorosa* we obtain access, shews the remains of four marble columns, broken off short above the pediments.

From thence by a flight of two steps as broad as the entire area, you descend on to a mosaic marble court occupied by crowds of pilgrims of every nation and in every garb awaiting the time for opening the doors of the temple, while around them sit the venders of relics, sweatmeats, soap, and every other abomination, which, in the court of the original temple, now the mosque of Omer, once excited the indignation of our Lord, when he made a small scourge of cords, and overturned the tables of the money changers and those that sold doves, and said, "Make not my father's house a den of thieves." We came at 3 p. m. and were told to wait till 4. The door-keeper, a Turk, insisted on shewing us some horses for sale, saying there was

ample time for all occupations. Can such things be? After having looked at the horses, while the Turk told me a long story about the owner being obliged to leave for Constantinople, &c. we discovered two of them to be those which had been offered for sale not two hours previous at our own quarters at 1400 piasters each, although our door-keeper at the temple told me confidentially, *three thousand*. The fact is we were too much occupied by thoughts connected with the holy sepulchre to pay much attention to the horse dealer's fictions. About 4 P. M. we had returned, and were waiting in the court of the church, when a meek-looking personage, dressed as a Turk, only of a paler complexion, and with a composed serious expression on his well-formed features approached and addressing me in Arabic, entered with us into the temple. Within the doorway was a carpeted divan, where our fat friend the horse broker sits and smokes. Turkish soldiers in their dirty ill-made uniforms lounge, on and off guard at the door, and the same irreverend dogs march all over the church with turbans and with boots on: one laughed aloud while we were being shewn Joseph and Nicodemus' tomb in the rock.

The tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus! So spake the guide, the interpreter of the Latin Convent of Terra Santa. Who these two worthies are whose tombs are thus paraded before the Christian world at such a time and in such a place, our ignorance of traditional history prevented our comprehending, but if one may express an opinion on the authenticity of the site of this world-famous history, for the truth of which thousands have died and are ready again to die without cavil on the inconsistencies of priestly interpretations,—if that which is now shewn as the dry well where the true cross was supposed to have been buried, be the very rock which assumed its present remarkable appearance when “the earth did quake and the rocks were rent,” these excavations in the natural rock are, without doubt, judging from the locality and from the proximity to Calvary, under that self-same hill which rose outside the walls of the town as they then stood, and on which the excited multitude crucified our Lord; therefore these excavations are indeed that sepulchre from whence the stone was rolled from the door, for you can enter the cave only by one very narrow, low entrance, and immediately within are two sarcophagi of solid stone, not of masonry, rather small in size, but similar to those found in most of the sepulchral caves throughout Palestine and Syria, which are hewn from the rock, in which they are, while it is expressly stated by St. John, in 41 verse of xix chapter. “Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man laid.” To any one, proceed.

ing along the parapet of the present fortified walls, from the Damascus gate to that leading to Bethlehem, and when between 80 and 100 paces from the Damascus gate, if he look attentively among the buildings and gardens which lie beneath his feet towards the present Jewish quarter, and which may be assumed to be the undeniably most ancient authentic site in the Holy City, the remains of the old city walls may be clearly traced, as much by the positions of the houses accommodated to its angles as by the appearance of the ground generally, and then it will be evident that the holy sepulchre lies without the original city walls, and that the position of the rocks now called "Calvary" and the "Tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph," may be the identical site of that memorable sacrifice which all Christian tradition assigns to them. The first object on entering the doorway is the stone on which our Saviour's body was washed and anointed for burial. Turning to the left you enter a circular building coated with slabs of white marble, with a dome perhaps ninety feet in diameter and very nearly sixty feet high, occupied down the centre by the holy sepulchre, a white marble tomb about twelve yards in length, opened to the east into a narrow, low portico with a few steps ascending into the tomb, before which all the pilgrims prostrate themselves, take off their turbans and shoes and kiss the stones. Our guide reverently removed his turban, prostrated himself and said *Hadab mukabarat el said na!* "This is the tomb of our Lord." Hearing these words and recognizing the emphatic expression "Our Lord," after I had visited that and the inner room which contains a marble bath beyond the first chamber which is the larger of the two, I asked him if he was a Christian, and he said "yes, but I wear the Turkish dress to avoid observation," &c. Round the circular building which encloses the humble edifice with its two chambers, said to be the tomb of our Lord, are recesses with separate altar tables profusely ornamented with crimson velvet and gold, and covered with tawdry vessels of silver or gold, crucifixes, and paintings, &c. To the left of the tabernacle under a gilded railing is a circular slab of marble to commemorate the spot where the Virgin is supposed to have knelt when our Lord said, "Woman, behold your son," and to the right above the first story, the ascent to Calvary is by thirty-two easy steps covered with rich carpet and leading into a chapel, where we were shewn at the summit the holes cut out of the rock for the insertion of the crosses, and which are so very close to each other as to render the fact of their authenticity almost impossible. Beneath them is the stone which was cleft by the earthquake; behind the sepulchre, and under the stairs leading to the chapel of Calvary, you descend into the well where the Empress Helena is said to have dreamed that the

true cross had been concealed. One shrine is built over the "tears like large drops of blood"—another over the stone to which our Lord was bound when scourged; over that on which he sat when crowned with thorns and where they parted his garment; and another where the soldier who speared him wept for his own act of wanton cruelty. Around on the second floor of the temple are the three churches, the Greek, Armenian, and Latin, of which the first is beyond comparison richest and largest, filled with massive offerings made by the Emperor of Russia, the liberal supporter of that sect throughout the east.

18th April, 58° at 5 A. M. The variation of temperature occurs so rapidly after sunset as to leave little or no change during the night, a fact very different from Indian experience, where that hour before sunrise is the coldest hour of the twenty-four. I sketched the tombs of Jehoshaphat and Zecharia. While finding my way alone to the gate of St. Stephens I had wandered to the pool of Bethesda, which lies about 20 yards south of the gateway, between it and the narrow arched doorway leading to the Sakhara, and was standing lost in thought about the size of the reservoir, and the probability of whether this reservoir before me or the tank outside the same gate and a few yards north of the road to Mount Olive could be the true pool, when an old bigoted Turk seized me by the shoulders, abused me, and asked me where I was going to. I turned very sharp round, lifted my stick, and asked him in Arabic why he struck me, as I not only had not entered the *Harem el Shureef*, but did not even know that this gateway was on the road to it, whereupon he thought better of a fray and went on into the mosque. Some Turkish soldiers from the gate guard came running up, but on my turning and repeating my statement to them, they also went back, and I, in no very agreeable mood, passed out of St. Stephen's gate, to complete the sketches. The reservoir here alluded to as the pool of Bethesda has been controverted by the learned and indefatigable American Divine, Dr. Robinson, into the ditch which intervened at the time of the taking of Jerusalem by Titus A. D. 72, between the platform of the temple of Solomon and the fortress Antonia, which he understands as occupying the N. W. corner of the area in which the temple was built. The most persuasive fact in that gentleman's opinion seems to be the subterranean communication which he discovered at the west end of the reservoir, usually known as the pool of Bethesda. This is the only work of that sort in the vicinity of the gate which occupies the site of the sheepgate, or between that gate and the present bazaar for butchers, which is not far distant from the west end of the reservoir. We all know throughout the east, how well selected and how permanent the employment of sites, for such

purposes of public utility, are. The work appeared to us to have been faced on all sides by solid masonry. The western side had suffered from the foundations having been excavated as cellars, for the modern houses built on its immediate bank. There is no other site within the walls on which a reservoir could have been constructed within the undisputed line of the city wall which always existed along this summit of the declivity of the brook Kedron, or within the original wall of the old city, while the foundations of the area of the present *Harem el Shureef*, and those of Solomon's temple being identical, there is no inconsistency in this spot, the site of the pool of Bethesda having been converted at the time of the siege into the ditch of the fortress, though merely because the Jews availed themselves of the local advantage of the ancient reservoir.'

On my return to the towns I found, waiting in the convent to speak to me, a very tall handsome Arab with jet black moustaches, beard, and eyebrows and a very agreeable manner, in short, a well dressed and first rate specimen of young Araby, but who was ultimately discovered to be an impostor. He wished to guarantee our convoy to Jerash, and to ensure for that purpose an interview with Abd-el-Azeez, the chief of Jerash, surnamed *El Nimur*, or the leopard, but prior to any interview and therefore without any equivalent to us he wished to receive £10 sterling for each European in the party, and that for a convoy of two days or 50 miles journey. About 10½ A. M. we ordered horses to take us to Bethlehem. Guiseppè never volunteered for any service of this sort, but contrary to the custom of the interpreters, whom we had seen associated with other English gentlemen, handed us over to the care of a local guide. We had promised our Greek cook to indulge him with a horse and the privilege of accompanying us to such of the lions as, to use the expression of that amusing traveller, Mr Stephens, "should be knocked down," and armed with a letter from the superior of the convent to Padre Bartolomæ of the convent of St. Johns, we *Il Signori Pelligrim* of no religion, as this interesting note described us, left Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate, and skirting the valley of Gihon crossed at the lower pool and ascended towards the Convent of Elias, about three miles from the gate of the city, and which stands on the most extensive plain in the hill country. The whole landscape was green with barley and young wheat, while the hills towards the west were studded with small villages, embowered with olives and fruit trees, yet like all Arab dwellings more picturesque as "distance lends enchantment." While on the east the bare, strong hills soon broke in upon the arable ground, and there are few or I believe no villages between this part of the

country and the bleak bare mountains which surround the sea of Lot.

Usiff, the young Christian from Nazareth, who had acted as guide to us in our walks round Jerusalem, the Greek cook, and Capt. E. were mounted on hired horses with the usual accompaniments of the peaked Damascus saddle, or the equally inconvenient Syrian article with huge shovel stirrups and sharp Mameluke bits, while I rode a young grey Arab in English accoutrements, which I had recently purchased from the groom of the Bishop's chaplain.

The road descends slightly from the height beyond the Convent of Elias, passing between hedges of cactus, our ancient Indian acquaintance, not that sort facetiously termed by the Arabs "figs the father of thorns." Here there is a well where a few Armenians and Greeks, pilgrims like ourselves, were watering their horses. After winding down a rather rocky declivity over very broken ground for some short distance, we emerged on to another plain of arable land, passed a modern looking domed building known as Rachel's tomb, and leaving the pretty village of Beth Dejala on our right hand, we suddenly turned to the left. Along the head of a steep ravine, whose well cultivated sides were crowned by the houses of the Christian village, and winding between the picturesque groups of desert Arabs and Jewish looking Nazarenes, found ourselves at the gates of the large fortress-like Convent of Bethlehem. Leaving the horses in charge of an assinine equestrian who had followed us from Jerusalem, we walked into a large unfinished church, about 125 feet long by 100 feet wide, that is, the centre nave was 34 feet wide divided on each side by stout columns with plain Doric capitals three feet broad at the base from aisles which occupy 30 feet on each side the nave. The walls in some places had fine Mosaic paintings unfinished on them. We then passed through the dormitories and rooms of the monks, and were finally conveyed by a young, pale, thin friar, into the church; where we uncovered our heads and stood, while the friar knelt before the altar for a few seconds. The cook who had been mistaken for the master, as he certainly looks the best of the three, and dresses infinitely better than we do, crossed himself. We had lighted tapers given to us and descended into a vault, where we were shewn an altar and painting of St. Jeronimo.

"What did he here?" As we did not understand Italian and the Padre spoke neither Arabic nor French, the cook volunteered an explanation. With a flourish he commenced in execrable French to describe why Saint Jeronimo monopolized apparently the most conspicuous reminiscences of this convent by saying *par example*, he taught the boys! which after

two days' incubation we discovered to intimate that Saint Jeronymo compiled the vulgate edition of the Scriptures at that place. After the worthy monk had shewn divers other Saints, he advanced to another recess more like a toilette table, on which were a few wax candles and behind a picture of the Murder of the Innocents, and explained that having found in the vault beneath this table which was defended by an iron grating fastened by three locks, a relic which he described as *una manu picolina*, they had supposed *des enfants* to be interred in that neighbourhood. We had received the cook's *mem.* about St. Jeronymo with such an irresistible but indecent shout of laughter, in which both he and the friar involuntarily joined, that even the innocents were saluted with suppressed titters and our gravity, so completely annihilated by the cook's incongruous association of ideas, was hardly restored before we entered a dimly lighted room hung with tapestry, and a few pictures of saints and other's scenes of holy writ. On the ground before each painting gleamed lighted tapers in silver candelabras. We were shewn a circular marble stone in a recess upon which were the words *Locus Nativitatis*. To the right *Locus Nativitatis*, &c. was graven on a golden plate, which all our friends the Armenians, who had accompanied, joined, or been overtaken by us on the road, threw themselves upon, and kissed with infinite devotion. There was a small grotto with a very tawdry looking cradle on the left side of it, which is said to be the spot where the Virgin retired and the infant was laid in the manger. The mummary was simply disgusting, the probability was overlooked. The monastery and the entire underground buildings had been founded by Sancta Helena, mother of Constantine, and perhaps apart from the hallowed associations of actually breathing the air of Bethlehem, and treading those hills which *He* had looked on, "and over whose acres walked those blessed feet," the most interesting memory connected with this convent was simply picturesque, the church and the kneeling priests, the muttered prayer, the broken light, from many a high pointed window, or the glittering fanes surrounded by all the Greek attributes of divinity and worship, in costly ornaments, and many a most original and one most blasphemous representation in gold over the principal altar of the church. It is remarkable that all the saints and kings are represented in the Greek church as dark, almost black men, while, in the Latin church, the European character is given to all. In this convent also are three separate chapels for the Greek, Latin and Armenian rites. After giving a piece of gold coin for the poor, we mounted to ride to the wilderness of St. John. We had a long Arabic confab with certain good looking Christians in the street, as to the nearest road

to the convent and valley of St. John. A very impertinent Turk, who had accompanied us riding on a bridleless donkey, having asserted that he had been told to come to Bethlehem with us, and no further, was taunted by the people with his stupidity, in having lived so long at Jerusalem and still remaining ignorant of all the roads round it, whereupon he volunteered to guide us, and we cantered out of Bethlehem to a very picturesque village in the bosom of hills facing the east, where the rich dark hue of the olives, the brilliant tints of peach trees, almonds, and pomegranates in lively contrast with the grey hill tops, added every beauty to the scene and reminded me much of many an English park. The buildings of the town were so closely grouped high on the steep hill side as to look from one part like one of the "stately homes of England" among their old ancestral trees. • We had learnt that the next village was Beth Sulfalah and then recollected from the map that the direct route to the desert and convent of St. John's would be close to *Ain Kurreem*. We asked the road of certain peasants and by their directions were proceeding merrily forward when our soi-disant guide insisted on taking another direction. He led us over a most break-neck precipice of sheet rock, down which our horses skated to the manifest danger of their limbs, and when reproached for his misconduct and threatened with the penalty of receiving no *bucksheesh*, roared out "I don't want any." We loitered on the next hill top to gaze at Bethlehem. The convent with its bold iron coloured walls rose like a castle, crowning the summit of a precipitous hill on the east end of the town, which occupies the corner of a circular range of hills opening on the bluff scarped head of a very deep stony ravine, facing the N. E., but which as usual in the hill country of Judea was cultivated into terraces of vines and olives down to the water-course below and up as high as the walls of the houses, as if man's skill was most successful where nature seemed to deny most rigidly. In short, E. thought the land within the semicircle of hills round Bethlehem better cultivated than all the rest of the adjacent country. In our way to Dejalah we left Rachel's tomb on the right hand, after leaving Beth Dejalah on our left a second time, we were conducted round a ridge of hills, till we found ourselves close to Mar Elias on the road to Jerusalem, which appeared close before us, while the convent of St. John was as distant as when we first left Bethlehem; whereupon we accosted a native Christian traveller, who was obliging enough to take us to a hill on the left of the road, and to point out the desert, as he called it, *Burreah*, the waste country, shewing us where lay *Ain Kurreem* and the convent of the Holy Cross. The latter as a land mark being near to the city we knew very

well. We now entered a country wilder looking than any in the neighbourhood, for though conical hills circled with horizontal strata of limestone characterize all the hill country of Judea, yet, round us every valley now was a mere water-course, perhaps that which we traversed, to which others were mere tributaries, might be the Wadi Sorak, the valley in which Dalilah had dwelled. The spaces between the strata of limestone were covered with young wheat, but no flocks, no inhabitants, no villages were in sight. A journey of a few miles brought us to Beth Saffafah, whence we had been purposely misled by the sulky Turk; after turning to the left without any road, we took to a footpath and went down the valley of Elah, which we recognised by the headlands we had seen on our march from Ramlah as that wherein David fought Goliath. This vale is described in the Scriptures, as lying 'between Shochoh and Azekah, (1 Sam. xvii. 1.) To identify the scene it will only be necessary to ascertain the site of the two ancient towns. Azekah we know was between Bethhoron and Bethlehem, and if the former be the same as the modern Bethhor, then the terebinthean vale or valley of Elah might seem to be correctly placed between Bethhor and Bethlehem, and as we actually followed the valley down from the latter to the former, we did actually pass the spot supposed here to be the scene of David's triumph, and the easy distance from Jerusalem would admit of the circumstances detailed in the Scriptures. The hills on the north were here divided and formed a semicircle, the plain at the foot was fit for the purpose, and the brook was deep at the place we both fancied the scene of the battle. Some small boys shouted in derision to us, as we hastened by on our return over the same spot, they were on the Philistine hill-top tending sheep. There were the hills like a vast amphitheatre, seats arranged in circles. The Israelitish camp might have occupied one hill and the Philistines the other, while the giant of Gath came forth to defy the armies of the living God. There was the brook now dry, but doubtless after rain, a wild torrent. Our road wound round the Philistines' side of the plain, and after a very picturesque ride of an hour and a half from Bethlehem, including misdirections, we saw some ruins in a field, which being fenced round by a stone wall, we could not approach to determine their character, and soon found women washing from a fountain which crossed the road from under a handsome archway flanked by marble columns with Corinthian capitals, and a few feet of old compactly built stone wall on either side still standing, it looked like one of the pious erections of the wonder-making Empress Helena; and as the Arabs, some smoking, some bathing, and some tending sheep round the fountain, with whom we talked, pointed to a village,

west of the spot, as Beth-heer or Beth-hoor, and shewed us the high roofs of Aboo Ghoosh's house at Kuriet el Aineb north, and the huts of Ain Kurreem north-east, and Jerusalem nearly east, we believed this to be the spot marked Saint Philip's spring.

As the evening was closing in, and the gates are shut for the night at six o'clock, we returned back by the convent of the Holy Cross, met a priest who talked Greek with the cook—glanced at the upper pool of Gihon and returned to our quarters as the Turkish band was beating up for the evening watch. Thermometer 58° at 9 P. M., 55° at 5 A. M., 14th April. The observation to-day shews a variation of only three degrees. As my custom had been in India constantly, and since then continually living in tents, the window of my sleeping room, or the door of the tent was always open during the night, so that the actual state of atmospheric change, is that which is written in these notes, with the very slight deduction which the inside of the tent different from the out, seldom more than three or five degrees at the most. This morning we determined to visit the convent of Mar Sabah in the desert of Engedi, which I think must be the spot Sir Walter Scott in the opening scene of the *Talisman* rather vaguely describes, when the Knight of the Leopard, and Saladin in company with him, are met by the wild anchorite to whom the Scottish knight bore letters, &c., for we know that this neighbourhood was the abode of numerous Christian fanatics, and the variety of excavations in the vicinity of the convent of Santa Saba were the abode once of those anchorites of whom the Mahomedans are said to have slain fourteen hundred. In this excursion we discarded the Greek cook and took with us the young Nazarine, Eusiff, who generally accompanied us on all occasions, and besides reading the written character fluently, spoke the Bagdad dialect of Arabic, and understood our *patois* sufficiently well to interpret for us on all occasions, and we had no other language in common with him but Arabic. Every other Christian in Syria appears to be named after the patriarch. Mounting him on a hired horse, which ran away with him whenever he was allowed to canter, much to the poor youth's discomfiture, E. riding another delectable creature, and I on the new purchase, the stout little grey Arab we named *Bishop*, because once said to have been the property of the Lord Bishop's Chaplain, whose servant unable to obtain £500 piasters in the Bazaar for the animal, succeeded in selling him to us for 1300 piasters, twelve pounds sterling. As I had the advantage of an English saddle, purchased for 100 piasters or £1 sterling at Jerusalem, and as the little grey was a horse one would have been delighted to have obtained for three hundred rupees in Bombay and have thought him uncommonly cheap, and as he

was active, surefooted, and pleasant withal, I found the excursion very agreeable. Not so my friend; standing in the shovel stirrups of the country over the wedge-shaped Damascus saddle, which admits of no seat, he complained alternately of the horse, the saddle and the heat. We left our convent about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 A. M., and reached about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ after a scramble over the rocky hills on either side the bed of the brook Cedron, which we followed for perhaps three miles from Jerusalem, when we ascended the bare chalky hills on the eastern bank and had a glorious view of the Holy City as we turned from time to time on the mountain side, and suddenly descending by a stony slope over a few barley fields again found ourselves in the valley of the Cedron some seven miles from Jerusalem: from this point all vegetation appears to cease. The country is one vast sheepwalk, and the hill side, in majestic wildness, barren, chalky, and abrupt. The course of the brook is more broken than near Jerusalem, and after having passed a pool of water on the right, within a large cave, inaccessible to beasts of burden, being an artificial excavation with steps to it and a small parapet round, we suddenly approached the most singular natural object I ever beheld. The brook made a winding turn to the left, and the path here between stone walls ascended to the right hand looking down upon a ravine about 150 feet wide; the perpendicular scarped rocks on either side, worked into galleries generally with a corresponding level on the opposite face, and which from the winding road and corresponding turns in the ravine had a most unearthly appearance. The depth must have been 200 feet or more, the faces of the rock appeared to have been excavated by the anchorites who had peopled these wilds. The country in a general manner may be described by the words of Sir Walter Scott, in the *Talisman*. We saw the walls of the convent slightly above the level of the road, with two towers looking down upon the valley of the Cedron, while the mighty structure raises itself on terraces and towers from the foot of the ravine to the level of the road on the hill side, from which point the main building presented a strong dead wall of yellow stone, from which at the extreme ends were flanking towers pierced with narrow windows overlooking the hills in front beyond the Wadi-el-Rahib or the Monk's ravine as the Cedron is here designated, and commanding a full view of the Dead Sea. From the foot of the highest tower on the northern flank, the road, bounded on the left by the convent wall, and on the right by the scarped hill side, descended in a zigzag gradient to the principal and only gateway, accessible to men only, the horses being taken round the southern tower to the level of the water-course. On the area in front of the gateway ourselves and a few Armenians who had joined us on the road below the level

of the highest tower wall were assembled. After our repeated knocking had aggravated all the echoes, and they are legion in the vicinity, an old monk from the upper window enquired, with apparent alarm, our purpose, and the conversation that ensued between him and the Armenians, in some unknown dialect, evidently intimated an idea that we two were Turks. We again descended two inclining planes to another door which was opened by a young Greek friar, who requested the pilgrims and us to enter, but on my waiting till E. who had loitered on the road should put in an appearance, the door was closed, and we were told we could not enter without a written order from the Greek patriarch at Jerusalem. Thereat we cantered off in high dudgeon, shook the dust from our feet and ascended the highest hill behind the convent, soothed out ruffled spirits with a most glorious view of the Dead Sea, of which a section of perhaps 15 miles north and south was visible. The view was hazy from the morning air and indistinct from the sun-beams falling full on our front, yet we could discover that the hills beyond the sea actually descended to the water's edge. We saw vultures flying below us in the ravine, and had a fine view of Jerusalem and of Bethlehem thrown into bright relief on the western quarter. We left the neighbourhood at 10½ A. M., and reached the fountain of Nehemiah at about twelve o'clock. After watering the horses at the lower pool of Siloam, we climbed to the Sion gate and found all the gates closed during prayers at the mosque, for it was Friday, the Moslem sabbath, and joining a motley crowd of Greek and American pilgrims without the Bethlehem gate, we waited till 1½ P. M. Found the sun hot and the glare terrific, but the thermometer within our apartments at Casa Nova in the Latin convent, only pointed to 65° at 2 P. M. We were much amused with the habits of the people, as we sat in a saddle-maker's shop in the bazaar. The butcher, a cloth worker, a brazier, and a baker's shop, all in the same street adjoining each other. Veiled Turkish women sitting close to and talking up into the faces of the shop-keepers, all orthodox Mussulmen prejudices most decidedly on the decline. Two native irregular horsemen out of employ were sitting near us, one remarked of us "they both understood Arabic," and soon addressing me, he said, they were desirous of entering service with us. Thermometer 58° at 9 P. M.

(To be continued.)

TREATMENT FOR GRIPEs AND INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS IN HORSES.

By J. WESTERN, V. S.

"Let the galled jade wince, *my withers* are unwrung."

Were it not that in again taking up my pen I hope the readers of the *Review* may receive some further information on the nature and proper treatment of gripes in horses, I should allow Mr Assistant Surgeon E. Hare, 7th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, to glide into obscurity unnoticed, but the startling boldness with which he has asserted his mistaken notions is so likely to be productive of mischief, that for the sake of "sporting men who read" I feel bound to expose them.

Moreover he has on several occasions in strong terms insinuated I am guilty of untruth, and at p. 171 gives me the lie direct. It is therefore incumbent on me to disprove this, a task by no means difficult, which I will endeavour to perform, giving at the same time information that shall render it as interesting as possible.

In an early para. of Mr Hare's last paper, he insists upon the action of medicines being the same in man and horses. I told him before such was not the case, and repeat it now. He however quotes Professor Youatt, p. 384 to support him in the assertion that tartar emetic is a nauseant. I refer to Youatt's book on "The Horse," p. 384, and he says—"It is a very useful nauseant, it is given in doses of a drachm or a drachm and half and combined with nitre and digitalis." The combination is a happy one—digitalis is a well known sedative of a most powerful character, lessening in a marked manner the number of pulsations in the heart—so does a nauseant or emetic in man, and I am bold enough to say, that tartar emetic *alone* has no such action on the horse.

The bugbear of medicines to Mr Hare is the spirits of turpentine, and when on this subject, he insinuates that I am guilty of an untruth in relating the story of the *blister* (?) on the poll of my old friend who cleaned his coat collar with it, as one that I have been told and not seen. "The distinction," says Mr Hare, p. 169, "between its effects where the hair grows and where it does not is entirely a discovery of his own: every one else is quite ignorant of such a difference." This is an error of Mr Hare's. I was taught the fact by Professor Coleman in his Lectures at the Veterinary College in 1825, and disclaim the dis-

covery, but am gratified I have been the means of enlightening Mr Hare on the subject.

As I have advocated the spirits of turpentine in gripes, I will give Professor Coleman's opinions of the disease and the effect of turpentine.

• In his 42nd Lecture he says: "Gripes. This is an involuntary contraction of the small intestines and perhaps the stomach, and this may take place *without inflammation*." Again "In this disease we give a specific; many other medicines may do, but here we depend on oil (spirits) of turpentine four or five ounces, and we find it as great a specific, as in the human subject, bark is in ague; and if this dose does not relieve it may be repeated." Again "Turpentine will not produce any pain in the intestines, but applied to the skin is a violent stimulant. Aloes will not irritate the skin but is the greatest stimulus you can apply to the intestines. If you apply turpentine to a wound, you will not produce half the irritation as if you apply it to the skin. There is perhaps no explanation of these facts, but such they are. In tetanus, I have given pint doses of oil of turpentine without success (in the disease) or without producing any effect on the stomach or kidneys."

Mr Hare at p. 170 writes: "but is spirit of turpentine a mild medicine? Pereira says p. 1050, two diachms thrown into the vein of a horse caused putrid fever and death." Mr Hare was not perhaps aware that a very little more pure atmospheric air thrown into the jugular vein of a horse will produce death, almost as sudden as a pistol shot. This then can be no argument against the utility of turpentine in the *stomach and intestines in gripes*.

Mr Hare continues: "The active ingredient in St. John Long's liniment with which he produced such horrible sloughing sores, was this same mild spirits of turpentine," and in a foot note gives Pereira p. 1056 as his authority. To use Mr Hare's own polite expression towards me. "Now here he imagines a fact for his own purposes." *It is not a fact that Pereira says so*, Read Pereira p. 1056, "St. John Long's liniment consisted of oil of turpentine and acetic acid held in suspension by yolk of egg," *not an allusion is made to the active ingredient!!!* Now turn to Pereira p. 400, and read "acetic acid. Its chemical influence depends principally on its power of dissolving fibrin, albumen and gelatine by which it is enabled to *dissolve many of the animal tissues*." At page 15 of Mr Hare's own book on Fever and Dysentery he says: "As well may any one object to the use of spirits of turpentine in severe burns." Turpentine then will *not* dissolve the animal tissues, will *not* produce horrible sloughing sores. Acetic acid *will do both*, and yet Mr Hare who accuses

me of falsehood thus misquotes the best author on *Materia Medica* of the day. Comment is needless!

Mr Hare next quotes John Hind on Turpentine: 'P. 107 he calls it "a hot and burning remedy." Four ounces "have been given for worms." Why I ask has Mr Hare suppressed the words which immediately follow "*with partial success.*" The entire of Hind's note with the exception of these words is given—am I not justified in concluding that they were withheld because they did not suit his purpose? and yet Mr Hare loudly complains of my accusing him of misrepresentation.

What says Pereira of turpentine *in mah*, p. 1051: "In a large or maximum dose (half an ounce to two ounces) its effects are not constant—it usually causes a sensation of abdominal heat," (*what can be more desirable in gripes in the horse?*) "sometimes nauseates and generally operates as a tolerably active purgative without causing any unpleasant effects. I have given from one to two fluid ounces in a considerable number of cases of tape worm and never saw any ill consequence therefrom. It has been given, says Dr. Duncan, even to the extent of four ounces in one dose without any perceptible bad effects, and scarcely more inconvenience than would follow from an equal quantity of gin."

Again p. 1053: "But there are two valuable uses which may be made of turpentine in *puerperal fever*. It may be given in the form of clyster to relieve a tympanitic condition of the intestines, and for this purpose no remedy is perhaps superior to it, secondly, *flannel soaked in the hot oil* (as a substitute for a blister) *kept upon the abdomen only produces rubefaction.*

At page 170 Mr Hare says: "Let any one rub a little on a few inches of the back of his hand and see what pain and inflammation it causes and will Mr Western say that he can safely sponge with it the *whole body*," (an exaggeration, I never said so) "of a new born child and assert this as a well known fact."

Let any one I reply try it as I have done on the back of my own hand and he will find that more than an ordinary degree of friction will be necessary to produce the slightest effect, the mere bathing or sponging will produce *none*; *friction* to the infant was never alluded to. Its mere application to the skin was stated as producing no effect where hair does *not* grow, in contradistinction to its well known irritating properties to the skin of the horse, where it *does grow*; both, facts, defying contradiction.

One more quotation from Pereira, page 1053: "Ordinary Fever. When the skin is dry, the bowels flatulent, and *ulceration of the mucous membrane suspected*, it often proves serviceable."

Could this be the case I ask, if, as Mr Hare asserts, it raises

the epithelium (p. 170) or blisters the stomach? With all this before us then where allow me to enquire can the danger be in giving turpentine *in gripes*? Principally in Mr Hare's conceit. He talks of its raising the epithelium, but this is quite a fallacy, for while writing I have for the last four or five minutes been holding in my mouth an ounce of spirit of turpentine *without producing the slightest inconvenience*, thus putting to the test two of his assertions. Let him respond with equal liberality, try its effect upon his own head and favor the *Review* with the result.

To my readers I say, pour a table spoonfull on the back of one of your horses, and you will have ample proof in ten minutes of its active properties *where the hair grows*. *This I have demonstrated* since the publication of Mr Hare's paper. The principal ingredient in my liniment is turpentine, a few applications will cause desquamation of the cuticle, a thick dandruff is raised upon the part which by and by peels off and leaves no permanent blemish. If there be no actual vesication here, the approach to it is too close to be objected to *practically*, and as Mr Hare at p. 170 modifies his own previous expression regarding a blister to the stomach; viz. "But still we say in common parlance that hot pudding and scalding tea blister the month, *i. e.* excoriate it, and it was in this sense I called turpentine a blister to the stomach." I claim the same indulgence in relation to its effect on the poll of my old friend's neck, or the blister as I called it produced by tartar emetic.

I write, reader, my convictions about gripes, the result of nearly a quarter of a century of active practice for your information and perhaps advantage, and I tell you that with common attention to Youatt's table of distinction between gripes and inflammation, you may with perfect safety and success administer the turpentine in the former, and that in either, your prospect of loss is great if you depend on drachm doses of opium per anum, &c. as recommended by Mr Hare. The introduction of his long tube and paper knife apparatus, I will show to be an utter impossibility, because of these very crosswise folds and cells of the rectum which he has the hardihood to assert, I "invent for my own purpose."

At p. 225 of his first paper, Mr Hare describes in full the method he adopts to wash out the intestine with this apparatus of his, *not as a possibility* but as *being his usual practice*, and which he says *there is no more difficulty about* than "raking and injecting with the ox bladder." Having however as he says emptied the intestine he "bleeds to fainting."

If emptying the bowels will relieve the gripes why bleed? and *to fainting*, a practise never unattended with some danger in the horse. Coleman I have shown tells you, that gripes may

exist without inflammation, and I repeat that in pure gripes, there *never* is inflammation of the gut, *only* spasm. Bleeding therefore is not only not necessary, but a wilful waste of vital energy, a waste that will be vainly and deeply repented of, should it happen that consequent on the existence of unsuspected chronic organic disease (sub-acute hepatitis for instance by no means an uncommon disease in India) inflammation supervenes.

Bleeding now would be imperatively called for, but could not be resorted to with the desired effect, consequent on the previous abstraction. Inflammation in the horse is to be death or life within the first forty-eight hours, and it is only at the onset, that the hoped for impression is to be expected from a copious abstraction of blood.

In India our horses are mostly entire. The first thing to be attended to when gripes occurs, is to make certain by examination that no scrotal hernia exists. If the testicles are free in the scrotum, lose no time in giving clysters. The first four or five quarts will most likely produce an evacuation, let the clyster then be repeated and walk the patient about gently till a good loose box is prepared; by this time you have perhaps had a second evacuation, and thus taken the pressure of the loaded rectum from the neck of the bladder, if not, the warm injection has acted as a poultice to this part *which in nineteen cases out of twenty is also in a state of spasm*. Your horse is now taken to the box, and four good hands should be employed in shaking up the new straw ready prepared, the result in general is an evacuation of urine, *the first good symptom*. Rarely is a case of gripes relieved till staling has been accomplished, and nothing so likely to produce it as shaking up new litter.

While this has been going on prepare your gripe draught. Mine for years has been as follows: Two drachms of opium dissolved in as small a quantity of boiling water as possible. Two drachms of salts of tartar and two ounces of oil of turpentine. Put these into a quart bottle and fill up with warm ghee. Drench the horse with this: give an occasional clyster, and your prospect of cure within an hour and half is great, nay almost certain, if not a cure repeat the draught *without the turpentine*, for then you must be *expecting* something more than gripes. The generality of cases of inflammation are too distinctly marked in the first instance to be mistaken if carefully watched.

At page 170, Mr Hare says, my eyesight fails me in anatomy, because I tell him he is wrong in asserting "there can be little of the process of digestion carried on in the stomach." My remark was "With submission to this studious anatomist I humbly differ from him. There is a great deal of digestion going on in the stomach which is evident to an anatomist by the fact, that

from the small intestines which immediately succeed the stomach arise the greater number of those vessels (lacteals) destined to abstract from the food its nutritious properties."

There is my bantling, there the proof of my ignorance of anatomy. Mr Hare remarks on this: "Now here he *imagines a fact for his own purpose*. It is not a fact that the greater number of lacteals arise immediately below the stomach but the direct contrary is true." *Emphatically I repeat* the truth of my own assertion. Indignantly I denounce Mr Hare's a gross display of ignorant assumption.

One would suppose that after thus boldly taxing me with having "*imagined a fact for my own purpose*," I should be overwhelmed with proof that I was wrong, but the utmost that Mr Hare produces, is a variety of quotations to show, that some considerable degree of digestion does go on in the large intestines, *a fact which I never disputed*. I did not attempt to give the entire theory of digestion. What were my words in relation to the cæcum. "Should there be want of tone in this intestine (it should have been these intestines cæcum and colon) and the food be detained there longer than ordinary." Why *detained* there except for digestion? Why should I have said the lacteals were *more numerous* in the small than in the large intestines? I showed distinctly that I knew their functions in the small and their existence in the large. The inference therefore was obvious.

Not a particle of proof* has Mr Hare been able to produce to render my assertion untrue. Since then he has failed to prove me wrong, I will present him with proof that I am right.

Professor Coleman in his 39th lecture at the Veterinary College when describing the intestines of the horse says: "The chyle is taken up by the open mouths of the lacteals, and these are more numerous in the *jejunum and ileum*; it is then carried along the lacteals till it comes to the mesenteric glands."

See also 6th Vol. of the Veterinarian what Vines says who was the paid demonstrator of anatomy at the Veterinary College.

"Besides, the lacteals are not at all numerous in these parts, in short not a *quarter so numerous* as they are in the small intestines as the jejunum and ileum from whence, by far the *greatest quantity* and the *best portion* of the chyle is absorbed, and in which there is always a very limited supply of water to be found. Hence then the small intestines, as the jejunum and ileum, may be considered as those parts of the intestinal canal from which the more pure or better part of the chyle or white blood is absorbed; while on the contrary the large intestines, as the colon and

* Except John Hind and further on I have exhibited him in his proper colours.

cæcum, may be considered as those parts from which the more watery or by far the least nutritious are absorbed or taken up."

See also Blaine, 2nd edition, page 141 on the Lacteals. "They arise from the inner surface of the intestines, particularly the small, &c."

Demonstration of the fact is too simple to admit of doubt upon the subject, since the publication of Mr Hare's paper *I have demonstrated it* to unprejudiced parties.

Comment is needless!

At page 172, Mr Hare in allusion to myself, says: "Again he maintains page 83, that I am ignorant of the existence of a valve to the cæcum when I have actually written a book about it."

Mr Hare has almost written a book too upon the rectum of the horse which I am bold enough to contend he has scarcely ever seen, perhaps never handled, most positively never *raked* attentively, or he must have found those crosswise-folds described by me which he so stoutly denies. My remark about the valve was this: "which possibly in your careful anatomical study you may not have found." I need not pause to examine how Mr Hare converts my supposition, into the maintenance of an argument, but proceed to his book about the valve of the cæcum. "See," says Mr Hare, "my Pamphlet on Dysentery." *Will it be believed that I have read this pamphlet and that Mr Hare never either mentions or alludes to a valve in the cæcum?* Doubtless he thinks he has, and doubtless too he thinks he has inserted that long tube and paper knife apparatus into the horse's rectum, but they are both hallucinations.

I cannot quit this book, without remarking on the strange inconsistency of Mr Hare regarding the action of medicines. At p. 168 of his last paper, he says: "When do we ever give calomel uncombined as a purgative *per se*." Page 12, Book on Dysentery, Mr Hare says: "I think no surgeon ever fails to salivate in severe cases and the majority too. I think even salivate milder cases by giving the large doses (calomel) *as a purgative*."

Again p. 13, "I have searched every where indeed and all that I can find in books and magazines since Johnson's time till now is, bleed and give large calomel purgatives."

Again p. 27, "Read Dr. Johnson's own case in Calcutta, nothing relieved till the calomel he took procured a copious bilious stool, &c," and this he makes still stronger in his paper to the *Indian Register of Medical Science* for May 1848, p. 253; viz. "Nothing relieved him till the twenty grain doses of calomel he took procured a copious feculent bilious stool, &c.," to which Mr Hare himself adds: "calomel is indeed a *very very fine pur-*

gative, &c.," and a little further on, "but failing better means no doubt calomel is the *best purgative we have.*"

Surely this is in direct opposition to his remark at p. 168 of his present paper: "When do we ever give calomel uncombined as a purgative *per se*?" and yet I repeat calomel is *no purgative* in the horse.

Now with regard to the anatomy of the horse's rectum. Were it not that Mr Hare's diabolical apparatus so staunchly asserted by him to be so easy of application, may be the cause of death in hundreds of cases if allowed to be uncontradicted, I might be satisfied with my present expositions of the various *misrepresentations* he has made, but in explaining the utter impracticability of his long tube, I must of necessity prove either him or myself wrong in the anatomy, so therefore will my reader be somewhat the wiser for the history I shall place before him, and I earnestly crave his patience and attention.

Mr Hare in allusion to my former paper, says p. 174. "Again he says at p. 82, that the rectum is ten to twelve feet long, not funnel-shaped according to the sketch furnished by me, but almost of an uniform calibre from end to end, drawn into folds crosswise in its whole length."

Now compare this with Youatt's plate, page 202 and his description of it p. 204—"along the outside of the cæcum run three strong bands puckering it up and forming it into crosswise cells. The colon has also three bands like the cæcum which divide it internally into the same description of cells, &c. At the termination of the colon, the rectum (straight gut from rectus, straight) commences. It has none of these bands (and therefore cells)"—"Again you see" continues Mr Hare, "Mr W. does not know another beautiful anatomical contrivance in his patient's intestines and asserts the direct contrary to Youatt. But the reason of his *inventing these crosswise-folds* in the rectum is evident enough for he makes use of them immediately, p. 82, 'to clasp pellets of dung so hard as to resist the utmost force of a strong man's two hands,'* and therefore of course my long tube, and he says he has *seen* this. Now what can be said of such an assertion as this when it is *known that the rectum is quite smooth and as Youatt says there are no folds in it.*"

I will show beyond the possibility of a doubt that the rectum is neither straight nor smooth, that it is from ten to twelve feet long, that both bands and crosswise-folds actually exist; that Youatt and Percival are in error in their description and that Mr Assistant Surgeon Hare is a most miserable martyr to their mistakes in blindly adopting them for the purpose of vainly thrusting him-

*This was after death when the impacted mass was removed from the rectum. J. W.

self upon the notice of the public as a comparative anatomist and gallant *knight of the long pipe and paper knife.*"

Since the appearance of the June *Review*, I have had two opportunities of *demonstrating* on the dead animal these facts. Look at this faithful sketch* of the rectum of a Waler about 15 hands high, accidentally killed when landed from the *The Royal Saxon* on the 18th August, 1849. In the presence of gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity (names lodged with A. E.) *it was measured ten feet six inches in length.* Is it funnel-shaped? Has it not bands? one split open the other distinctly marked? Has it not crosswise-folds? Look well at the convolutions of these ten feet of intestine sketched with admirable exactness, and decide at once reader whether myself or Mr Hare is the "*inventor of facts for his own purpose.*"

Read what he says at p. 172, of his last paper—"Again he (Mr Western) says that the rectum is 12 feet long when I will prove it is barely 3."†

Had he pinned his faith on Youatt, White and Hind, he would not have been justified in thus misleading the readers of the *Review* at my expence, but this is an assertion intrinsically his own, an assertion gratuitously made to prove me false in my anatomy and as mistaken as it is gratuitous.

In the presence of several gentlemen I endeavoured to pass an elastic probang up the dead gut, not even with manipulation by both hands is it practicable *in situ*, the rounded knob at the end of the instrument caught every fold after it had passed the *first foot or so which is the only smooth straight part*; the knob was then removed to try the rounded end of the probang itself, but with the same result.

What then I most emphatically ask would be the result of the introduction of Mr Hare's diabolical paper knife, half an inch broad, one twelfth of an inch thick, an instrument most ingeniously contrived *to fit these crosswise-folds.* But one result could be the consequence; viz. that it would pass through and through the gut without the possibility of prevention, and who is to say at this moment the number of rectums that have been thus impaled, the number of noble horses that have fallen sacrifices to this man's *imposture.*

I must not be misunderstood, neither must I allow a doubt to exist that can call in question the justice of the strong term here used, I therefore inflict on the reader Mr Hare's own account of the way in which he *says* he uses the apparatus ex-

* Kindly taken by W. Pybus, Esq. a highly gifted artist well known in Calcutta, to whom I am proud of thus publicly tendering my thanks.

† I said *from ten to twelve* feet long and Mr Hare has proved nothing of the kind.

clusively his own. Page 253, No. 16, *Sporting Review* he writes : "But now a way is known of certainly clearing out the bowels, let the accumulations be ever so great, with plain water only, instead of a severe irritant, and in half an hour instead of a delay of thirty-six. After a number of trials with a bladder and short pipe, then Reid's pump and flexible tube introduced at *its full length*, [Reid's flexible tube for the horse is now before me, and measures of itself five feet nine inches, attached to which is the wooden nozzle that measures eleven inches, total six feet eight inches.] I became convinced that the apparatus was far too small to soften and wash out the very solid contents of the horse's intestines. The injected water returned through the anus nearly as pure as it went in. I now procured a much larger pump and made a flexible tube much *longer* and *wider*; viz. two inches in circumference, as big in fact as a small hookah snake, covered with leather well greased. This can be made with coiled wire in any good bazar." [If Reid's tube measures five feet nine inches alone and six feet eight inches with the nozzle, and Mr Hare's assertion at page 172 in the last *Review* be true, that he will prove the rectum barely three feet long what need, I ask, of a longer tube. Besides which Reid's tube measures two and quarter inches in circumference outside, but he made a *larger* one, measuring two inches.] "The pump must be what Reid calls his Garden Pump which can be bought in England for about forty shillings. I still however found difficulty *sometimes, not often*, in introducing the large tube if the mass of fæces was very solid, but I found that whenever it had passed a certain distance up the bowel, the very powerful current from the large pump soon dissolved and washed out every thing the intestine contained. [Percival says in his "Anatomy of the Horse," p. 258. "The rectum will hold about three gallons." I have shown it to be ten feet and half long. If Mr Hare's account be right that it was barely 3 feet, it would hold but about *three quarts and a pint* of water, to inject which *Reid's garden pump* is required !] If the water was pumped when the tube could not be inserted the proper length, the water returned colourless as it went. I then studied more carefully the anatomy of the intestines of the horse which a short description will explain."

"The stomach of the horse is very small, not half the size of man's compared with its body, and yet the food is more bulky and less concentrated—very little of the process of digestion therefore can be performed in the stomach, it seems to be merely reduced there to a pulpy form and passed rapidly on to the large intestines where it is really digested and its nourishment absorbed. [Percival's Anatomy p. 249, says : "the stomach has been emphatically demonstrated *the organ of digestion*, because

within it the aliment transmitted by the œsophagus in a crude state, undergoes its primary and principal change in a process, the object of which is to convert it into material for the support of the body." Water in the same way does not remain in the stomach where it would interfere with the motion of the diaphragm, and lungs, but is received into the cæcum which is very large and is called the water stomach of the horse. In the cæcum therefore, and all above it, the contents of the intestine are fluid and pass readily on without tendency to obstruction, but in the colon the food is delayed for digestion, and its chyle and fluids being gradually absorbed, the remaining fæces become drier till they are formed into pellets *a. b.* and are expelled in this form at *c.* the anus. The pellets are sometimes so hard that they cause great difficulty in passing the tube above them, and they must be removed by first raking with the hand as far as the arm will reach," [An ordinary man's arm will reach two feet four inches out of the

barely three feet of Mr Hare's measurement of the horse's rectum, leaving therefore eight inches to be cleansed by a garden pump and an apparatus eighteen inches long as described in the following lines,] "and then passing about a foot beyond the hand a strong piece of flexible tube *a. b.* (fig. 2) of coiled wire made like a rectum

bougie with six inches of thin flexible whalebone *b. e.* tied to its end. The string *c.* hangs outside the anus. The whalebone must be half an inch broad

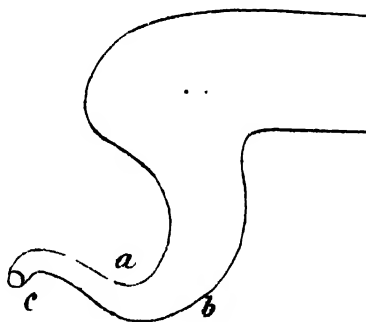


Fig 3.

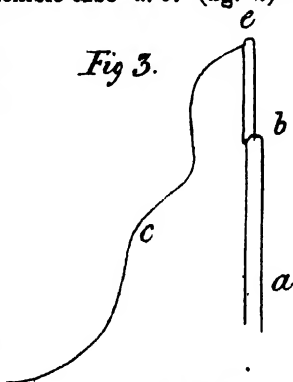
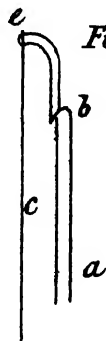


Fig 2



"The tube being of coiled wire is flexible in all directions and therefore passes readily up with the bendings of the intestine *c. a. b.* figure 1."

[This I have shown to be impossible. J. W.]

and 1-12 inch thick, the edges carefully rounded. The point as much thinned off as an ivory paper cutter. The right hand introduced with it into the rectum as far as in raking [two feet four inches let it be remembered] gives the flexible bougie a steady circular onward motion, which soon passes it through any mass of fæces; when passed the string c. is tightened from the outside, with the left hand and the tube slowly withdrawn. The string is then loosened and the bougie is again passed up and again pulled down after curving it and tightening it with a string as in (fig. 2.) In this way very quickly a large passage is made through the fæcal obstruction and the long tube easily passes above the point where the pellets are massed, into the more pulpy substance above: [If as Mr Hare asserts, the rectum is barely three feet long, the long tube "*much longer and much wider*" is unnecessary and Reid's *more than doubly* sufficient, for the horse to pass (as it will in the human subject) into the soft mass beyond; viz. the colon. But as I have shown the rectum of the horse to be ten feet long, he must have passed his tube into the colon (which I have shown to be impossible) to reach the soft pulpy mass; for *there only* is it to be found. Pellets in the rectum are a consequence of the construction of the gut I have described; viz. bands and small cross-wise-folds and cells. Pellets are never found in the colon, but always within a few inches of the termination of that intestine in the rectum, except the animal is in a state of purgation.] "when once there it never fails by the powerful washing action of the pump, and the distention of the intestine all round the mass to loosen it first and then break it up into single pellets, which are readily expelled with every thing else the intestine contains in the returning stream of water which rushes from the anus. There is no more difficulty in this than in the common process of raking a horse and giving the common injection with an ox bladder."

I will now present the reader with a fact, that Mr Hare will be somewhat startled at; viz. that he is not the first person who has attempted a flexible tube passage into the colon. Mr Reid the surgical instrument maker reasoning from facts connected with the human subject (Mr Hare's stumbling block) took one to the Veterinary College for trial in 1844. Read Professor Spooner's history of it.

"A horse was *obtained* from the knacker's yard,* and prior to the trial of the instrument, a dose of purgative medicine was administered to him. I attempted to pass Mr Reid's tube up the rectum, and having introduced about half a foot felt an impediment was offered to its free ingress, with gentle force I impelled it onwards, and after a little time I certainly passed most of it up,

* Not a racer in training attacked with gripes. ,

but it *coiled upon itself* and on putting my hand into the rectum, I could readily feel the coils in the terminating portion of the gut.

"Reflecting that this might have occurred from its having been of too flexible a nature, I tried this larger one, an instrument which Mr Simonds employs to pass down the œsophagus. After it had gone up a short distance there was a difficulty in passing it onwards, manipulation was had recourse to, which was ineffectual and the instrument was withdrawn. We made various trials, and at last I ventured to use a little more force but no great force; I then felt a sudden jerk of the instrument and suspected the instrument had pierced the coats of the rectum, for immediately after this the instrument went readily forward. We then by means of the pump injected a very large quantity of fluid as we *hoped* into the intestine, but as we *feared* into the cavity of the abdomen which proved to be the case, for the animal was killed with the instrument in him, and on opening the abdomen we found the tube had passed through the coats of the intestine, not more than a foot or foot and half from the anus."

"Now when we take into consideration these facts and then trace this singular portion of intestine, the single colon, (Rectum) observing its *peculiar convoluted character*, I should say it is utterly impossible that any instrument under any circumstances the most favourable can be found to take the whole course of these convolutions. But even suppose by active purgation (which would not be likely to be the case where you would require this instrument) you could entirely empty the whole of this intestine, I am still satisfied that it is quite impossible to pass any tube up it so as to enable us to inject fluid into the more anterior part of the intestinal canal." *Vide Transactions of Veterinary Medical Association. Feby. 13th, 1844, page 252.*

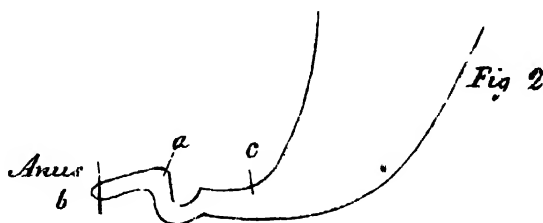
Look at the plate given by Youatt at p. 202 and there will be found distinctly delineated the *bands and convolutions* of the Rectum, the entire length of it is not shown, merely sufficient to give its character, the engraver then is more correct than Youatt himself, and yet observe



h. The termination of the Colon in the rectum.

how Mr Hare in a foot note at p. 175 of his last paper shows his utter ignorance of the subject by pointing out the sigmoid flexure at letter A, fig. 2, of his sketch.

Why this in Youatt's plate is one of the convolutions of the rectum, and yet Mr Hare says here the colon ends and rectum begins, and then to make this appear



correct, proceeds to say Youatt's engraver has misplaced the letter *h*. not knowing where to find the straight part. *Youatt's engraver has placed the letter right* and Youatt's description of it is also right, "The termination of the colon in the rectum." Close there is the sigmoid flexure of the horses' colon, there the termination of the passage to be penetrated by the celebrated apparatus of the long pipe and paper knife. Why, with the sketch before him, Mr Hare has had the folly to "imagine a fact to suit his purpose."

What further remains of Mr Hare's production I need only slightly allude to. He ridicules me for telling him catarrh is a disease of the head and not the chest. Read what the best writer of the day on human disease calls it. "Catarrh; Specific inflammation of the mucous surface of the nostrils extending to the frontal sinuses and eyes in one direction; to the posterior nares fauces and throat in another; and occasionally also to the pharynx, œsophagus glottis and trachea, thus terminating in Catarrhal Bronchitis." Vide Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine, p. 294. What says Percival Hippopathology, vol. 2, p. 9. "Catarrh, a cold, a defluxion, a discharge or running at the nose. Of itself Catarrh is an innocuous painless disorder, often so mild as scarcely to call for medical interference. It is only from its sequelæ that adverse results, and occasionally even fatal consequences are to be dreaded; I mean bronchitis and roaring, nasal gleet and glanders.

Three out of the four of these results are generally chest affections, but Catarrh never is!!"

Mr Hare's latin quotation was only an absurdity, descriptive of the opinions of the old pathologists who, about the period it was

written, considered arteries contained air and were equally correct.

If Mr Hare's apparatus will not remove the loaded state of the intestines, what is to be done in inflammation of the bowels? How often has the veterinarian and owner of a horse suffering with this disease anxiously—most anxiously waited for the effect of the purgatives. "If his bowels would but move he would do" has been my own ejaculation hundreds of times, and where the result has been in accordance with my hopes, recovery has generally followed, *never if constipation continued.*

The grand stand-by in inflammation is bleeding at the onset, repeated injections, and if no fæces return, an infusion of tobacco may be added with sometimes surprizing efficacy. Repeated small doses of aloes and opium till purgation is produced. It is *not the mucous membrane that is affected*, therefore the aloes is not *directly* applied to the inflamed part, and onward motion must be given to the fæcal mass to procure a favourable termination. Hot fomentations to the abdomen. Nothing but slops in the way of food. Free access to water or gruel. The difficulties attending a case of inflammation are however too numerous and too great to be undertaken by any but a Vet. with vast hopes of success.

This however is certain. Should the case terminate in death, adhesion of the surfaces of the intestines *will never be found.* Mr Hare's quotations on this head are not patent to the horses' intestines. The usual terminations of inflammation are the same generally in the horse and in man, but here is an exception which the human surgeon is perhaps not aware of. The only author Mr Hare can quote who mentions it is Hind, a sorry authority indeed. His book is thoroughly rotten to the core and to it Mr Hare is indebted for the discovery of this mare's nest. Read the Review of John Hind's book, in the 1st vol. Veterinarian. Here is a paragraph, p. 220. "But enough and more than enough of "The Veterinary Surgeon." We enter our indignant protest against the promulgation of the grossest errors under such a title. It is the most abominable and barefaced attempt at literary imposition which we remember to have seen. If Mr J. Hind be a substantial person, he is in truth of "no school,"* nor we fear would any school do him good, if the work be a mere compilation, shame on the venal incompetent scribe," &c.

• Mr Hare has been unfortunate in the selection of his authorities, Youatt and Percival fail him in the anatomy of the rectum and John Hind in adhesion of the intestines and origin

* No veterinary surgeon. He never passed the College or possessed a diploma.

of the lacteals. Let Mr Hare in future be guided by practical facts and beware of flights of fancy that have not practical facts for their foundation and he will avoid such dilemmas as his present.

What avails his page and half of theory on gas. One practical fact is worth a volume of such. I tell you reader that I have had within the last week an opportunity of testing the power of Chloride of Lime in flatulent colic, in the presence of a gentleman perfectly unprejudiced and he is quite convinced of its efficacy. The case was one of *continued gripes*, and called forth all my energies. The distention of abdomen was enormous, the gas *did disappear* under the influence of Chloride of Lime and the patient recovered, having *had turpentine too* at the commencement of the attack, but *no bleeding* or I should not have saved the mare, for *bleed I was obliged* in the after stage.

At page 43. Of Dr. Dickson's clever work "Fallacies of the Faculty," he says: "I have necessarily on occasion combined remedies that may partially decompose each other. In continuing still to do so I am justified by *successful* results, the only test of medical truth. A charge of unchemical knowledge has been occasionally urged against me for this by chemists and drug compounders. This charge then I am willing to share with numerous medical men, whom the world has already recognized as eminent in their art. By such the answer has been often given, that the human stomach is not a chemist's alembic, but a living organ, capable of modifying the action of every substance submitted to it. And here I may mention that Sir Astley Cooper, when I sent to him my work entitled "The Unity of Disease," with that candour and gentlemanly feeling by which he is not less distinguished than by his high eminence as a surgeon, wrote me as follows:—'Dear Sir, I thank you most sincerely for your valuable work. I have not the least objection to being *unchemical* if I can be *useful*, and I agree with you that the living stomach is not a wedgwood mortar. Yours truly, ASTLEY COOPER.'

Between the 5th July and this present day (17th August,) I have treated fifteen cases of "gripes." Every one has had turpentine and every one recovered without bleeding, except the case just alluded to and one old emaciated horse belonging to a native which was brought only to lie down and die within an hour. Knowing the efficacy and safety then of turpentine in gripes, why trouble ourselves with drachm doses of opium, with bleeding, with garden pumps, long pipes or paper knives, with theoretical fancies instead of practical facts.

Mr Hare thinks at p. 179, I am ignorant of the theory of sympathy, since I deny the efficacy of a drachm of opium in the rectum in spasm of the small intestine, distant 30 feet, but he is

wrong—I can sympathise with him on his reading this paper, although hundreds of miles separate us, for at page 173 I find he is a sensitive personage. He says—"I may be proved ignorant and a silly theorist and myself laugh willingly at my own errors, (what a merry time of it he will have when he discovers the number he has to enjoy), but if I publicly and wilfully misrepresent like this, how can I appear without shame in society again." When his cachinnation ceases let him become serious and solve his own enigma.

J. WESTERN, V. S.

CALCUTTA, August 17th, 1849.

P. S. on the 19th I had two more cases of gripes, both recovered with the turpentine draught, &c.

J. W.

TODGERS' NIGHT THOUGHTS.

When the heat is so intense that one is afraid to lie down for fear of an apoplectic fit, and when the insects make such a noise that sleeping in an arm chair is an utter impossibility, several hours have often slipped quietly along, while I have been wrapped up in deep reflection upon the various little incidents that particularly characterize our every day life in India.

How often do we hear men complaining that they have nothing to do—that they have no amusements—no pursuits—nothing to divert the mind or relieve the *ennui* that is devouring them up. I would advise such to look at a finger glass full of water, through a powerful microscope, and the strange scene that will meet their sight, will give them ample material for quiet speculation. The cunning displayed by the smaller classes of animalculæ in avoiding the rapacious grasp of their larger brethren, and the voraciousness with which the latter prey upon the weakness of the former, cannot but recall to one's mind the scenes he daily witness in our intercourse with society.

As lazy indifference may possibly cause the reader to treat the above statement as a lamentable hallucination, I will endeavour to prove to him by illustration and anecdote

that "preying upon one another" is *one* of the strongest characteristics of our eastern society.

Look at the regular bargain-hunter. What extensive knowledge it requires to remain on terms of equality with him. To get the better of his neighbour is his chief pride—his *dulce deus*. His position as a member of society enables him to trade with you at your own tiffin table, where if you are not on the look out, he will somehow or another manage to give you his pewter spoons and muffineers for your silver ones. He makes many a young fellow believe that his Monghyr guns were made in Princes Street; that his zemindaree mares were foaled in Yorkshire—and on disposing of these at proportionate sums, he always contrives not only to get the reputation of being a talented man, but also for being a good-natured accommodating fellow.

His *El-dorado* is an auction room. Over dead men's effects he is certainly a character. Things that he don't want or that he don't think would be profitable purchases, he recommends strongly to the notice of those around him. This secures him the good-will of the auctioneer, who in return quickly understands certain winks, nods, and other telegraphic signals, and it is surprising how rapidly a decided bargain is knocked down to his name. Those people who went purposely to bid a fair price for these things are of course taken aback—but the benign smile that invariably reigns upon the bargain-hunter's lips, instantly disarms any disappointed and would-be uproarious mal-content, who instead of suggesting another "put up" quietly takes the bargain-hunter into a corner, compliments him upon his luck, and offers him double the money—and the matter ends by his having to pay treble.

If the deceased should have been a fresh importation, his new outfit done up in lots is a small fortune to my friend. But few men will wear what are called "dead men's clothes," but after they have been through the bargain-hunter's trunks, they become "new out of the shop" and "more than he wants"—so that they readily realize good prices. A youngster's regulation spit fetches but a mere song—but pack it up in a tin case, and it becomes "one sent out by mistake" and "it is taken off his hands" at perhaps a Ditch price. Bull terriers don't answer. The griffs *will* bid for them—they have seen Vic kill a cat, and Boxer worry a Pariah—and they *will* have them, even though their tailors and boot-makers should have to suffer. Sound, good horses don't pay either. They require too large an outlay of capital—and then get ill—and their keep costs money. But a likely screw, one that can be patched up, one that would be worth anything, *but for being a screw*. That is a sure card—

and in the same way with vehicles. A new Dyke's commands its full value anywhere and everywhere. Whereas old rattle-traps, only shopkeepers and overseers bid for them!—and a small sum laid out in doing them up renders the quondam rattle-trap “something just out from Long Acre.”

In transmogrifying old worthless chattels into new and useful ones, one friend of mine was exceedingly happy. Indeed, the way in which he accommodated an old Colonel excited universal approbation and merriment. It became quite a staple topic for conversation during one very hot week. The old gentleman had a very handsome grey buggy mare with a long silky tail and mane. She *would have* been a treasure to her quiet old master, had it not been for a decided objection she entertained to passing a certain gateway in the station. Nothing would induce her to move past it. The bargain-hunter volunteered to take her off the colonel's hands at Rs. 200. This he readily agreed to—and she was sent off to another station where she did not know one gate from another. About a month afterwards our friend invited the old colonel to tiff with him, and as the cloth was removed, a servant came into the room and announced that “the new horse had arrived.” “What horse is that?” enquired the Colonel. “Oh!” replied his host. “An undersized grey mare I have just bought from the stud!” “Will she do for buggy?” was again asked—“not yet” was the reply—“but I'll soon break her in; but come out and let's have a look at her.”

Out they went and there was a travel-stained grey mare with a docked tail and the stud-mark freshly branded on her. She quite took the fancy of the Colonel. She looked so quiet and good tempered—and a bargain was soon struck. Her owner was to break her in, and hand her over to the colonel on payment of Rs. 400 the stud price, and her expenses. This took place in about another month and the old man drove her out the first day he had her and was just upon the point of driving past the old gate for the purpose of shewing his new purchase to a friend that lived close by it—when she pulled short up! “Bless my soul,” quoth the old Colonel, “Saeas, pucker Rao.” The swarthy groom grinned for a second or two, and then calmly revealed to his astonished master, what Ram Deen had told him—Ram Deen was the bargain-hunter's servant—he had accompanied the long-tailed grey up the country, and had brought the short tailed one back again. The bargain-hunter's brother had docked it and branded it, and there was the wilful grey mare again that never would pass the gate—again to be a source of annoyance to himself and his old master. On the Colonel remonstrating with the bargain-

hunter—the latter calmly remarked “it’s contrary to my principles ever to take back anything that has been once bought from me and *paid for*, but I’ll give you a bit of advice old gentleman, which will be worth double the money to you some day or other. *When you’re buying a horse you should not forget to put on your spectacles*”!

There is an air of quiet *nonchalance* about the *regular* gambler that has often excited in my breast the greatest interest for his well-doing. There were some time ago two of these who were inseparable. They belonged to the same regiment, and drove a thriving trade all the year around. During those intolerably tepid six months with which India is annually visited, my friends Damon and Pythias sought an agreeable retreat in the airy chambers of the Himmalya Club. Damon handled his cue like a master—but strange to say Pythias never would take him as a partner, but on the contrary preferred playing against him in a match, and with loud defiance bet against him heavily. Damon—as became a man of genius—was remarkably modest and used only to “back himself for a trifle”!

On the other hand Pythias was a tiger at whist according to popular opinion. But Damon was too independent a man to be swayed by such a fallacious absurdity as popular opinion and to shew his contempt for it, invariably took a hand against him. Damon never betted anything more than chiqueen points. Pythias was bolder in his flight—he would have them gold-mohurs—the usual 5 to 2 being given after each game—and one extra on each odd trick. Damon’s “bad luck” became quite proverbial, so much so, that in the sixth month of the year I was up there, no one would be his partner. He always trumped his partner’s best cards—or else he made some disastrous finesse—so that what with his modesty at billiards—and his bad fortune at the whist-table, Damon was regarded as a “gone coon.” But some how or another the names of both used to figure in the list of Bank shareholders—and the only conclusion that we could come to was that Pythias was as generous as he was successful and “gave his friend half.” Now this was just as it should have been. Damon’s bets at billiards and cards were not *worth his winning*. Those made by Pythias *were worth winning*! As their perversity made them play *against* each other—and as they were “sworn friends,” it becomes self-evident to the meanest understanding that the latter was bound to “go shares” with his modest friend!

In the cold season, Damon, a 9st. man, in direct opposition to the dictates of his innate modesty, had the reputation of being able to “do a bit over the flat.” Pythias declared the

public to be demented, according to the established maxim on this subject, foretold the public's ruin—if it backed Damon's skill in the saddle. For his part, he was determined on standing against him. And he was invariably right too. Damon's stirrup or girth was always getting broken, or his horse used to bolt, or get his nose into a bucket of water while he was in the act of being saddled. Thus it was that Damon's undeserved reputation was the foundation-stone upon which Pythias built a comfortable fortune, and as ingratitude by no means formed a part of the latter's character, the pair are now spending their time respectably in a fashionable part of London. *The sporting public was certainly a rich quarry for these keen sportsmen!*

The quaintest public depredator I ever had the pleasure of meeting was Timmins: though a most successful gambler at either cards, billiards or on the turf—he was never known to make either an enemy or take a confederate into his confidence. He knew everybody from the Adjutant General down to the newly arrived cadet. He never in fact allowed any body *not* to know him! His dressing room contained a curious collection of coats, waistcoats and pantaloons. He had a particular set for each day in the week, and for each game he played. On Sundays (*proh pudor!*) black was his colour. I have seen brag proposed after a rubber of billiards, and he could never join in until he had sent home for “*at all events* his brag dressing gown.” A bit of crape for his face was always in one of his pockets. If it was a very “close game” at billiards—he'd do a number of funny things before he'd try the “game shot.” Sometimes he'd call for a basin and wash his hands, or he'd feel thirsty and call for a bottle of porter—or he would “not feel comfortable” and insist upon having a bath and a new suit. This, in any other person would not have been tolerated, but he had such a pleasant easy way of his own, that “Timmins vagaries” became a sort of bye-word. If he won anything from a youngster, he was most liberal in his terms. He'd take two-thirds of his outfit at a liberal valuation, and the rest by small instalments. He never wished to be hard on anybody. On settling day he was very great. He did not wish to inconvenience any body. Next month would suit him just as well. Or a bill at three months was all that he wanted. If you *did* hand him over a bag of rupees he'd scratch your name out of his red-book, without even counting them, and as he thanked you, he never failed to impress upon your mind that he considered himself better off than the Auditor General himself. In fact he considered himself the more liberal and respectable individual of the two, and upon my word, most people thought so too! When Timmins became a Major,

he was not like the general run of such old old fogies—standing perpetually in their way of their juniors—just to save money for the purchase of Agra Bank shares, but was content with a small bonus and his pension, and is now in honourable retirement reaping the fruits of his well laid out talent *for preying upon the sporting public!*

One can forgive that “gentlemanly old vice” avarice—in an old crabby field officer who starves himself at home in order that his subs may partake of hermetically sealed salmon at Mess, but I really cannot picture to myself a more cold-blooded depredator than the Ensign whose name figures as a Bank Director. He sits drinking his weak brandy and water—while his companions are opening their hearts to him—under the influence of the Mess Lafitte. He listens to their hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, to their complaints against the damnable propensity that the tailors have lately got for dunning—to their minute details concerning their arabs—their guns—and their fast ponies; and once a week the miserable fellow trots down to the Bank parlour and smiles complacently as he “passes” their applications for renewals of loans—or reduction of instalments and then goes home to his breakfast, and gnaws at his skinny *moorghee*—as if determined to get the most he can for his twelve per cent and extras. Straggle was one of these—a very anthropophagus—a man whose head doth grow beneath his shoulders, from, I suppose, perpetually poring over monthly statements, exchange accounts, and life policies—yet the fellow calls himself an officer—and will continue to do so I imagine, until he gets bitten with the “finance mania,” and has to bury himself in one of the penal colonies—and from having been an unlicensed poacher upon subocratic vitals—no one will pity him; I feel sure.

The most dangerous and expensive depredator is the puffed-up Ignoramus who makes the world believe he knows everything, and can do anything. A regular Jack of all trades and master of none—I forget the name of one I once knew—but I don’t forget *him*—and at all events, his soubriquet. Long Range still keeps a place in my memory. He used to prey upon public credulity in a most surprising manner. He used to induce people to “put him up” for a race—to back him to break bottles with a rifle, or to give *any body* “ten and a beating.” He drove a whole community off the station mall—by insisting upon it that he could “tool a four in hand.” Now the fact was, that Long Range could *do* nothing but talk; but the fact never obtained credence until it was dearly paid for. Long Range one day actually took it into his head that he could “flourish a strong feather”—and though he knew no more how to round a period properly

than a certain "we" of my acquaintance—the *Calcutta Review* actually took him under its wing and the consequence was, that excellent periodical was well nigh being swamped for ever. His second attempt was luckily declined, he then took to reporting "the local" for some Mofussil paper, the Editor of which was so "thick in the clear"—that he did not think of dropping his "valued correspondent" until recommended to do so by Messrs Dodson and Fogg of Calcutta—who were instructed to proceed against him unless he made ample apology for the libels he had given insertion to. About his ultimate fate I am not quite certain, but I have heard that the public had swallowed his "offers" so often that it got disgusted at last, and one day *swallowed Long Range himself bodily*!

As human nature has always been my favourite study, my sketches of Indian society have always had the advantage of being faithfully drawn. I therefore repudiate any charge of exaggeration or over-colouring that may be brought against me. If, however the charge be brought, I beg the favour of this Review being made the vehicle thereof. The welfare of society has always been the aim of my little labours. In the name then of the quietly disposed portion of it, let me beg of my sporting friends to commit their adventures to paper—and distribute them to the public in quarterly instalments. The daily and oral enumeration of these becomes peculiarly tedious and uninteresting. "Good shots"—and "long runs" prey upon the ears of those who are obliged to listen to them—but in print, they delight the eye, and impart information. My friend ABEL EAST assures me that he will be but too happy to lend his assistance in so philanthropic a cause.

TODGERS.



SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XIX.

WILLIAM PYBUS, ESQ.

It has not been our good fortune hitherto to get hold of any of the sporting characters of Western India to add to our SPORTING GALLERY—nor, for the matter of that, have we got even as far as Sonapore towards embracing the mighty men of the North West. If our portraits have been limited to the sportsmen of the Ditch it has been no fault of ours. Here lives our artist, and we are afraid that even could we offer to dispatch him by railway to Lahore, to bring back with him in his portfolio the great Gilbert himself, the many local calls on his pencil would compel him to decline the mission. We must trust, then, to the possible advent of those we should delight to honour, promising never to lose an opportunity, and in the mean time we add to our gathering one who, though now one of us, was a sportsman in the Mahableswhar Hills years before our Gallery was opened. From his youth upwards devoted to field sports and manly exercises, particularly cunning with the rod and a champion on the water, for he sang with us—

Some love the turf and some the chase,
The gun, the rod, the bow and quiver,
Theatres, cards, the cue or mace—
Give me the river !

he came to India some ten years ago in search of sport and adventure, inflamed with all he had read of Eastern Houris and other fables ; and, with a passionate fondness for the beautiful in nature, hungering to behold the gorgeous East ! Mr Pybus appeared on the Turf, as Mr Pye, with a single Waler, in 1847-48, Brown Jumper. He won a $\frac{3}{4}$ mile race and now looks handsome enough in a buggy : but our friend is all enthusiasm, and home he went and out he came in time for 1848-49 with two 3 year old thorough-breds, Regicide and Conqueror. The latter died the day before the second Meeting and the former opened it by winning the Merchants' Plate easily, and Cook and Co.'s Plate on the second day. For 1849-50 the Stable is entitled to rank A. I., embracing as it does English, Waler, Arab and Country-bred, for an account of which we may refer our readers to the last article in our present number. If Mr P. has ordinary luck with his horses he ought to carry off a pretty considerable share of the good things going, and from the right spirit in which he has thrown into the mane of the Turf better deserves the success we sincerely wish him than Mr Grant, as usual, has been very happy in his likeness.—A. P.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No. 2. *The Rein Deer, or Caribou.*

Our last sketch treated of the Elk, or Moose; and as we now think of going through the Deer tribe, we will next pass under review the remarkable arctic type of Deer which alone of all the group has ever been fairly domesticated, becoming thus a most useful servitor of mankind, whether as a beast of draught or of burthen, which is even ridden upon sometimes, while the does are regularly milked, and the meat and every part of the slaughtered animal are turned to the utmost account.

The nearest approach to domestication among other Deer is exhibited by the Fallow Deer of the parks of Europe, as shewn by the variation of colour which a herd of these will commonly present; for if the Elk and great Wapiti Stag have been sometimes put to harness, and the Sambur of this country milked, it is only the particular individual which has been subdued, being itself the offspring of wild parents; though for that matter, so is it with the tame elephant. Variation of colour is an acknowledged and very noticeable result of the withdrawal of most animals from their wild habits for a series of generations, as exhibited even by the gold and silver fish of our vases; and the domesticating influences must have been at work with the scarcely semi-wild Fallow Deer to produce the varieties of colour which we see among them.

Mais revenons a notre venaison. As compared with other *Cervinæ*, the Rein Deer* is principally distinguished by the heaviness of its proportions; by the circumstance of the female bearing antlers, which occurs in no other kind (save in the Elk

* "The word *Deer*," remarks Col. C. Hamilton Smith, "is derived from a Teutonic root, or the Greek *Θηρ*, variously pronounced and written, at different times and by different nations. *Deer, Their, Thur*" (Himalayan *T'har*, or *Tehr*), "Anglo Saxon *Deer*, designating in general an animal, afterwards confined more especially to ruminants; in the English to Cervine, and in some of the Slavonic dialects to the ancient *Urus*," or extinct wild Ox of Europe. And the name *Rein Deer* certainly does not derive, as might be supposed, from the species being put to harness, but from a Teuton root, which branches into *Rein Deer, Rein-thier, Ranthair, Rangier, Thier-rand, Tarand-us*, &c.; for the Greeks and Romans not unfrequently thus transposed the syllables of foreign names, but sometimes even reversed them altogether, as in the instance of *καλος*, *S. colus*, (of Strabo,) from the Slavonic *Sulok*, applied to this day to the Saiga Antelope of S. Russia.



most rarely*), and by the non-existence of the naked portion of the muzzle, even contracted as in the Elk. Its form has been aptly compared to that of a calf, and is far from being graceful; owing, in a great measure, to the shortness and thickness of the neck, which is carried so low as to bring the head nearly on a level with the back; the head also is large, lengthened, and inelegant, with a hard tumid muzzle which (as aforesaid) is totally hairy;† and the conformation of the fore-quarters, in particular, is indicative of great strength, especially when applied for draught. The hoofs, in adaptation to its arctic abode, are remarkably broad, and spread very widely, one overlapping the other, to present a more extended surface to the snow: and the animal, when running, produces a loud crackling noise, not, however, by its hoofs closing and striking together, as commonly described, nor (as Sir J. Richardson asserts) by the posterior or accessory hoofs doing so (for inspection shews this to be impossible); but the sound proceeds from the knee-joints, as remarked by Von Buch, and also by a correspondent of Buffon, who states it to take place even when the animal does not lift its feet, but merely turns or leans more on one side than on the other. The joints of the Elk rattle in like manner (as noticed in the account of that species), and the same may be remarked occasionally of all the larger kinds of Deer, the Indian Sambur for example. With the Rein Deer, the sound is sometimes of essential service during winter-travelling in Lapland, by keeping the animals together while passing through a mist; though bells are commonly used to supercede it for that purpose. The remarkable breadth of the hoofs, when spread out, enables these animals (with their comparatively light carcasses) to traverse wilds of untrodden snow, where a horse would be irretrievably lost; and also to swim with great force, being so buoyant as to keep their bodies half above water. Notwithstanding the heaviness of their form, their gait is light and active; and they run with the utmost freedom over broken ground, however strong and rugged it may be. "The surrounding country," writes Sir J. Franklin of the wild herds of the arctic regions of America, "was deeply rugged; the hills divided by deep ravines, and the valleys covered with broken masses of rocks and stones: yet the Rein Deer fly (as it were) over these impediments with apparent ease, seldom making a false step, and springing from crag to crag with all the safety of a mountain

* Prof. Owen asserts this of the true Elk, in his description of the so called "fossil Elk" of Ireland, &c. Vide "British Fossil Mammalia."

† Authors mention a "small triangular muzzle;" but we have sought for this in vain in stuffed specimens.

goat.”* And Capt. Cartwright remarks that—“They are very surefooted, for they will run along shore, over sharp rough rocks, or smooth, round, loose stones, without ever stumbling or slipping; but on smooth ice they can with difficulty stand, as they run very wide behind.”† Again, the traveller Clarke remarks, of the tame Rein Deer of Lapland, that upon his first entering an enclosure where a large herd of these animals were penned up, “Our little dog put about fifty of them to flight: they scampered off into the forest, and as quickly returned, which enabled us to judge of the rapidity with which they travel, exceeding that of any animal we had ever seen; they darted between the trees, like arrows, and over deep bogs with such velocity as not to sink through the yielding surface.‡” “Attached to a sledge,” observes the Hon. A. Dillon, “the Rein Deer usually trots with his head low, and with an appearance of extreme distress. His mouth he keeps open, and, by his excessive panting, leads one unacquainted with his nature, to suppose that he will drop down dead in a few minutes; yet nothing is more deceptive; for I have driven a Deer, which exhibited all these symptoms while yet at the starting place, seventy miles in the course of the day, without finding that he was more exhausted the following day.” Their extraordinary capability of enduring protracted labour is indeed wonderful: but Capt. Cartwright’s illustration of the indefatigable nature of a tame one which he kept in Labrador, does not pass for much, seeing that no ruminant that we know of ever fairly goes to sleep, unless it be when very young; neither does a hare: night or day, an ox, or a sheep, or a deer, or a camel, may repose quietly enough, soberly masticating the cud; but these animals never keep their eyes closed, or are unobservant of what passes around them. And so Capt. Cartwright states of his pet Rein Deer,—“I believe they scarce ever sleep, for as much as I have watched this one I never could perceive that it was asleep, or kept its eyes closed for more than two seconds at a time. When at any time it lost me, it would run about, grunting like a hog, and never rest till it had found me.” The skin of the muzzle, and of the forehead and feet towards the hoofs, is extremely hard and closely attached, obviously that it might not be injured by the icy crust on the surface of the snow; for this animal ploughs up the snow with its nose to get at its food, and when it is several feet deep, and the creature’s keen sense of smelling detects the presence of its food beneath it, it burrows with surprising rapidity with its fore-feet, often disappearing, or

* Narrative of 1st Expedition, p. 270.

† Journal of 16 years’ residence in Labrador, II, 272.

‡ Wipster in Iceland, p. 200.

all but its antlers, in the course of a minute or two in the holes that it makes." Sir A. C. Brooke remarks that—"When a halt with the sledges is made, these animals quickly set themselves to uncover the lichen; but if the stoppage happens to be on a lake, the attempt is never made, although the snow, as in the other case, be some feet in depth above the ice." They always thrust the nose into the snow before digging.

The suborbital sinuses of this animal are very apparent, and between the hyoid bone and thyroid cartilage is a membranous sac, discovered by Camper, which communicates with the larynx under the epiglottis: this structure is not found in other Deer, nor is the use of it ascertained. Hutchins also describes (of the American Woodland race) the males to have "a peculiar large bag, or cyst, on the lower part of the neck, about the size of a crown-piece, and filled with fine flaxen hair curled neatly round to the thickness of an inch; an opening through the skin, near the head, leads to this cyst," which of course cannot refer to the laryngeal sac described by Camper; and no conjecture is offered respecting its uses in the economy of the animal.

The antlers of the Rein Deer attain a remarkable development, and are singularly variable in form; nevertheless, they have a marked typical character, which allies them somewhat, though not much, to the *Mazama* group of American Deer (exemplified by *C. virginianus*), and there is a more decided affinity between the Rein Deer and the huge extinct *C. megaceros* (or "fossil Elk") of Ireland, &c. As in the *Mazama* group, the beam always turns forward at the crown, and gives off a series of tines upwards and backwards; but then the beam is exceedingly prolonged, and has a basal process (or "brow-antler") forwards, often spreading out into a broad vertical plate immediately over the face, and commonly in one horn while it is short and rudimental in the other; there is generally also a medial, "royal," or beam process, which is likewise palmated (and the occurrence of this allies the animal to the true Stags.)

Those of the female sex are mostly, but not always, of much inferior size, having little terminal ramification or "crown," and seldom any palmation. Yet the horns placed on the lying-down figure of the plate are those of a fine Lapland doe; and those of the buck also figured in the plate (which we believe, but are not so sure, were from Siberia,) are by far the handsomest and most symmetrical of the great number of specimens we have seen, and appear to exemplify the typical development. Can these male antlers belong to the large Woodland race of N. America? In both sexes, their presence offers some additional

illustrations of the connexion of the growth and casting of these appendages with sexual condition.

One species only has been well ascertained, or we may say established; though very marked varieties have been long recognised, and our good friend Professor Vrolik of Amsterdam (some twelve years ago or thereabouts) published figures of the crania of what appear to be two well marked species of Rein Deer, one of which he terms (if we remember rightly) *C. (Tarandus) platyrhynchus*, characterized by a less elongated and much more robust configuration; but we cannot refer now to that naturalist's paper on the subject, and believe that he was unacquainted with the habitat of his *T. platyrhynchus*. The common one is now designated

TARANDUS RANGIFER; *Cervus tarandus* of Linnæus.
Caribou of the fur-countries of North America.

This animal varies considerably in size, and would appear to be at least divided into breeds or races, not yet sufficiently described with reference to their diversities. Some are even bigger than the European Stag, while others are scarcely higher than the Fallow Deer, or much above 3 feet at the shoulder. In Europe the wild are larger than the domesticated, and are described to be also "thinner, with more appearance of bone and considerably stronger;" and the latter increase in size from their southernmost haunts northward. "None that I saw" (in Lapland), relates Mr Dillon, "were larger than our common English Fallow Deer. Those in Russian Lapland, near Kola, are said to be much taller; while the wild ones in Spitzbergen, though exceedingly fat, are far inferior in size"! "The Deer which I observed, as I approached Tornea," remarks Sir A. C. Brooke, "and those I afterwards met with beyond it, confirmed me in what I had been told was the fact, that the farther they live north, the larger they are; and when I saw those which were brought to England by Mr Bullock* from the Roraas mountains between Christiania and Drontheim (being the southernmost limit of their range in Scandinavia), their very great inferiority in size to the Deer of Finnmark removed all doubts on the point. Large, however, as is their size, I am assured by persons who have made successive voyages to Spitzbergen, for the purpose of taking this animal and the Walrus, that the Rein Deer found on that island exceed very considerably in bulk those of Finnmark; and that their tallow alone, which is a principal object in their capture, in many

* The writer well remembers seeing this little herd when a child, with their Lapland attendants, upon Wimbledon Common in Surrey.

of them amounts to the extraordinary weight of 40lbs. Respecting the size of the Spitzbergen Deer," continues this author (at variance with Mr Dillon, and also with a statement in the Appendix to Ross's second voyage), "I have been able to satisfy myself, from having had an opportunity of seeing in London a haunch, that was brought to England, having been preserved by means of salt, and afterwards dressed; and from the extraordinary dimensions of it, the animal must have been considerably larger than any of the Rein Deer of Lapland." According to Clarke,—“The breed of Rein Deer in the parish of Eroutikis” (in Lapland) “is larger than that of Bickasjerf, but smaller than that of Kittila; and this difference is wholly to be ascribed to the difference in the soil, as suited to the growth of Rein Deer moss; on which account the Rein Deer of the mountains are always smaller than those of the forest.

“In the fur-countries of North America,” writes Sir J. Richardson, “there are two well marked and permanent varieties of this animal, one of them confined to the woody and more southern districts, and the other retiring to the woods only in winter, and passing the summer on the coasts of the Arctic Sea, or on the Barren-grounds.* The latter weigh so little, that I have seen a Canadian voyageur throw a full grown doe on his shoulders, and carry it as an English butcher would a sheep. The bucks are larger, and weigh (exclusive of the offal) from 90 to 130lbs. Those of the Woodland variety from 200 to 240lbs.” “A small doe of this,” remarks Hearne, “is equal to a northern buck: but, though so considerably larger, their antlers, although much stronger, are not so long and branching.” Hence we suspect that this race is also found in Siberia, for several pairs of antlers we have seen from that country, presented this general difference from Lapland and Arctic American specimens; and the domestic breed reared by the Tungusians, who habitually ride upon them, must necessarily be larger than the Lapland Deer, which do not appear to differ from the Barren-ground race (or species?) of North America.† In the Appendix to Ross's

* These, it may be remarked, “constitute an extensive tract of country, lying between lat. 60° and 68°, and eastward of long. 110°. Excepting in a few alluvial spots along the banks of the larger rivers, where a few white spruces grow, they are entirely destitute of any shrub larger than the dwarf birch, but are carpeted with different lichens.” (Richardson).

† The boys ride these animals, however, sometimes in Lapland. Thus Clarke writes, “The lad who had conducted me vaulted on the back of one of them, having a Rein Deer skin for his saddle, and two sieves by way of stirrups.” And again, at Eroutikis,—“The rest of the night was passed in mirth and rejoicing, we had races in sledges, drawn by Rein Deer, and amused ourselves by riding on the backs of these animals.”

2nd voyage, we read that a specimen, "of larger size than ordinary," was obtained in Boothia, weighing 250lbs. From nose to base of tail it measured 5 feet 10 inches; the tail $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; height at the fore-shoulder $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet; of the hind-quarters, 4 ft. 5 in.; and girth behind the fore legs 55 inches: those of Melville Island, Boothia, and Spitzbergen, it is stated did not average above half the weight. It was doubtless, therefore, a straggler of the Woodland race. One of the same dimensions, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high at the shoulder, mentioned in Capt. Cartwright's journal, weighed, his quarters 270lbs., the head 20lbs., offal 20lbs.—310lbs. in all: he had an inch of fat on his ribs, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. on his haunches. Another, "an old buck of the dwarf breed," five inches lower at the shoulder and which had 40 points to his antlers, (the former having but 29,) "was in excellent order, weighing in his quarters 314 lbs., with $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of fat on his haunches, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick on his ribs. A buck of 27 stone is also mentioned, which, "had he been killed in prime of grease, would have stood at least 31 stone, or 434lbs. A very fat old doe weighed 154lbs., and another 155lbs. But all of these were particularly fine animals." In Lapland, "a fat ox deer weighed 122lbs., and had 10lbs. of tallow. This is, I suppose," continues the Mr Laing, "as much as the tame animal in general will feed to. The wild race, which comes considerably further south, being found on Dovre Fjelde and in Bergens Amt, as well as to the north, is considerably larger."

The proper colouring of the Rein Deer, when its coat is new, is a yellowish chocolate or clove brown on the upper parts, head, and limbs, the sides of the body pale anteriorly, with a conspicuous dusky-brown lateral line separating the hair of the upper-parts from the pure white of the belly; the longish hair at the sides and beneath the tail is also white, likewise the upper half of the fore-limbs within, a spot on the inner side of each hock, and a ring more or less defined about the hoofs: the hair of the feet is lengthened, especially under the succentorial hoofs, which are large and conspicuous, but too much separated apart to clatter together as Sir J. Richardson asserts when the animal runs. Prof. Emmons describes the hoofs as "rounded before, hollowed out behind; thin, and consisting of a plate of horny matter, which is folded in such a manner, that the posterior portion is in contact with the anterior" (i. e. the edge of the outer overlaps that of the inner hoof, more especially those of the fore-feet;) "none of that peculiar substance called the 'frog' of the foot intervenes between the two portions." The eyes are large and full; the ears rounded, with tip angulated to the front; and there is a large and conspicuous tuft, or mass of lengthened white hair pendent from the middle of the neck at

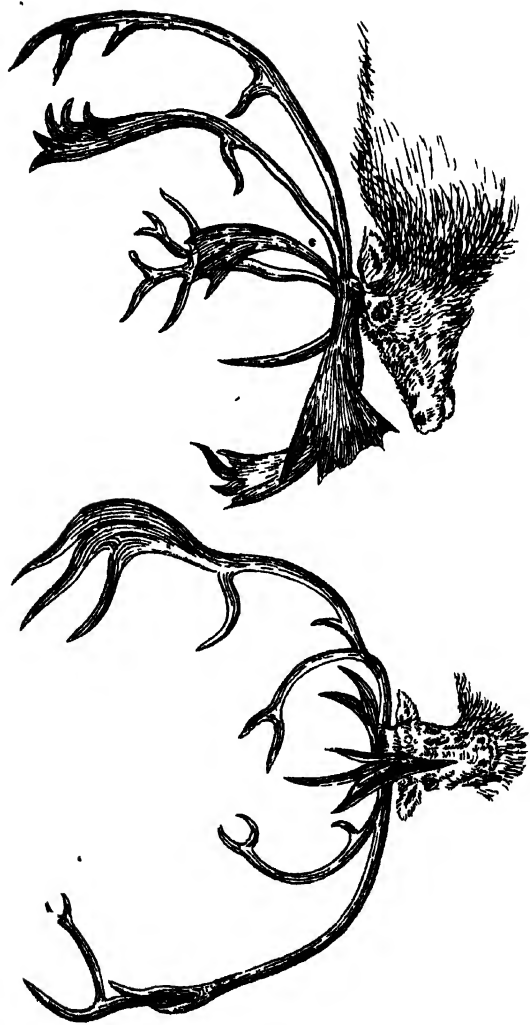
its chief bend in front, which is less developed in the female. Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke mentions, of the Rein Deer in Lapland that—"In many herds it is common to meet with one or two that are perfectly white. This occurs more frequently in Finnmark, than in their more southern haunts. Spotted ones, I have been told, are not uncommon in some parts of Lapland, though I have never had an opportunity of seeing any. These are most prevalent in Siberia, as I am induced to imagine, from having seen the furs and dresses which Capt. Cochrane brought with him to England: his, like mine, are chiefly of Rein Deer skins, but they are far superior in beauty; the fur being singularly fine in texture, and mottled or spotted with white." According to Desmarest, the young are spotted like the fawn of the Stag; while M. Mallin expressly asserts them to be "brown above, and faint reddish (*roux*) underneath, without any spotting." Again, Sir A. C. Brooke notices that "the calf is of a reddish brown, but afterwards becomes considerably darker." The only example we have seen had, along the sides of its body, rising towards the croup, a series of nearly transverse pale bands, more or less broken into a double row of spots; the back deep and unspotted, and we suspect that Capt. Cochrane's* skins from Siberia were those of similar one-third or half grown fawns, though in some individuals this *menilling* may be discernible afterwards. The coat of these animals is extremely dense, and of a spongy texture, the hairs so close together that they stand nearly upright; it is fine at the ends of the hairs, with an exceedingly soft and velvety surface to the feel; admirably adapted for resistance of cold and snow, but which imbibes water like a sponge, for which reason the animal cannot endure the moist climate of the Scottish highlands, though it lives tolerably well in the south of England when protected from the rain: yet it swims much in its native regions, being then, however, in its summer coat. Hoffberg asserts that the hairs merely break off at the base when the coat is annually shed; a statement which we are disposed to call in question. Sir J. Richardson remarks, with Capt. Sir J. Franklin, that—"In the month of July, the Caribou sheds his winter covering, and acquires a short smooth coat of hair, of a colour composed of clove-brown mingled with deep reddish and yellowish-brown; the under surface of the neck, the belly, and inside of the extremities remaining white at all seasons. The hair at first is fine and flexible, but as it lengthens it increases gradually in diameter at the roots, becoming at the same time white, soft, compressible and brittle.

"In the course of the winter the thickness of the hairs at their

* The present Earl of Dundonald.

roots becomes so great, that they are exceedingly close, and no longer lie down smoothly, but stand erect, and are then so soft and tender below that the flexible coloured points are easily rubbed off, and the fur appears white, especially on the flanks. This occurs in a less degree on the back; and on the underparts the hair, although it acquires length, remains more slender and flexible at the roots, and is, consequently not so subject to break. Towards the spring, when the Deer are tormented by the larvæ of the gadfly making their way through the skin, they rub themselves against stones and rocks, until all the coloured tips of the hairs are worn off, and their fur appears to be entirely of a soiled white colour." This refers to the small or Barren-ground race, and equally to those of Lapland; and Hearne relates of the Woodland Caribou, that "it is of a sandy red during the winter."

The Rein Deer is capable of breeding at two years old, but seldom propagates before three, and acquires its full strength at four years, when the domesticated are first regularly put to labour; though they are trained from the second year: they continue serviceable for four or five years, in general; and seldom outlive fifteen or sixteen, an age, indeed, which few are said to attain in Lapland, as they are fattened and killed when they begin to fall off in speed. "It very rarely happens," relates Sir A. C. Brooke, "that they exceed the age of sixteen, nor are they serviceable for the whole of this period, and the ordinary" (permitted) "date of their lives may be estimated at nine or ten." "Nevertheless," observes Mr Dillon, "many that I have driven, and found very good, were thirteen or fourteen years old." Their teeth are said to fall out at the age of 15; and we should not omit to mention that the male of this animal is furnished with upper canines, which are sometimes present within the gums of the female. The season of copulation is October, when the bucks emit a strong hircine odour, and *groan* in much the same manner as Fallow Deer: the oldest come first into season, about the beginning of the month, and in a fortnight are lean and exhausted; when they are succeeded in office by younger males, and the whole season is over before the middle of November: they cover only by night: parturition takes place at the end of May or beginning of June; but in America (according to Sir E. Parry) sometimes so early as the end of April, after 33 weeks' gestation. Of the Woodland race, Sir J. Richardson states, that "the rut takes place in the beginning of October, and the doe drops her fawn in June." One or occasionally two fawns are produced at a birth, while it is yet winter, and the snow is on the ground in Lapland; and if the season is protracted, it proves very unfavorable to the fawns,



Barren-ground Bucks (Sir J Richardson)

from a deficiency of milk in the mother. According to M. Mallin, the young have the pedicles upon which the antlers grow at birth, and at 15 days the latter appear as simple dags an inch long.* In old Barren-ground bucks, the antlers are often above 4 feet long round the curvatures, acquiring their full development at the fifth or sixth year; in the females they are generally much smaller and more slender, are less curved and erect, and want more frequently the palmature at the extremity of the beam, and of the brow process. The pair are commonly very different one from the other, but in general are first thrown back from the forehead, and then curve with a considerable sweep forwards, giving out a number of tines directed upward and backward, near the end, which mostly inclines to be palmated. At the base, a branch projects over the face, usually as a broad vertical plate, dividing or not into spillers, and which very commonly exists in one of the horns only, or instead of it there may be two smaller tines one or branches, one or both ramifying, perhaps, at the extremity, or two on one side and one only on the other, &c. &c. A similar anterior process, representing the "royal" of a Stag's antler, projects from the middle of the beam, but is often absent; and in fact, however variable they may be, the variation consists of a deficiency of parts normally present, and which correspond to the named branches of a typical Stag's antler; the beam—in the Barren-ground or Lapland race—being extraordinarily prolonged and only moderately so in the other, which latter (as we conceive) have them also generally more palmated, a character which is mostly indicative of full maturity. Capt. Cartwright obtained a pair with 72 terminal points. The *Cervus coronatus* of Geoffroy was founded on a remarkable pair of antlers figured by Col. C. H. Smith,† and by Baron Cuvier together with a gradation of other antlers clearly referring them to the Rein Deer,‡ and certainly not to a second species of Elk as had been suggested; this pair consists of broad palms without any beam, and dividing anteriorly into spillers.

The buck Rein Deer begin to cast their antlers as soon as the rut is over, some of the most vigorous before the end of October, while the younger retain theirs till December, and even January and February: the females do not shed them till they

* This seems doubtful. A large stuffed female fawn in the Museum of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta, which died in the London Zoological Gardens (having probably been brought weaned in Lapland), has small hairy knobs only.

† Griffith's English edition of the *Regne Animal*, IV, 96.

‡ *Osemens fossiles*. Our two plates of horns are copied from this work, with the exception of the only pair figured; and the horn referred to in the text is distinguished by an asterisk.

bring forth, unless they be barren, when they fall nearly as soon as those of bucks of similar age and condition. In castrated individuals, they are said to drop mostly at the commencement of the year, and it is said that these do not mew them at all until they are three years old.* It may be remarked that exceptive cases occur sometimes, even among the old males in a state of nature ; for Capt. Cartwright mentions that he has often met with stout bucks which retained their antlers in February, and that in May he saw one three or four years old still carrying them. Notwithstanding this irregularity, however, in the period of casting their antlers, he proceeds to remark that they all burnish in August. According to Sir A. C. Brooke, as also to Hearne, they new begin to sprout forth in May, in the order in which their predecessors were dropped, and in seven or eight weeks are full grown. Sir J. Franklin notices them to be still tender in the middle of August ; the velvet shredding off at the end of September and beginning of October : he remarks that these animals are accustomed to gnaw their fallen antlers. Hearne observes that when the bucks are ready to drop theirs, those of the does are scarcely grown, and of course are still hairy.

The food of the Rein Deer consists principally of different lichens, and particularly of the *Rein Deer lichen*, as it is called, (*Cenomyce rangiferina*), or *viste* as it is termed in Lapland, which it may be remarked is not the "Iceland moss" of the shops, nor anything like it ; these it scents to the depth of many feet beneath the snow, through which it burrows to get at them as already described ; but when the icy crust at the surface is too thick for them to break it with their hoofs, these animals suffer very much, and many die, at least in Lapland, which happens chiefly in mild seasons, when the surface is first thawed and then rendered impenetrable by a succeeding frost. The wild then resort to woods and browse on the tree lichens, which, with the withered culms and long dead grass of the swamps, constitute their principal support in winter, after they have cast their antlers ; though whenever the weather permits, the Barren-ground race "seem to prefer resorting to the open rocky country, and to the ground lichens with which is studded, and upon which they feed till the increasing power of the sun has dried them up, when as they proceed northward they repair to swampy places, and subsist additionally on the sprouting sedges, and on the withered grass or hay of the preceding year, which at that period is still standing, and retains part of its sap. They likewise strip, at this season, the leaves

* We require some information respecting the antlers of these heavers. So far as we have seen, no castrated Deer ever sheds its antlers. see Vol. VIII., I. Sporting Review, note to p. 409.

of the birch, willow and aspen, particularly the former; and browse on various kinds of herbage and the tender shoots of mountain shrubs." Mr Hagstroem has given a catalogue of 32 plants which this species eats in Lapland and 3 which it refuses. But the most singular food of the Rein Deer consists of the Lemmings, or little obese rodent quadrupeds which abound in the Arctic regions, and which it seizes and devours with the utmost eagerness: a fact established on indisputable authority. Upon accomplishing their annual migration to the sea-coast, Sir A. C. Brooke tells us that they rush to take a long eager draught of the salt water, which is not, however, repeated till the following year; but there is no substantial foundation for this story.

The migrations of the Rein Deer form a prominent feature of its history, and (as a general rule at least) necessitate those who tend the domestic herds in Lapland to accompany them to the sea-shore in spring, and return southward with them far into the interior at the close of the short summer. "The Barren-ground Caribou which resort to the coast of the Arctic Sea, in summer," relates Sir J. Richardson, "retire in winter to the woods lying between the 63° and 66° of latitude. About the end of April when the partial melting of the snow has softened the lichens which clothe the Barren-grounds like a carpet, they make short excursions from the woods, but return to them when the weather is frosty. In May the females proceed to the sea-coast, and towards the end of June the males are in full march in the same direction. At that period the power of the sun has dried up the lichens on the Barren-grounds; and the Caribou frequent the moist pastures which cover the bottoms of the narrow vallies in the coast and islands of the Arctic sea. Their spring journey is performed partly on the snow, and partly after the snow has disappeared, on the ice covering the rivers and lakes, which have, in general, a northerly direction. Soon after their arrival on the coast the females drop their young; they commence their return to the south in September, and reach the vicinity of the woods towards the end of October, where they are joined by the males. This junction takes place after the snow has fallen, but whilst the heat of the earth is still sufficient to keep the lichens moist and unfrozen beneath it. Except on the rutting season, the bulk of the males and females live separately: the former retire deeper into the woods in winter; whilst herds of the pregnant does stay on the skirts of the Barren-grounds, and proceed to the coast very early in the spring. Sir E. Parry saw Deer on Melville Island as late as the 23rd of September, and the females with their fawns made their first appearance on the 22nd of April. The males in general do not go so far north as the females. On the coast of Hudson's Bay, the Barren-ground Caribou migrate further south than those

on the Coppermine and Mackenzie rivers ; but some of them go to the southward of Churchill." " As the females travel before the ground is laid bare," remarks Capt. Lyon, " they are very lean on their arrival in their northern summer haunts, although on quitting the woods they are in better condition than the males." During the second week in October, Sir J. Franklin observed immense numbers on the Barren-grounds near Fort Enterprise, " which form into herds of various sizes, from ten to a hundred according as their fears or accident induce them to unite or separate. The females, being at this time more light and active, usually lead the van," and on one occasion the number seen during a short walk was estimated as above 2,000. Hearne notices that—" after the rutting period, the bucks separate from the does ; and the former proceed to the westward, to take shelter in the woods during the winter, while the latter keep out on the Barren-grounds the whole year. " But this" he adds, " though a general rule is not without some exceptions ; for I have frequently seen many does in the woods, though they bore an extremely small proportion to the number of bucks. The Deer in these parts are generally in motion from east to west, or from west to east, according to the season or the prevailing winds ; for they are supposed by the natives to walk always in the direction from which the wind blows, except when they emigrate in search of the opposite sex. From November to May, the bucks continue to the westward among the woods, after which they proceed eastward to the Barren-grounds ; and the does that have been on the Barren-grounds all the winter instinctively advance to the westward to meet them." During the extreme severity of a Siberian winter, relates Von Wrangell, " the Rein Deer withdraws to the deepest thickets of the forest, and in the coldest weather stands there motionless as if deprived of life. In good years the migrating body of these animals consists of many thousands ; and though they are divided into herds of two or three hundred each, yet the herds keep so near together as to form only one immense mass, which is sometimes 50 or 100 versts in breadth. They always follow the same route, and in crossing the river near Plotbischtsche, they choose a place where a dry valley leads down to the stream on one side and a flat sandy shore facilitates their landing on the other side. As each separate herd approaches the river, the Deer draw more closely together, and the largest and strongest take the lead. He advances, closely followed by a few of the others, with head erect and apparently intent upon examining the locality. When he has satisfied himself he enters the river, the rest of the herd crowd after him, and in a few minutes the surface is covered by them. They leave their winter retreat in the forest about the end

of May, in large herds, and return in August and September. Two vast herds of them passed us at no great distance on their way to the forests: both extended further than the eye could reach, and formed a compact mass, narrowing towards the front. They moved slowly and majestically along, their broad antlers resembling a moving mass of leafless trees. Each body was led by a Deer of unusual size, which our guides assured us was always a female.* In arctic America, it is observed that some stragglers remain in every part of the country which these animals inhabit, at all seasons.

Hearne further remarks that his foregoing observations on the emigration and separation of the sexes of this animal, "only hold good respecting the Deer to the north of Churchill" (or the Barren-ground race); "for the Deer to the southward live promiscuously among the woods, as well as in the plains, and about the banks of rivers, lakes, &c., the whole year. The former shed their horns about the time that they approach the woods; otherwise they would become an easy prey to Wolves and other predatory animals, and be liable to get entangled among the trees, even in ranging about in quest of food. The same might be expected of the southern Deer, which always reside among the woods; but the northern, though by far the smallest, have much the largest horns, and the branches of them are so long, and at the same time spread so widely, as to make them particularly liable to get entangled." "The proper country for the Woodland Caribou," relates Sir J. Richardson, "is a stripe of low primitive rocks, well clothed with wood, about 100 miles wide, and extending at the distance of 80 or 100 miles from the shores of Hudson's Bay, from Athapescow Lake to Lake Superior. Contrary to the practice of the Barren-ground Caribou, this Woodland variety travels to the southward in the spring. They cross the Nelson and Severn Rivers in immense herds in the month of May, pass the summer on the low marshy shores of James's Bay, and return to the northward, and at the same time retire more inland, in the month of September: from November to April it is rare to meet with one within 90 or 100 miles of the coast. A few Deer of this kind frequent the swamps near Cumberland House in the winter, but it is extremely rare indeed for a stray individual to wander in that parallel so far to the westward as Carlton House. I have been informed by several of the residents at York Factory, that the herds are sometimes so large, as to require several hours to cross the river in a crowded phalanx. Mr Hutchins said that several of the young had been

* Sabine's Translation of the Narrative of Admiral Von Wrangell's Expedition, p. 90, 189, 294.

brought up at the factories, and have been as tame as a pet lamb; but that they all died in the chops of the channel when attempts were made to carry them to England. It is in this variety that the cyst on the neck of the male was observed by Mr Hutchins, "but unfortunately," continues Sir J. Richardson, "I was not aware of his remarks until the means of ascertaining whether such a sac exists in the Barren-ground Caribou were beyond my reach." Hearne remarks that—"The flesh of these Deer is less esteemed by the northern Indians than that of the small northern sort; being certainly much coarser, and of a different flavour, inasmuch as the largest Leicestershire mutton differs from grass-lamb; I must acknowledge, however, that I always thought it to be very good. These are the deer which are found so plentifully near York Fort, and Severn River. They are also at times found in considerable numbers near Churchill River; and I have seen them, killed as far north, near the sea side, as Seal River; but the small northern kind are seldom known to cross Churchill River, except in some very extraordinary cold seasons, and when the northern winds have prevailed much in the preceding fall." This Woodland race is evidently what Capt. Cartwright chiefly met with at Labrador, to judge from the admeasurements which he has given of several individuals; and the specimen of unusual size described in the Appendix to Ross's 2d Voyage, as having been obtained at Boothia, from its magnitude must be supposed the same, though the locality seems a most unlikely one for this variety to stray to.

"Although I own," continues Hearne, "that the flesh of the large southern Deer is very good, I must at the same time acknowledge that the flesh of the small northern Deer, whether buck or doe in its proper season, is by far more delicious, and the finest I have ever eaten, either in this country or any other; and it is of that peculiar quality that it never cloy. I can affirm this from my own experience; for, having lived on it entirely, as it may be said, for twelve or eighteen months successively, I scarcely ever wished for a change of food; though when fish or fowl came in my way, it was very agreeable." "When in condition," observes Sir J. Richardson, "there is a layer of fat deposited on the back and rump of the male, to the depth of two or three inches or more, immediately under the skin, which is termed *depouille* by the Canadian voyageurs; and as an article of Indian trade it is often of more value than all the rest of the carcass. The *depouille* is thickest at the commencement of the rutting season; it then becomes of a red colour, and acquires a high flavour, and soon afterwards disappears. The females at that period are lean: but in the course of the winter they acquire a small *depouille*; which is exhausted soon after they drop their

young. The flesh of the Caribou is very tender, and its flavour when in season is, in my opinion, superior to that of the finest English venison; but when the animal is lean it is very insipid, the difference being greater between well fed and lean Caribou than any one can conceive who has not had an opportunity of judging. The lean meat fills the stomach, but never satisfies the appetite, and scarcely seems to recruit the strength when exhausted by labour. The flesh of the Moose and Bison, on the other hand, is tough when lean, but never so utterly tasteless and devoid of nourishment as that of a Caribou in poor condition.* Capt. Lyon notices that—"almost every part of this beast is eaten by the Indians in one shape or another. The hunter breaks the leg-bones of recently slaughtered animals, and whilst the marrow is still warm, greedily swallows it. The legs and feet thus deprived of the marrow, fall to the lot of the females, who eat the sinews and membranous parts also raw. Portions of the intestines, too, are occasionally eaten raw, particularly the thin folds of the third-stomach or *manyplies*. The summits of the antlers, likewise, are delicious to them in the raw state. The remainder of the animal is eaten when cooked, nor do the contents of the paunch escape. These are eaten sometimes raw, sometimes boiled along with the blood of the animal; and it would appear that lichens and other vegetable matters are rendered more digestible in the human stomach, after having undergone mastication, and become mixed with the saliva and gastric juices of a ruminating animal. Many of the Indian and Canadian voyageurs prefer this savoury mixture after it has undergone a degree of fermentation, or beer 'laid to season,' as they term it, for a few days. The paunch and its contents are also esteemed to be delicate food by the Esquimaux and Greenlanders. In spring, when the larvæ of the gadfly lodged in the fauces, and about the posterior parts of the nostrils, have attained a great size, even these are considered as choice morsels by the Indian epicures. When the whole of the soft parts have been consumed, the women pound the bones between two stones, and by boiling, extract the marrow for the purpose of forming the better kinds of the mixture of dried meat and fat, termed *peumioan*; and most of the young females preserve some of the marrow in a bladder, to anoint their hair with on dress occasions."

According to Sir J. Richardson, the various tribes of Indians "would be totally unable to inhabit the frozen grounds where they dwell, if it were not for the immense herds of Reindeer that exist upon them. Of the antlers of these ani-

* Old Pontoppidan says, of the Lapland Reindeer, "flesh very delicate, something drier than that of Hart."

mals they form their fish spears and hooks, and previous to the introduction of European iron, ice chisels and various other utensils were made of them. The hide, dressed with the fur, is excellent for winter clothing, and supplies the place of both blanket and feather-bed to the inhabitant of the arctic wilds. It also forms a soft and pliable leather, adapted for mocassins and summer clothing, or, when sixty or seventy skins are sewed together, they make a tent sufficient for the residence of a large family. The shin-bone of the Deer, split so as to present a sharp edge, is the knife that is used to remove the hair in the process of making the leather. The undressed hide, after the hair is taken off, is cut into thongs of various thickness, which are manufactured into Deer snares, bow-strings, net lines, and in fact supply all the purposes of rope. The finer thongs are used in the manufacture of fishing-nets, or in making snow-shoes; while the tendons of the dorsal muscles are split into fine and excellent sewing-thread. The closeness of the hair and lightness of the skin, when properly dressed, render it the most appropriate article for winter clothing in the high latitudes. The skins of the young Deer make the best dresses, and they should be killed for that purpose in the months of August and September: after the latter date the hair becomes too long and brittle. The prime parts of eight or ten Deer skins make a complete suit of clothing for a grown person, which is so impenetrable to the cold, that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any one, so clothed, may bivouack on the snow with safety, and even with comfort, in the most intense cold of an arctic winter's night."

In Europe this animal is invested with a different interest. From time immemorial it has constituted the riches of the mountain Laplander, and of numerous wandering hordes eastward; supplying the place of all other domestic cattle to the inhabitants of the frozen north, equally as a beast of draught, as a milch animal, and for its other products. "It is not, however, the Laplander alone," remarks Sir A. C. Brooke, "who is thus benefited by it. The Rein Deer, by securing a communication with those remote parts of northern Europe, seems, of itself alone, to keep up that connexion between the two extremities of a kingdom, which would otherwise be destroyed. If the possession of Finnmark be considered important to Norway or Sweden, it is rendered much more so by the Rein Deer, since, for a considerable portion of the year, during the long winter season, all communication by sea along the western coast is at an end." In Lapland it is the sole wealth of the mountaineers, or inland nomade inhabitants as distinguished from the fishermen, affording every necessary they require: hence the pasturing and tending of

these animals occupy by far the greatest and most valuable portion of their time. The movements and habits of life of these people are indeed mainly regulated by those of their Deer, which are suffered to roam at large; they must follow them during summer in quest of suitable pastures, and attend to their migration to the coast; while in winter many a dreary hour is spent in the snow-drift in looking after the safety of the herd. Besides their indispensable utility for food and raiment, these valuable creatures are also used to transport merchandize, as a courier when despatch is needed, and for general travelling. Sometimes, though rarely, they are even put to agricultural purposes, as to plough and harrow; and in winter are employed to draw hay or fodder laden upon trays. Travelling at that season is performed entirely by their assistance, attached to a sledge, or as it is termed, a *pulk*; and in Siberia, as already noticed, they are mounted and ridden. It appears, however, that in the latter country Dogs are fast superceding them for purposes of draught: and the custom of thus employing these animals, according to Von Wrangell, "came no doubt originally from the Kamtschatkades, from whom the Russians adopted it. All the nations of south-eastern Siberia," he continues, "are principally in the habit of employing Rein Deer exclusively; this animal is useful to his master in many more ways than the Dog, but, on the other hand, he is" (in Siberia!) "more difficult to maintain." It need hardly be remarked that Dogs are extensively employed for draught by the N. American Esquimaux.

"The number of Deer belonging to a herd," in Lapland, relates Sir A. C. Brooke, "is from 300 to 500; with these a Laplander can do well and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption, and during the winter season, can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with venison. With 200 deer, a man, if his family be but small, can manage to get on. If he have but 100, his subsistence is very precarious, and he cannot rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but 50, he is no longer independent or able to keep a separate establishment, but generally joins his small herd with that of some richer Laplander; being considered then more as a servant, and undertaking the laborious office of attending upon and watching the herd, bringing them home to be milked, and other similar offices, in return for the subsistence afforded him. A Laplander, who is the master of a herd of 1000 deer, is considered a rich man, though instances are not rare of some of them possessing 1500 or even 2000.*

* I have heard of 1500 and even in one instance of 4000 head, as belonging to one person. Letny's Tour in Norway, p. 146.

"The food of the mountain Laplander during the period of his summer wanderings is spare and frugal; he no longer indulges himself in his favorite viand, Rein Deer venison, which forms the luxury of the winter season. In summer he is intent only on increasing his herd, and providing against his future wants. He contents himself generally with milk, and the remains of the curd and whey after making his cheese. In the first he indulges sparingly, on account of the very small quantity (scarcely a teacupful) which each deer affords, as well as of the great importance it is to secure a good quantity of cheese for his winter-stock, and to guard against any disaster that might suddenly befall his herd, and reduce him to want. As his herd is milked during the summer season only, when this is drawing to a close he generally sets by some milk for the purpose of being frozen. This serves not only for his own individual use during the winter, but is prized so much for its exquisite delicacy in this state, that it forms an article of traffic; and the merchants with whom he deals, and who repair then into the interior, gladly purchase it at any price.

"From the naturally churlish temper of the mountain Laplander, and the value he justly sets upon his milk, it is extremely difficult in summer to prevail upon him to part with even a very small quantity; and when I visited the *tul*, I saw with what reluctance these people offered it. By degrees, however, I ingratiated myself so much into their favour, partly from the circumstance of my being an Englishman, and partly by a few well timed presents, that, for some time during their stay at Fuglenôes, I had the luxury of drinking it of a morning for my breakfast; and I must confess I found it so delicious, that I think the time of any idle epicure would not be ill-bestowed in making a trip to Fianmark, were it solely for the pleasure of tasting this exquisite beverage. The flavour of the milk is highly aromatic, which, it is probable, is chiefly owing to the kind of herbage the animal browses upon in summer. In colour and consistency it resembles very rich cream; and its nature is such, that, however gratifying to the palate, it is difficult and even unwholesome to drink more than a small quantity of it." Clarke relates, of some that was presented to him warm from the animal, that "it was thick, and as sweet as cream; we thought we had never tasted anything more delicious; but it is rather difficult of digestion, and apt to cause head-ache to persons unaccustomed to it unless it be mixed with water." Mr Dillon states of it, however,—"I have found it so greasy as to be almost like melted butter. On their journeys, the Laplanders generally carry a supply of it frozen, in a bladder, and break off pieces as they want it:" and Hoffman asserts, that "it

seems of a *thinner* consistence than Cow's milk ; its flavour is stronger, and taste nearly resembling tallow.* They are milked," he observes, "from the last week in June to the middle of October." Brooke elsewhere relates, that, "I was also fortunate to obtain a large lump of frozen Rein Deer's milk, which I had not yet tasted in this state, and which is rather difficult to procure. I found the flavour of it delicious, and it greatly improved our coffee, by cutting small pieces into each cup. In appearance it resembled a lump of alabaster, and was so hard, that it required chopping to separate any portion from it."

The geologist Von Buch remarks that—"It is a pleasing and novel spectacle to see in the evening the herd of Rein Deer assembled round the gamma to be milked. On all the hills around, everything is in an instant full of life and motion. The busy dogs are everywhere barking and bringing the mass nearer and nearer, and the Rein Deer bound and run, stand still and bound again, in an undescrivable variety of movements. When the feeding animal, frightened by the dog, raises his head, and displays aloft his large and proud antlers, what a beautiful and magnificent sight ! And when he courses over the ground, how fleet and light are his speed and carriage. We never hear the foot on the earth, and nothing but the incessant crackling of his knee-joints, as if produced by a repetition of electric shocks ; a singular noise, and by the number of Deer by which it is at once produced, it is heard at a great distance. When all the herd, consisting of three or four hundred, at length reach the gamma, they stand still or repose themselves, or frisk about in confidence, play with their antlers against each other, or in groups surround a patch of moss browsing. When the maidens are about with their milk-pails from deer to deer, the brother or servant throws a bark halter round the antlers of the animal which they point out, and draws it towards him ; the animal generally struggles, and is unwilling to follow the halter, and the damsel laughs at and enjoys the labour it occasions, and sometimes wantonly allows it to get loose, that it may again be caught for her ; while the old folks

* Clarke remarks, of the Cows which he saw in his journey from Tornea to the Muonio River. "The Cows here are all of the same white colour, and very little larger than sucking calves in England ; but so beautiful, and yielding milk of a quality so superior to any we had before tasted, that we longed to introduce the breed into our own country. It is almost all cream ; and this cream, with the most delicious sweetness, is at the same time, even when fresh, so coagulated, that a spoon will nearly remain upright after it has been plunged in it. Of course," it is added, "its richness must be principally attributed to the nature of the food which, during summer, these cows select for themselves in the forests ; and this consists entirely of the tender twigs and young shoots of trees." *Travels to the North Cape*, p. 309.

are heard scolding them for their frolicsome behaviour, which has often the effect of scaring the whole flock." Such is Lapland pastoral; and humankind even in that ungenial abode. Brooke notices a scene of this description, when "as the herd approached the fold, the deer made a frequent snorting, and were unwilling to enter, as they discovered by their sense of smell the presence of a stranger." And Clarke remarks that "the grunting of a herd, as we drew near to them, exactly resembled that of so many hogs." The deer adverted to were penned up (it being in summer) "in enclosures formed of the trunks of fir-trees, laid horizontally one upon another, and without being stripped of their branches. In the centre of each there was a fire burning to keep the flies and musquitos from the cattle. The males are separated from the females."

Sir A. C. Brooke continues—"Rich as the quality of Rein Deer milk is, it is singular that the cheese which is made from it is extremely bad, being hard, white in colour, of a disagreeable taste, and eatable only by a Laplander.* Probably its being pressed so thin may have an effect upon the goodness of it, as, when cut, the hard rind composes the greater portion. It is highly prized, however, by the Laplander, who eats it both raw and toasted; in the latter state it appears at the tables of the merchants, and is rather more palatable. Notwithstanding its previous hard and dry appearance, when applied to the fire, a rich pure oil distils from it, which is found extremely serviceable in removing the effects arising from being frost-bitten; for, being applied to the frozen part, it prevents mortification from ensuing. This is used when the common remedy of snow-rubbing has been neglected. The Laplanders seldom, if ever, make butter of the Rein Deer milk, doubtless from the far greater value that cheese is to them as an article of support, besides that bread is unknown to them. It is, however, sometimes made by the Finnland settlers, who, in many parts of Lapland, keep herds of Rein Deer, and, I have been told, is of a perfectly white colour.

"The Laplander sometimes varies his dishes by mixing different kinds of wild berries, such as the whortle or cloud-berry, with the whey: the latter being previously boiled till it acquires a thick consistence. This preparation I have seen them eat in astonishing quantity, and with the greatest relish. They are no less fond of the roots of the Angelica, the taste which is certainly very agreeable; and they set much value upon the blood of their Deer, from which they prepare a variety of dishes, taking care always to preserve it when the animal is killed. It is probable that

* According to Clarke, "Rein Deer cheese is white, and not unlike the Cottenham Cheese made near Cambridge."

this predilection for it is increased by the anti-scorbutic properties which it is said to possess. An instance of this is to be found in the interesting account of the Dutch navigators, under the command of Hemskirk, who were obliged to pass the winter in Nova Zembla, and suffered in consequence an intense degree of cold. Several of them died from the effects of the scurvy, and the survivors attributed their escaping this disorder to their constant habit of drinking the warm blood of the Rein Deer, which they had killed for their support; a practice which had not been followed by those who fell victims to the disease. The Laplanders mostly kill their Deer by plunging a knife into the chest, and then leaving it; upon which the animals generally stagger for a minute or two, and then drop dead: by this means none of the blood is lost. I have seen," continues Brooke, "the poor animal, after the knife was stuck in it, appear so little conscious of the blow, as to begin feeding, and to survive several minutes before it proved fatal." Laing says—"They are killed instantly, by striking a knife into the point of junction between the head and neck."

"These animals," we still quote Brooke, "which are accustomed to the sledge when about two years old, are not broken in so completely as is generally supposed, and are by no means the tranquil, docile creatures they have been represented, as can be best testified by those who have had the guidance of them. They are, however, sufficiently manageable for the purposes of the Laplander, who naturally does not experience the same difficulty as the traveller, and who, when he finds the animal restive, soon succeeds in taming it by superior address, and fatiguing it by taking it into parts where the snow is deep and soft, which, from the weight of the sledge and driver, soon renders it obedient." "The breaking in of Deer for draught," remarks the Hon. A. Dillon, "is a very tedious and uncertain process; only a small proportion of those taken in hand will be fit to lead a train; others will go best single, and by far the greater number are fit only for following in the line. In the severe discipline which he undergoes, the Rein Deer, though patient, will, like the Camel, sometimes turn restive, and shew fight against his master. In such cases, he not only uses his horns, but also strikes with his feet. The only mode to protect oneself against such an attack, is to overturn the pulka, and let him strike to his heart's content; yet I doubt whether a stranger, swaddled up in his sledge, would find it easy to go through such a complicated evolution before the sharp hoofs of his adversary had given him a good drubbing. Luckily, such instances of rebellion only occur when they are being broken in, and the old ones are tame enough, if fairly treated." Brooke mentions, how-

ever, an incident of this kind which happened to one of his party upon the journey; and it should be noticed that these animals never gore, but strike downwards with their antlers, and are said to repel the Wolf with success by kicking. The Laplanders mutilate by far the greater number of males, reserving but fifteen or twenty out of a hundred; and "none but these heavers" (or *herre*, as they are called,) are employed for draught," writes Mr Dillon; "the *simmel*, or hind, is kept merely for breeding and milking." Those used for travelling are often kept by persons who let them out for that purpose; the owners generally accompanying any distant expedition, and acting as guides.

"The sledge used with Rein Deer," observes Mr Dillon, "is in general called *herres*; that which is used for travelling, and which is decked over the fore-part, is distinguished by the name of *pulka*. In shape it resembles a small sea-boat, the stern of which has been cut off and replaced by an upright board. It is klinker-built, with a broad keel, and sufficiently high behind to support the back. From stem to stern it is scarcely more than 4 ft. long, and just wide enough to admit one person of moderate dimensions. It is dragged by a trace of deer-skin, fastened to the bottom of a collar of the same material. This is passed between the fore and hind legs of the Deer, and is made fast to the head of the beast. A single rein of plaited Deer's sinews, or Walrus hide, serves at once to drive and to guide him on. Should he flag, it is easy to quicken his pace, by drawing it sharply along his side. The thong is not fastened to his horns, as generally supposed, but round his head, and it is sufficient to throw it over to his right side to make him move on. The traveller is usually bound in the sledge with cords, which prevent his being dislodged when the *pulka* is thrown on its side, an event of hourly occurrence with beginners. With such tackle, it is a doubt which is the greater feat, driving a post-chaise a whole stage without a pole, or bringing a *pulka* down a steep declivity at a gallop, without reaching the bottom before the Deer." The custom is to travel in a long file of sledges; and Sir A. Brooke remarks, that—"The usual travelling pace of the animal, when performing a long journey, is a fast steady trot; for though, occasionally, he will proceed at a gallop for some miles on first starting, or in those situations where the snow is very good, it is natural to suppose that he will gradually relax his pace. The speed of the party, however, is entirely dependent on the foremost Deer, by which the motions of those behind are almost wholly regulated; and I observed, that when we first set off in the morning, the instant the leader had his head at liberty, it almost invariably commenced a full gallop, the rest all following at a similar pace as if moved by one common impulse. This

was kept up by them as long as they remained unexhausted, the driver having little power to stop the animal, from the rein being merely attached in the manner it is to the head. The eagerness of the Deer to set off is frequently followed by ludicrous scenes, the driver being often placed in awkward situations, if he be inattentive, and do not happen to have the rein in his hand at the moment.

"Various conjectures," continues the same author, "having been advanced respecting the speed of this animal, I shall state what I know from my own experience, and the information of those upon whom I can rely. My journey of about 330 miles through Lapland was performed with only two Deer. The distance between Alten and Koutokeino is about 150 miles, and it was accomplished with one Deer in four days. This is unusually slow travelling; but it will be easily accounted for by the bad weather we experienced, and the state of the snow. This distance, however, has been travelled repeatedly in a far shorter space of time. Mr Argaard once returned from Koutokeino to Alten, towards the spring, when the sledging is nearly at an end, in 24 hours, with only a single Deer; and Mr Klink, who resides in the latter place, performed the same journey twice in 13 hours, and once in 14, employing three Deer; which will be considered very fast travelling, particularly by those who are acquainted with his weight. The distance from Koutokeino to Alten has even been performed in a space of time still shorter than what has been just mentioned, by two other merchants of my acquaintance, who returning from Tornea to Alten, upon reaching Koutokeino, rode the journey across the mountain range in 19 hours with only one Deer; the distance, as before stated, being 150 miles. To have accomplished this, the animal must have kept up an average pace of 8 miles an hour the whole way, allowing no time for resting. The most extraordinary instance, however, on record, of the speed of this animal, though it appears little short of an impossibility, is that of the Rein Deer, of which a portrait, with that of its driver, is yet preserved in the palace of Drottningholm; though how far it has been authenticated, it would be difficult to ascertain. The case I here allude to occurred in the year 1690, upon the frontiers of Norway. In consequence of the Norwegians making a sudden and unexpected irruption into the Swedish territory, an officer was dispatched with a sledge and Rein Deer to Stockholm, to carry the intelligence; which he did with such speed, that he performed 124 Swedish (about 800 English) miles in 118 hours: but his faithful animal dropped down lifeless on the Reddarhustorget, just after his arrival in the capital. The bearer of the news, as it is said, was in consequence ennobled, and assumed the name of Rehnstjerna, or Rein Deer star."

Mr Laing states—"The Rein Deer's ordinary load is about 3 cwt., but for a short distance he will carry much more. As to the animal's speed and endurance, the Amtman Blom, who has published very interesting observations made during his residence in Finnmark and his journey in Lapland, takes the liberty of laughing a little at Capt. De Capel Brooke's account of travelling 30 Norwegian (about 210 English) miles in a day. The Amtman says, if the reader divides the number by 3, makes a large deduction if the snow happens to be soft, when the Rein Deer makes very little progress, and a very large deduction if the journey is to be of more than one day, he will come nearer to the truth. The animal neither has, nor from its conformation can have, any considerable power of endurance. The Amtman also laughs at the account of its alleged instinct of leaving the Fjelde once in the summer, and seeking the shore to take a single draught of sea-water, and then returning. "The Rein Deer are taken to the coast, or to the Fjelde, according to the judgment or the fancy of the owner, without regard to season, and thousands never taste salt water." This may be all very well; but the wild ones (as we have seen) migrate regularly to and from the coast at particular seasons, and the tame would doubtless do the same if left to themselves.

Let us hear Mr Dillon on the subject of their speed and endurance. According to this traveller, "sixty miles a day, continued for three or four days, has generally been considered the utmost trial that their exertions could be put to. After a journey of that length, the Laplanders, who have a herd to pick from, rarely use the same deer again that winter." Clarke was informed of 76 miles being accomplished by a Deer attached to a sledge in 6 hours. Brooke continues—"The second part of our journey, from Koutokeino to Muoniouska, in Russia, which was rather a greater extent than the preceding, was performed in 2½ days, the weather being good, the snow in better order, and the country over which we passed far more favorable to expedition, from the general flatness of it. Neither of these journeys, however," continues Brooke, "affords a fair specimen of what a Rein Deer can really perform in point of speed, though the first may be considered a proof of its strength and endurance, under very disadvantageous circumstances. It is well known, besides, what delays are necessarily attendant upon a large number of persons travelling together, and with what greater ease and facility a small party makes its way, unencumbered with much baggage, and dependent only upon itself. It is difficult, indeed, to state to what degree a Rein Deer, under every favorable circumstance of its own powers, state of snow, weather, nature of ground or ice, weight it has to draw, &c., can extend its speed.

"As the distance between Alten and Koutokeino, however, which is a continued chain of lofty mountains, and difficult to pass, has been performed in less than 20 hours, it is certain that if the powers of the Deer had been exerted on different ground, such as the hard surface of a river, a greater space might have been accomplished in the same time. Ten miles are the utmost which I have ever performed in an hour, without putting the Deer once into a gallop. I think, however, that a Deer, with a light weight and pulk, on the level ground, might be made to perform not far short of double this distance at a gallop, though it would not be able to keep it up at farthest more than an hour. The most accurate account of the speed of the Rein Deer is furnished by Pictet, who, when he visited the northern part of Lapland, in 1769, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, was curious to ascertain the point; and having accurately measured a certain distance, he started four Rein Deer, with their drivers, in very light sledges. The following he states as the results. The foremost Deer accomplished 5,397 Paris feet in 6 minutes, passing over thus, in each second, 14 ft. $11\frac{2}{3}$ in. The second Deer performed the same distance in $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes being 11 ft. $11\frac{2}{3}$ in. to each second. The two remaining Deer were distanced. In this race, which took place in March, the depth of snow was a great impediment to the Deer; and a second trial was accordingly made in the following month, upon more favorable ground, with three Deer, the results of which were as follow. The first performed 3089 ft. $18\frac{2}{3}$ in. in 2 minutes, being at the rate of nearly 19 English miles an hour, and thus accomplishing 25 ft. $8\frac{2}{3}$ in. every second. The second did the same in 3 m. 26s. The ground in this race was nearly level."

Sir A. C. Brooke and Mr Dillon have likewise given very interesting and lively narratives, shewing what winter travelling is in Lapland, by means of these creatures. "After proceeding along the river Alten, between 16 and 20 miles," relates the latter author, "we left it to continue its course through ravines, and began the ascent of the mountains. The cold was intense and the weather rather strong; but fortunately the wind blew on our backs, and except when a sudden turn presented our sides to the blast, we escaped much inconvenience. A few seconds, however, in this situation was sufficient to cover our faces with a mark of congealed drift, and to form icicles from our eye-lashes. At one time the wind rose to a whirl-wind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep in sight of one another. We stopped twice in the course of the day, but found no moss, and were obliged to proceed without feeding the Deer. * * * After the short interval of daylight the journey became very

wearisome, as, besides the cattle being hungry and tired, a mist arose which prevented us from forming any idea of what was around us. * * * From a reverie of this kind we were roused by several voices which we heard round us, but we were some time in discovering whence they arose. At length we distinguished dim forms of Rein Deer, which extended on each side of us as far as the eye could pierce the haze, and we learned that they belonged to a train of 200 sledges that were crossing the mountains, conveying merchandise from the coast to the interior. Caravans of this kind are continually traversing the country, which could not be supplied at any other season of the year, as the Rein Deer is of little use for carrying burdens. Each Deer draws 200lbs. after him, and a string of ten requires only the care of one man; they are each tied to the sledge that precedes them, and follow in Indian file. The usual way in which a Rein Deer evinces his fatigue now began to shew itself. The leader who drew the *Wappus's* (or conductor's) sledge kept continually running off the track, and as often the driver was obliged to jump out and drag him by the rein into the right road. As the whole suite followed every step of the leader, on several occasions the tail of the train got entangled with the head, and more than once the Rein Deer that formed the centre were taken off their legs by a sudden jerk from those before and behind them, and dragged some fifty yards on their sides. One awkward Deer, I remember, got the thong that held him entangled round both one of his antlers and fore feet, and in this helpless state was carried along, half throttled, till he was released by the horn breaking off. At last, after an indefinite number of hours, we reached our halting place. Winding a watch, or even taking it out of the pocket, was quite out of the question, as the hands became frost-bitten by exposure without gloves, even for a few minutes. Considering, however, that we had travelled 70 miles since morning, it could not be less than 11 or 12 o'clock when we heard the welcome news that we had finished our day's work." And this too, without halting once in the journey! This author remarks, that, "prior to the regular shedding of their antlers, many lose them from some accident or other, and it is rare to see a considerable number of them together, without marking a good proportion with only one, and not a few totally deprived of that ornament, and bearing a great resemblance to calves." But as this was in winter, we presume that the latter were chiefly the old bucks that had naturally cast them.

We must quote a few incidents also from Sir Arthur De Capel Brooke's adventurous narrative: it is necessary to do so, that the achievements of the Rein Deer should be appreciat-

ed duly. The party of which Sir Arthur formed a part, had to travel from Alten to Stockholm in sledges. They left Alten, but, at a distance of some miles, found themselves stopped by one of the streams being still unfrozen. Some of the party, among whom was our traveller, returned to Alten to pass the night, while others took up their quarters in the cottage of a Zealander, where the rendezvous was to take place again early next morning. About nine o'clock the journey was to be again commenced. "The morning was cold and stormy; I was jaded, miserably tired for want of rest, and just on the point of being tied to the tail of a wild deer, and dragged at random in the dark, in a kind of cock-boat, some hundred miles across the trackless snows of Lapland. Our pulks were ranged together in close order, and the wappus or guide having performed the last office for us, by tying each of us in as fast as possible, and giving us the rein, jumped into his own, and then slightly touching the deer with his thong, the whole of them started off like lightning.

"The want of light rendered it difficult to distinguish the direction in which we were going, and I therefore left it entirely to my deer to follow the rest of the herd, which he did with the greatest rapidity, whirling the pulk behind him. I soon found how totally impossible it was to preserve the balance necessary to prevent its overturning, owing to the rate we were going at, and the roughness of the surface in parts where the snow had drifted away; the pulk frequently making a sudden bound of some hundred yards, when the deer was proceeding down a smooth slippery declivity. In the space of the first two hundred yards I was prostrate in the snow several times, the pulk righting again by my suddenly throwing my weight on the opposite side. My attention was too deeply engaged by my own situation, to observe particularly that of my fellow travellers, or to be able to assist them. The deer appeared, at first setting off, to be running away in all directions, and with their drivers alternately sprawling in the snow. As I passed Mr Heinchen's deer at full speed, I observed, to my great wonder, the former turned completely over in his pulk, without appearing to sustain any damage, or his deer at all to relax its pace. My turn was now arrived; and as we were descending a trifling declivity, and about to enter the fir-forest, a sudden jerk threw the pulk so completely on its broadside, that I was unable to recover it, and I was dragged in this manner for a considerable distance, reclining on my right side, and ploughing up the snow, which formed a cloud around me, from the quick motion of the vehicle. To render my situation more helpless, on losing my balance I had lost also the rein, and though I saw it dancing in the snow within an inch of my

hands, I was unable, from the position I lay in, to recover it. Notwithstanding the great increase of the weight, the deer relaxed but little of his speed, making greater exertions the more he felt the impediment. The depth of the snow, however, in parts, exhausted the animal, and he at length stopped for an instant, breathless, and turned round to gaze upon his unfortunate master. I began to fear that I was now going to receive some punishment for my awkwardness; but, after resting a moment, he again proceeded. In the meantime, I had been enabled to recover the rein, as well as to place myself once more in an upright posture, and we continued our way with increased speed."

This accident, however, threw our traveller behind, and he did not overtake the party until a halt had been called to collect the stragglers; and we find them now upon the banks of the Aiby Elv, a stream which was still open in the centre, and which they were obliged to cross. This was managed as follows:—

"The Laplanders, to whom these obstacles are trifles, prepared without hesitation to leap each deer with its driver and sledge over together. This seemed no less difficult than hazardous; indeed it appeared quite impracticable, from the width of the unfrozen part, which was about seven feet, and in the centre of the stream. The whole breadth of the Aiby Elv here might perhaps be twenty feet, and on each side there was a short precipitous bank, the space between that on which we were and the open part being about six or seven feet, the ice of which appeared firm and thick.

"The Wappus now getting out of his pulk, stationed himself near the open part;" and the sledges then advancing, each deer was urged forward by his driver to the utmost of his speed, descending the declivity at full gallop. Nothing less than such an impetus could have carried us across, from the heavy load of the sledge and driver. The force which its own weight gave it, being thus so greatly increased by the speed of the deer, and the icy smoothness of the banks, it made of itself so great a bound on coming to the open space, as in most instances to gain the firm part of the opposite ice, and by the strength of the deer was dragged up the opposite side. The first three or four took their leaps in fine style, carrying their drivers completely and safely over. The one immediately before me failed in the latter respect; for though it cleared the open part, yet the sledge, from its weight or some other cause, not making a sufficient bound, the fore-part of it alone reached the firm ice; and the hinder, with its driver, was consequently immersed in the water, till the deer, by main strength, extricated it from its awkward situation. I relied greatly on mine, from its size; and

fortunately was not disappointed, as it conveyed me safely across, both deer and sledge clearing the entire space."

At night the party, twenty-three in number, halted in a birch-thicket at the base of the Finnmark or Lapland Alps. The weather changed to a storm of wind and snow; but after much consultation, it was determined to proceed, and attempt the crossing of the Solivara mountains. The ascent was very tedious, from the steepness and the newly fallen snow; and the weather came on so thick, that the guide thought it advisable not to attempt crossing the summit. In the course of an hour, however, the fog cleared away, and it was determined again to proceed, after a short halt, to recruit the strength of the jaded Deer.

"Our halt scarcely exceeded a quarter of an hour; but, before the expiration of this, our twilight had failed us, and the arch of heaven was studded with twinkling lights. We had no time to lose; for we had yet many a weary stretch of mountains before we should arrive at any place that would afford us wood for our night's bivouack. The evening star, which shone brightly, cheered our lonely way, as we glided along the frozen top of the Solivara, the highest of the Finnmark Alps. The snow on its bleak surface was hard as adamant, and our deer, refreshed by the rest they had made, flew swiftly along. We had at this time accomplished about half the distance to the commencement of the descent on the opposite side of the mountains. Hitherto we had considered ourselves fortunate in the clearness of the weather, but we were now about to experience a striking reverse. Our guides, with the usual caution of these people when crossing the mountains, on looking to the westward discovered a small misty appearance, which slightly obscured that quarter, and seemed to be approaching us. I probably never would have discovered it myself. The Laplanders, however, know too well by experience what these mists portend, and are too fully aware of the danger of meeting with them, not to keep a constant look out. In an instant we were in confusion; our guide quickly made known the approach of the enemy in the rear, and the immediate necessity there was of pushing forward at the utmost speed to which we could put the Deer.

"The guide coming to me, and whispering in my ear with a seeming mystery, gave me a piece of advice of some importance. The fog, said he with earnestness, would shortly overtake us, and when that happened, he briefly counselled me to halloo on my Deer as fast as it could gallop,—to mind no other person, and never to be in the rear. My Deer, indeed, was one of the best and fleetest of the herd, and I was now so expert in the management of both animal and pulk, that I felt tolera-

bly confident I should not be the hindmost, except some accident occurred. Fastening, therefore, the end of the rein tightly round my arm, to prevent dropping it, I followed the example of the Wappus, flanking the sides of the animal to increase its speed. The whole party did the same, and redoubled their swiftness. Two stars in the south-east had hitherto served as steering points; all around us, however, became quickly obscured. The fog overtook us in our career, and in a few minutes the heavenly bodies were no longer visible. Our confusion was now greatly increased; we were suddenly enveloped in a dense mist, and were unable to descry our nearest neighbours. Our speed, notwithstanding, was unrelaxed, and it was a complete helter skelter race in the dark, every one minding himself. The utility of the Deer's bells was here fully shewn, since without them half our party would probably have been lost.

"In this manner we scampered along the top of the Solivara, bewildered and dreading lest the mist should be succeeded by the snow drift. By the inclination of the ground, our foremost guide perceived that we were now coming to the descent of the range, and for the first time was sensible, that the darkness had brought us into a part of the mountains with which he was unacquainted. This unpleasant intelligence made us proceed step by step with the utmost caution, till we found our progress suddenly arrested. The foremost Deer had reached the brink of a precipice, and had stopped from instinct. We had fortunately relaxed from our usual pace, or the whole party would have been over. We now turned in a different direction, to endeavour to find a part where the descent was more gradual. This was not easy, on account of the darkness, and every step was pregnant with danger. In a few moments I heard a confused noise among the foremost sledges, and had little time for preparation, when I found myself suddenly descending a precipitous part of the mountain. The surface was smooth as glass, and both Deer and sledge glided down like lightning. It was in vain to attempt to stop the latter. The velocity it acquired in a few yards from the weight alone was so great, that it quickly overtook the animal that had drawn it. His legs being now hampered by the traces between them, the Deer in consequence fell, and the pulk swinging round in a different direction, came on its side, and in an instant rolled like a ball. In this manner it continued its descent, and dragged the Deer along with it. The surface of the snow was fortunately smooth, and I rolled along with the pulk with comparative ease; the lowness of it greatly increasing the facility with which it performed its evolutions while the quickness with which these took place, made me hardly sensible of them.

"During this time the situation of the other sledges was similar, and the cry of Wappus! was now heard from all quarters. The guide, as soon as he could extricate himself, came to our aid, setting the Deer again on their legs. We now collected at the bottom, in a state of alarm naturally occasioned by this sudden and unexpected descent. The damage sustained, however, was trifling, and, singular to relate, no one had sustained the least hurt."

After many more adventures of the kind, which our limits now forbid us to transcribe, the party arrived in safety at their destination, surmounting thus a variety of formidable obstacles, and on better ground "proceeding so steadily and quietly, that the act of driving became merely holding the rein, which was at last so tedious, that some of the party behind lashed their Deer to the sledge before, the whole keeping up a long steady trot." No other conveyance would suit for traversing such a country, and no animal but the Rein Deer could serve the same purposes so well; for Dogs, such as the Esquimaux and some other northern nations employ to draw sledges, could not be maintained in sufficient number in Lapland, it does not appear how food could be ensured for them in their protracted journeys, nor could their combined strength overcome the difficulties of ground which individual Deer surmount, however remarkable their sagacity. The advantage of the Rein Deer is indeed immensely enhanced by the capability which they have of finding their own food in those dreary solitudes; nor is their intelligence so much inferior, as may be gathered from the foregoing recitals. The individuals of a herd evince an excessive attachment for each other, and implicitly follow the guidance of an old male through every circumstance of danger and difficulty. This leader the herdsman directs by a whistle; and a look or a stamp of the foot will make the rest obey with promptitude and docility. In the language and dialects of the Laplanders, no less than 76 different names of this animal or of its various states have been enumerated.*

Its enemies are the Wolf and the Bear, and it has been said especially the Wolverine or Glutton, which is reported to drop down upon them from the branch of some tree when they are off their guard.† In the wild state, remarks Sir J. Franklin, "the herds are attended in their migrations by bands of Wolves, which destroy a great many of them:" but they suffer most from insects,

* Vide, according to Col. C. Hamilton Smith, "*Nemnich Allgemeines Polyglotten Lexicon der Natur Geschichte*," under the head *Cervus tarandus*.

† Such at least is the old story, first promulgated by Isbrand; though it does not appear to have been confirmed by recent observation.

and especially the gadfly (*Oestrus tarandus* and *Æ. nasalis*.) "It is only during winter," remarks the Hon. A. Dillon, "that the Rein Deer enjoy any comfort, as even moderate cold is insufficient for them. The great heat of the northern summer subjects them to much pain, and brings with it their special plague in the form of a gadfly. Linnæus, in his *Flora Lapponica*, describes the mode in which this insect tortures the Rein Deer. About the beginning of July, when they shed their coat, the hair on the back is erect. The *Oestrus* flutters the whole day over the herd, and takes the opportunity of dropping upon them an egg, scarcely the size of a mustard-seed. The state of the coat at this season favours its admission, and fostered by the heat of the part, a larva is produced that finds its way into the flesh, and continues there the winter, increasing to the bulk of an acorn. As the warm weather comes on, it becomes restive, and worries the poor animal almost to madness, till it has eaten its way through the skin. Six or eight of these tormentors, and sometimes even more, fall to the share of each Deer: the young; after their first winter, are most subject to their attacks; and Linnæus adds, that a third or fourth part of the calves fall victims to this annoyance, which is known among the Laplanders by the name of *Kurbma*. As soon as the hum of an *Oestrus* is heard, the greatest confusion is manifested by the herd; they fly from the obnoxious insect, running against the wind, and driving from them any unfortunate individual who has received the unlucky windfall. While suffering under the irritation of the gnawing, they rush madly into the sea, and feel some relief while under water." It is a mistaken notion, however, to suppose that the vernal migration of the Rein Deer is occasioned by the prevalence of these insects in the interior of the country, as has currently been asserted; for, as Capt. Lyen notices of them in the wild state,—“It is not until the herds have reached the sea-coast, or the still more remote islands which form the limit of their summer journey, that the larvæ deposited in their skins and fauces (the latter said to be *Oestrus nasalis*) in the preceding season, become perfect insects and take wing; and in a short period thereafter those of another brood are deposited. Hence, as the Barren-ground variety do not return to the woods until November, when the insects are put to rest for the season, it is clear that they never hear the sound of the gadfly in the woody country.”* Another popular error, continues the same observer,

* Sir J. Franklin, on the other hand, mentions a “Musquito,” which chases the Bison on the plains, irritating them to madness, and the Rein Deer to the sea shore, from which they do not return until the scourge has ceased.” Narrative of 2d Expedition, p. 137.

"consists in the supposition that the female is provided with antlers, for the purpose of clearing away the snow. This affords no explanation of the fact, that the old males lose them before the snow has attained its greatest depth ;" neither do any of these, that we can learn, employ their antlers for this purpose. The natural desire to assign the special cause for each phenomenon is particularly apt to betray students of Natural History into mistakes, or overhasty surmises of this kind. The gadfly infests the Woodland equally with the Barren-ground Caribou ; as also, according to Sir J. Franklin, the Wapiti Stag ; but not the Moose or Bison : nor have its larvæ ever been found upon the wild Sheep or Goat of the Rocky Mountains, "although the Rein Deer found in those parts (which, by the way, are of an unusually large kind,) are as much tormented by them as those of the coast." A few, it appears, are occasionally killed in the spring, whose skins are entire ; and these are always fat, whereas the others are lean at that season.

The wild Rein Deer, observes Sir J. Franklin, "have a quick eye, but the hunter by keeping to leeward and using a little caution, may approach very near them ; their apprehension being much more easily roused by the smell than by the sight of an unusual object. Indeed their curiosity often causes them to come close up to and wheel around the hunter, thus affording him a good opportunity of singling out the fattest of the herd ; and upon these occasions they often become so confused by the shouts and gestures of their enemy, that they run backwards and forwards with great rapidity, but without the power of making their escape. The Copper Indians find that a white dress attracts them most readily, and they often succeed in bringing them within shot, by kneeling and vibrating the gun from side to side, in imitation of the motion of a Deer's antlers, when he is in the act of rubbing his head against a stone."

The native tribes of N. America have indeed been fertile in expedients for capturing and killing these animals, which are destroyed by them on so vast a scale, that a single family of Indians will sometimes kill two or three hundred in a few weeks. The havoc that is made among them in winter alone, remarks Hearne, "is almost incredible ; and as they are never" (or very seldom) "known to have more than one young at a time, it is wonderful they do not become scarce ; but so far is this from being the case, that the oldest Northern Indians will affirm that, the Deer are as plentiful now as they ever have been ; and though they are remarkably scarce some years near Churchill river, yet it is said, and with great probability of truth, that they are more plentiful in some parts of the country than they were formerly. The scarcity or abundance of these animals in dit-

ferent places at the same season is caused, in a great measure, by the winds which have prevailed for some time before," which influence their wanderings as already noticed. They are taken by snares, or shot by the bow and arrow, being approached by stealth, or driven into the passes, where an ambuscade lies in wait for them; or, as they freely take to the waters of the rivers and lakes, a herd is enclosed upon a neck of land, when as they attempt to escape by swimming, they are followed by canoes, and speared from beyond the reach of the stroke of their hind-feet, which if it took full effect would infallibly founder the frail birch-rind craft employed for the purpose. The Esquimaux shoot them with arrows, and exhibit great patience in waylaying their prey; and the natives of Boothia destroy a considerable number of the fawns, which they hunt with dogs, the does themselves often falling victims to maternal attachment. The snares made use of are simple nooses, formed in a rope made of twisted sinew, and they are placed in the aperture of a slight hedge, constructed of the branches of trees where these are procurable; this mode of capture being chiefly resorted to in their winter-quarters. "The hedge is disposed so as to form several winding compartments, and although it is by no means strong, the Deer seldom attempt to break through it. The herd is led into the labyrinth by two converging rows of poles, and one is generally caught at each of the openings by the noose placed there. The hunter too, lying in ambush, stakes some of them with his bayonet as they pass by, and the whole herd frequently becomes his prey. Where wood is scarce, a piece of turf turned up answers the purpose of a pole to direct them to the snares." As they are so inquisitive as to examine any object to which they are unaccustomed, the hunter trusts to this in many of his manœuvres; and creeping behind some object of partial concealment, he imitates the bellow of the animal, having his Deer-skin coat and hood over his head, and rarely shoots before his victim has approached within a dozen paces. The most ingenious method of taking them, however, is that mentioned by Sir J. Richardson, as practised by the inhabitants to the southward of Chesterfield Inlet. It is by a trap made of snow and ice. "The sides of the trap are built of slabs of snow, cut as if for a snow-house. An inclined plane of snow leads to the entrance of the pit, which is about four feet deep, and of sufficient dimensions to contain two or three large Deer. The pit is covered with a thin large slab of snow, which the animal is enticed to tread upon, by a quantity of the lichens on which it feeds being placed conspicuously on an eminence beyond the opening. The exterior of the trap is banked up with snow, so as to resemble a natural hillock, and care is taken to render it so

steep on all sides but one, that the Deer must pass over the mouth of the trap before it can reach the bait. The slab is sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a Deer, until it has passed the middle, when it revolves on two short axles of wood, precipitates the Deer into the trap and returns to its place again in consequence of the lower end being heavier than the other." Another mode still is described by Hearne by which these important animals are brought within reach of the more imperfect weapons of the Indians,—that of driving them into a pound, as is also done with the Bison. A fence, or the appearance of it, is placed in the form of an angle, the entrance being wide; and into which, when the herds enter, they are impelled forward by a noise behind, until they are gradually enclosed in the centre-fold. In the present instance, the centre-fold or pound is sometimes a mile in circumference, and is intersected with brush and fences, in which snares made of thongs of Rein Deer skins are fixed, and in which, when entangled, they are easily speared.*

But few wild animals of this species remain in Lapland, though herds of these are still found in Dalecarlia, and across the whole northern territory of Russia to Kamtschatka; abounding in Nova Zembla, and even (as we have seen) in the remote islands of Spitzbergen, to which they cross in their poleward migration. According to Brooke, the wild are still abundant in the Dovre, Hardangen, and other lofty mountain ranges of Scandinavia; and old Pontopiddan states that, in his time, "they ran at Harangerske Sneefjelde in flocks of 1, 2 or 300 together, so that with one shot you may kill three or four." Mr. Laing remarks, that "the wild race in Norway, comes considerably further south than the tame, being found at Dovre-fjelde and Bergen Amt, as well as to the north." Cuvier has shewn by a laborious investigation, that during the historic or human period they never in Europe extended further south than the Baltic and the northern parts of Poland; but undoubted fossil remains of the Rein Deer have since been found in the S. W. of England (Devon).† At present, however, as Sir C. Lyell remarks, this animal "can scarcely exist to the south of the 65th parallel in Scandinavia; but descends, in consequence of the greater coldness of the climate, to the 50th in Chinese Tartary, and often roves into a country of a more southern latitude than any part of England." According to Dr. Godman, "Rein Deer often pass, in summer, by the chain of the Aleutian Islands, from Behring's Straits to Kamtschatka, subsisting on the moss found on these

* For a notice of Caribou hunting, vide 'India Sporting Review' for June 1845, p. 135.

† Vide Owen's 'British Fossil Mammals and Birds,' 8vo. p. 479.

islands during their passage."* Their most southern residence in America is the northern part of Canada; and they exist in Greenland, Labrador, and Newfoundland. Pennant and Langsdorff mention them as inhabitants of the Pacific coast of North America, where however, they do not appear to range so far to the southward as in Labrador. They of course occur in the Russian territory in the N. W.; and in some seasons of the year in New Caledonia, or the country drained by Frazer's River.†

In Iceland they were first introduced in 1773; and they have succeeded so well, and are now so abundant in the island, that Sir G. Mackenzie states (in his work on that country) that they are not unfrequently seen among the mountains in herds of 60 or 100 together: and Sir C. Lyell cites the history of their introduction there, as "an example of the rapidity with which a large tract may become peopled with the offspring of a single pair of quadrupeds. In the year 1773, thirteen Rein Deer were imported from Norway, only three of which reached Iceland. These were turned loose into the mountains of Guldbringè Syssel, where they multiplied so greatly, in the course of 40 years, that it was not uncommon to meet with herds consisting of 40 to 100, in various districts." "If a loser by its connexion with man in Lapland," observes a modern writer, "Iceland will be this creature's paradise. There is, in the interior, a tract which Sir J. Mackenzie computes at not less than 40,000 square miles, without a single human habitation, and almost entirely unknown to the natives themselves. There are no Wolves: the Icelanders will keep out the Bears; and the Rein Deer, being almost unmolested by man,

* Pennant stated that they are not found in the islands that lie between Asia and America, though numerous in Kamtschatka. The Koreki, a nation bordering on the latter country, are said to keep numerous tame herds, some rich individuals possessing herds to the enormous extent of 10 or 12,000!

† Beechey. Referring to Dekay's 'Natural History of N. York,' this author states—"It is with much hesitation that I include the Rein Deer in the *Fauna* of our state; but the representations of hunters lead me to suspect, that when the yet unexplored parts of the state have been more thoroughly examined, its existence may be disclosed. Pennant, in his time, asserted that the Rein Deer was not found further south than the most northern part of Canada. Charlevoix, however, saw one killed at Quebec. The specimen in the cabinet of the Medical College at Albany came from Nova Scotia; and Harlan asserts that it does not pass the state of Maine into the United States, implying its existence there." Prof. Emmons observes.—"It is only a few years since this animal appeared in the northern parts of Vermont and N. Hampshire; from which it is not unreasonable to infer, that in earlier times it may have passed still further south. Its gregarious habits and unsuspicious character would seem to ensure its speedy destruction, when placed within the reach of man."

will have no enemy whatever, unless it has brought with it its own tormenting gadfly." The introduction of such an animal, however, and especially its domestication, should indeed render the district as habitable as are other desolate wilds in which man contrives to maintain his existence, and with even a fair share of comfort and enjoyment.

Attempts have also been made, but hitherto unsuccessfully, to introduce the breed of the Rein Deer into the British Islands; where, with judicious management in the first instance, it appears they may be reared, for they breed freely and do not suffer from the climate, at least of the south of England when moderately protected. "Their migratory propensity," Colonel C. H. Smith thinks, "would seem to offer the main obstacle, inasmuch as they, perhaps, require to visit the sea coast in spring; which intimates that the Scottish Isles would be an appropriate residence, over some of which they might enjoy as much freedom as in Lapland. Not that they could be rendered servicable, however, in North Britain; further than that their venison being of finest quality, might of itself be a sufficient inducement with some proprietors of moorland. Should they again be brought over on so large a scale as was attempted by the late Mr Bullock," writes Col. Smith in 1827, "it is to be hoped that no ridiculous custom-house difficulties will a second time impede the landing of them till a large proportion had perished on shipboard;* and that a suitable part of the country be selected for the purpose, where they might be at once turned out, and tended, as before, by persons who understood the management of them."

That the migratory propensity offers no serious obstacle, may be inferred from the Amtman Blom's statement before quoted, that in Lapland many are never brought down to the sea: and they appear to thrive tolerably in menageries. The real difficulty is as stated by Mr. Laing; who remarks that "several attempts have been made to introduce Rein Deer into the Highlands of Scotland, but without success. This is not owing to the want of food, for the animal eats grass and hay as well as moss, because there is nothing else to live on in the Fjelde. Nor is it owing to its habits; for, when domesticated, it is considerably less wild, and wanders less than our black-faced Sheep. It is more tame, free from alarm or shyness, than a West Highland Cow. The cause of the failure, I suspect, is the nature of the hair and skin of the animal. The former does not throw off wet well, and even parts from the skin after any continuance of moisture.

* The late Col. Montagu had a pair of Golden Eagles detained several days, till it was decided by reference to London that they did not come under the duty upon singing birds!

With our damp climate and wet ground, the animal would be drenched through the hair to the skin for weeks together, and would die of cold and rot, as our Sheep often do in wet seasons. In Norway the heavy rains occur in spring, or autumn, at which seasons what is rain below is dry snow higher up in the Fjelde. Our highest hills do not afford in summer this kind of refuge from rain and damp to an animal whose coat keeps out any degree of cold, but will not stand continued moisture. In Iceland, the Rein Deer were introduced by the Danish Government, about the middle of the last century ; but these are understood to have proved a nuisance instead of a benefit. They have not the Wolf to check the tendency of their population to exceed the means of subsistence, and they have multiplied so as to devour the summer pastures on which the inhabitants depend for their cattle ; and having been allowed to run wild, they are of no use." The remedy seems to be, to cultivate the animal whose structural adaptations suit it to the country, and which requires comparatively little tending, *i. e.* the Rein Deer, rather than the animal whose constitution is not suited to the country, and needs a great deal of tending, *i. e.* the Cow : for it certainly would seem that a greater number of human beings might be maintained in comparative comfort upon the Rein Deer than upon common cuttle, in a country like Iceland ; though the Yak would perhaps suit better than either : and to rear Cows in Iceland for profit, seems very like doing the same with Rein Deer in England or France ; an object perhaps to be achieved by dint of great care and attention, but the necessity of which is superceded by the presence of another animal far better suited to the latitude and climate.

How far the Rein Deer would succeed on the Alps or the Himalaya is another problem, which experiment is required to solve ; and the assumed necessity of its having to migrate to the sea-coast is of course unfavorable to the prospect of success.

On reviewing the history of this species, there is one reflection that occurs with peculiar force, and should be constantly borne in mind by persons interested in the domestication of animals. The Rein Deer is one of those few domestic creatures which are known to exist in a state of aboriginal freedom ; and it may well be asked, that if we knew it only as the prey of the N. American Indians, would not that person be deemed a visionary who should suppose that it might be tamed, milked, driven in harness, and thus brought to supply the place of all other domestic cattle to the inhabitant of the arctic wilds ? He would assuredly be told, that the Deer family, as a group, are not adapted for domestication and servitude : but have they ever been fairly tried

in any other instance? Mr Bullock exhibited the Wapiti or great American Stag in harness, and the European Stag has been thus driven in Germany; though where Horses could be worked these latter must, in general, supercede every other beast for purposes of this kind, unless Bovine cattle for heavy draught, as here in India. The Elk, however, might still (there is reason to suppose) be advantageously so employed in certain regions, as it already has been, according to report with success: but we do not pretend to argue that any advantage would accrue from domesticating the various ordinary Deer, contending merely for its general practicability, with proper management, and against such *primâ facie* objections as would equally have applied to the wild Rein Deer, had there been none also tame. Be it observed that the imperfect males of the latter are those which are chiefly put to labour, while the females of all ruminants are commonly gentle. And if the Stag is dangerous at any season, so also is the domestic Bull not unfrequently; and even the Camel, and the Elephant: but the antlers of the first might be sawn off, if necessary, as is often done in menageries; and it would be easy enough to find means of restraining the few entire males required, either temporarily or permanently, supposing it desirable that their species should be reclaimed.

But to apply the tenour of these remarks suggested by the condition of the Rein Deer in America, as contrasted with what has been effected with it elsewhere. Whether or not the Stags might be usefully broken in, there certainly are some splendid sheath-horned ruminants, as pre-eminently the great *Elund-bok* or *Impoofu* (*Boselaphus oreas*) of S. Africa, which beyond all doubt might be domesticated with advantage; instead of being hunted down to extermination, as would seem to be the prospect of this fine animal at present: nor could the amount of advantage of reclaiming a wild species be well predicated in all cases, either with respect to products, as will sufficiently appear when we remember that the invaluable fleece of the Sheep has doubtless been entirely developed by domestication (for no wild *Ovis* is known to possess it), or properties, as in the instance of the heavy dray-horse, which beyond all question is as much an artificial animal as the long-wooled Sheep or a puny lady's Lap-dog. It is a curious fact, that civilized nations (so far as known), though reaping such incalculable advantages from their domestic animals, have added not even one species to their number; unless it may be the very trivial exception of the Guinea-fowl by the Romans! Even the domestic races derived from America prove no exception to this rule; for the original stocks of the Llama and Alpaca of the Andes are unknown (being certainly neither the Guahaco, nor, still less, the diminutive Vi-

cugna); nor is the origin even of the domestic Guinea-pig satisfactorily ascertained with respect to the exact wild species, of several from which it may have derived, this little useless creature having been discovered in the domestic state running about the dwellings of the aborigines of the southern continent; and lastly the Turkey itself, considered the most valuable domestic animal contributed by the Western world, and still there abundant in a state of nature, was found by the Spaniards domesticated in Hispaniola, and from that tame stock has the farm yard produce of other parts of the world exclusively descended!

But we must not suffer ourselves to be enticed into a disquisition upon this fertile subject, though prepared to say a good deal about it: and we might go even further and cite an instance in excess as it were of the rule enunciated, being that of the Camels which the Moors had established in Granada, and which were suffered to become extinct by their Christian successors, either from prejudice, neglect, or mismanagement. It is partly the abrupt and utter change which an animal of wild race has to undergo when brought within the sphere of an all-pervading civilization; but more the unsystematic manner and the inadequate scale of experiment in which attempts of the kind have been hitherto conducted, that have marred those attempts in the hands of civilized people. The transition which our present domestic animals would seem to have generally undergone, from a pure state of nature to that of associate of the savage hunter, or half-savage herdsman (individuals, perhaps, being originally reared and brought up tame, without any definite object further than as pets); and these wild or semi-wild people inhabiting the indigenous haunts of their cattle, and scarcely—for a while—influencing their natural habits, as indeed may now be observed of the common Buffalo of India, and particularly of the Gayal (*Bos frontalis*) in the hill ranges eastward of the Brahmaputra;—this easy transition is a gradual means of domestication which would seem incompatible with extensive tillage of the ground, and the greatly increased human population which this involves: and thus, as I take it, an explanation of the remarkable truth may be derived, of civilized people not domesticating, but on the contrary inconsiderately persecuting, all the large wild animals. And the transition state of mankind, chiefly induced by the acquisition of tamed herds (upon which the owners can ordinarily rely for sustenance), has hitherto been the usual and almost sole indirect means of reacting upon the latter in the first instance; the animals becoming gradually acclimatized to new countries, and falling into varieties as their possessors or rather themselves have spread, by degrees also becoming more dependent generally in

proportion to the change, and in a great measure to the uses to which they have been put.

Of the Rein Deer, we have only further to remark, that a careful comparison of its permanent varieties (?) by a competent naturalist is much needed, and also some observations on the antlers of the *heavers* or imperfect males. We may notice also that Von Wrangell mentions "an animal found along the shores of the Polar Sea, the head of which bears a strong resemblance to that of the Rein Deer, differing from it in the size and form of its antlers, which descend and turn up towards the extremity. This brief enigmatical notice would seem to refer to, perhaps, an undescribed species of the subdivision *Tarandus*, about which we have been unable to obtain further information.

Addendum.—Having been led to identify the Barren-ground Caribou of the N. W. corner of America as the same particular race as the Rein Deer of Lapland, it was with particular interest that we chanced to peruse the following remarks of Sir J. Richardson, in the introduction to the first volume of the *Fauna America-borealis*, upon the physical resemblance of the two countries. "The small Caribou, or Rein Deer," he remarks, "and the Musk Ox, are the principal and characteristic inhabitants of these lands*"; and the description by Linnæus, of the Lapland deserts frequented by the Rein Deer, applies with perfect accuracy to this corner of America. 'Nullum vegetabile in totta Lappona tanta in copia reperitur, ac hæc lichenis species (*Cenomyce rangiferina*, or Rein Deer moss,) 'et quidem primario in sylvis, ubi campi steriles arenosi vel glareosi, paucis pinis consiti; ibi enim non modo vidibis campos per spatium unius horæ, sed sæpe duorum triumve miliarium†, nivis instar albos, solo fere hocce lichene obductos'. 'Hi Lichene obsiti campi, quos *terram damnatum* diceret peregrinus, hi sunt Lapponum agri, hæc prata eorum fertilissima, adeo ut felicem se prædicet possessor provincię talis sterilissimæ, atque Lichene obsitæ.' "Being destitute of fur-bearing animals," adds Sir J. Richardson, no settlements have been formed within the Barren-grounds by the traders; and a few wretched families of Chipewyans, termed, from their mode of subsistence, 'Caribou-eaters,' are the only human beings who reside constantly upon them. Were any one to penetrate into these lands, they might address him with propriety in the words used by the Lapland woman to Linnæus, when he

* Other quadruped inhabitants are the Polar Bear, and a Brown Bear very like the European, if not identical with it; the Wolverine, Stoat or Ermine, and Vison; N. American Otter; Arctic Wolves, and Fox or Isatis; and several small rodents, chiefly Voles and Lemmings, with the Musquash, and the Polar Hare.

† The Swedish mile is $5\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

reached her hut, exhausted by hunger and the fatigue of travelling through interminable marshes. 'O thou poor man, what hard destiny can have brought thee hither, to a place never visited by any one before ! This is the first time I ever beheld a stranger. Thou miserable creature ! How didst thou come, and whither wilt thou go ?'* Parties of Indians occasionally cross these wilds in going from the Athapescow to Fort Churchill, but they almost always experience great privations ; and very often lose some of their number by famine." Surely the domesticated Rein Deer would prove a blessing to the inhabitants of such a region !

Between these Barren-grounds and Lake Superior lies the extent of wooded country, tenanted by the Woodland Caribou, which race we greatly suspect inhabits similar districts in Siberia. The quadruped inhabits of this region are more numerous, and some of the arctic species are replaced by their congeners of more temperate climes ; but though the Musk Ox disappears, the Bison does not extend even there ; yet the common Hare of the United States replaces the Polar Hare, and the Deer group is further represented by the Moose or true Elk only. For minuter details of these regions, vide the excellent work cited.

ZOOPHILUS.

* *Lachesia Lapponica*, p. 145.

SHOEING HORSES WITHOUT NAILS.

In one of the last numbers of the *Veterinarian*, there is an account of a new method of "shoeing horses without nails," by W. Parry. As few of your readers, I expect, see the above journal, I have been induced to send an account of the said method, so if you think fit, insert it in your next No.

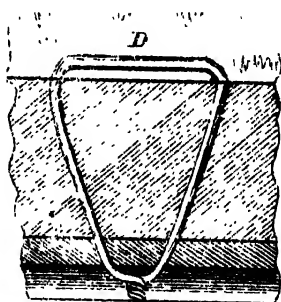
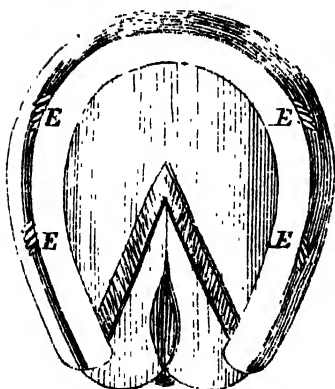
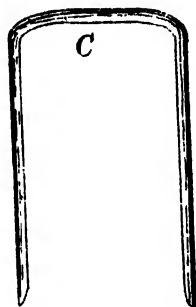
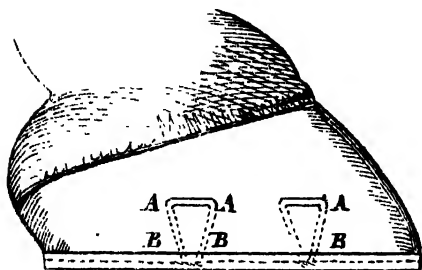
The invention consists of the common fullered shoe fastened on with iron-wire staples,—(the wire having undergone the process of annealing)—introduced into the wall of the hoof AA. through holes bored into it with a fine steel drill, taking nearly the same direction and course as nails do. The wire is put in from above, so that the ends emerge within the canal of the fullering at BB., where by means of pliers they are brought into contact and twisted together, and the twist afterwards turned and beaten down singly, within the canal EE.

The wire staples are inserted on either side, the number being left to the judgment of the practitioner. At page 286, Mr Parry says, "If the plan of removing a small portion of the fibre of the hoof, with scientific accuracy and precision, by the gentle use of a fine round instrument, such as a drill, shall inflict more injury upon the hoof than a nail driven into it with muscular force, the invention will probably perish. Furthermore, if the nail secures the shoe to the foot well and satisfactorily, whilst the method proposed proves a shaky and unsafe fastening, the invention must perish. Again, if it comes forth tainted with the sins of high price and complication, making war on the pockets, the time and the brains of the million, the invention must perish. But, if it be found that the staple gives a more secure fastening than the clench; if it be found that the quiet and easy working of the drill silences *the ring of the nail in the hoof*, upon which the experienced farrier of the present day reposes his trust to avoid piercing the region of sensation; if the eye should be discovered to be a better organ than the ear to guide us in a doubtful operation on animal life; if it be seen that the shoe may be removed to-day, and replaced to-morrow, still leaving the hoof in *the same state of integrity* that it possessed yesterday: finally, if, combined with the foregoing advantages, it be found that this invention possesses the three essential characteristics of simplicity of design, facility of execution, and efficiency of purpose, then shall my new system of horse-shoeing live and prevail, until another and a better method is discovered to supersede both that and the one which, perhaps, may now be closing its long career." I am having some wire prepared,

and a steel drill made, and intend giving the above method a "fair and impartial" trial, and will send you the result.

W. A. G. H.

2nd Sept. 1849.



C. represents the wire staple. D. shews the course the staple takes through the hoof, with its approaching ends twisted together within the fullering.

A VOLLEY ON VULTURES.

I willingly concede to every man what I claim for myself, the freest range of thought and expression ; to quarrel with one who thinks differently from ourselves would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own.

LAURENCE.

Story Lord bless you !

I have none to tell, Sir,

Only——

CANNING.

A kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions.

SHAKESPEAR.

We have not the conceit to pretend to set at rest the momentous matter so long and so bitterly contested by rival ornithologists, (bird fanciers ?) videlicet, by virtue of the exercise of what *particular* sense, or what sense *in particular* the Vulture discovereth of his prog the whereabouts : or even to hazard a guess how it may in the end be determined ; whether by the nosing* thereof, as doth Ponto our faithful old Pointer dog, or by the sighting thereof, after the manner of Snowball our Greyhound. To us, notwithstanding all that hath been said or sung, and the scores of grey-goose quills that have been stumped out in writing thereanent, it seemeth a *vexata quæstio* still : a big-endian and little-endian controversy. No ; but we would fain, to your impartial self, dear Abel, and to the persuasible of both parties, submit a few observations in a merry sport, to the end that you may be driven to acknowledge that it is at best a drawn battle betwixt them—a dead heat ; that neither ayes have it nor noes—nor eyes nor noses.

We have been now going on for nine years in this land of grilled kidneys, curried livers, and roasted spleens. We have had ample opportunities of noting, the customs, manners, and habits of the Vulture, and not to be vain, we think we have not altogether neglected them. For the benefit of science, we were about to say,—but we forbear,—for the benefit of waverers, rather, if any such there be, we will just proceed to dot down a few remarks ; and, having administered the smallest taste in life of our own conclusions, will leave the dose to operate, upwards or downwards, according to the peculiar tendency of each man's idiosyncrasy. As we shall scrupulously and conscienti-

* *King*. Where is Polonius ?

Hamlet. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

ously confine ourselves to what we have seen, and will 'a round unvarnished tale deliver,' and 'nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice,'—you, dear Sir, and your readers, gentle and simple, 'may take what we say upon trust, and believe it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, s'help me—if you like: and if you don't, why—

We have shot, in our day, of dogs and jackalls—packs; of baboons and monkies—a wilderness*; of foxes and wild cats—no end; and of other janwars—*quant: suf:* in all days of the year, and in all hours of the day.

From morn till noon—from noon till dewy eve;

And in all hours of the night from the hour

When from the boughs

The nightingale's high note is heard;

to that in which 'the stars gin pale their ineffectual fires' when

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

We have shot them in all places; in the forest; in the open grass plain; in ravines, dry water-courses, and beds of rivers; in cultivated fields, high standing grass, and among village huts. In the majority of cases, those of course excepted which we killed in the twilight, or during the night, we have seen vultures, in less than four hours, collecting from the four corners of Heaven, North, East, South, and West; for "where the carcass is" &c. and 'till' 'twinkling of a bed post' all is gone save the the grinning bones, and some small trifle of fluff.

We have from time to time lost multitudes of horned beasts y'clept bullocks from murrain, or some malignant distemper which native neatherds commonly designate *Bhawancee*, to intimate that the cattle are possessed. This we take to be nothing more nor less than cow-pox. Be it however what it may, its operation is short, sharp and decisive; from the commencement of the seizure to its fatal termination seldom more than six hours elapse. As soon as the poor beast has paid its last debt to Nature, the chumars have been summoned from the nearest village, rarely above a quarter of a mile distant: long before the hide has been stripped off, nay often before the last expiring sob has convulsed the quivering frame, the surrounding trees have

* *Tubal*. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

been loaded with Vultures, fruit worthy the garden of Eden. Many a time and oft have we ourselves, we—the veritable Harry Long-Legs—driven them away, in the very act of pecking out the eyes of the miserable animal *while still alive*.

A cayman or alligator has been killed in the forenoon on the banks of a pool. In the evening we have gone to see it, and make our salams to the man-killer, and have found him covered with Vultures, fruitlessly essaying a breach in the dead reptile's armour of proof; a mild instance, we have thought as we gazed, of pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

It is the time-honored custom of the brutal Hindoo herdsman to cast out from the herd the newly-born male buffalo calf, to die a lingering death by starvation, if its sufferings be not cut short by a sudden and violent one from the more merciful beast of prey. His object is to get the milk; and kill the calf he will not; how can he, a Hindoo, shed blood? Is it not contrary to his creed? Will he not lose his caste? And these, ye Gods! these be the men who pay the cow honors all but divine; these ye little fishes, be the worshippers of the sacred Bull of Brahma! Merciless, thrice merciless wretches, whence came ye? Are ye not spawned of the teeth begotten of the Serpent that Cadmus slew? The unlucky five that escaped each other's frantic onslaught, and came hither to people Ind with a race like yourselves? Can ye deny your descent? Can ye deny your lineage? The pity of it, oh! the pity of it, that one got away! that all, without exception, were not immolated, molars, canines, incisors, and all! Oh! for the avatar among ye of Martin! a second edition bound in black! But this is a digression; your pardon, excellent Abel, and thine, courteous reader, and we will leave the unsavory natives, and return to our mutations and our buffalo calf. As we were saying—till our heart grew 'too great for what contains it,' we have come across the remains of what had been such a buffalo-calf, obviously struck down overnight, or in the grey of the morning, by a leopard. The blood has been drunken, and one of the hind quarters eaten; the rest has been left to the Vulture and the jackall. This while perfectly free from any approach to corruption or, as Byron has it,* perishing, or taint of any kind, was almost hidden by Vultures who, hard at it tooth and nail, beak and talon, were gibbering and bickering over each tit-bit one

*Alp turned him from the sickening sight;
Never had shaken his nerves in fight,
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their life's blood lying,
Scorched with the death thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the *perishing* dead, who are past all pain.

with the other, or with the gigantic crane; while gyrating high in mid air, till the eye pained to distinguish the slight specks in the clear sky, came others sweeping round and round in their downward progress to take their places at the banquet on the plain, and prove whether 'good digestion would wait on appetite' after winging such a journey.

We have seen the body of a young buffaloe lying in the vast open country of the Terai, newly killed by a leopard probably, the blood of which has been sucked, but the carcase abandoned, and lying fresh and sweet. The hide being too tough to be torn asunder by the Vultures, we have caught them, yes—we Harry Long-Legs ourselves—we swear it on our allegiance, in the very act of thrusting their heads and necks into the natural passages fore and aft, and thereby abstracting all of comestible they could reach. As the shades of night drew in, the unfledged four-footed scavengers took the place of the feathered bipeds who, for their part, took no more by their motion than the wings of the evening; and a dozen of them by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, soon contrived to display the interior economy of the carcase, all night long did they continue, such is their wont,

Growling and gorging o'er carcase and limb;

But

—Before the eastern flame

Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth from his deep throne
With lonely lustre, all his own.

back again came Signor Vulture to finish the good work; and thus one down t'other come on, in a right marvellous short time, the galloping consumption leaves nought but a few bones to bleach under the alternate influence of rain, dew, wind, and scorching sun, and tell the tale to the hunter that here was a buffaloe. Vulture and jackall, we have never chanced to see together at the festive board; and reason good. The latter rarely move abroad in the sunshine; like most carnivorous animals they like to enjoy their siesta in some secluded spot in the day time. They are nocturnal strollers; squires of the night's body; Diana's foresters; gentlemen of the shade; minions of the moon: and their unearthly screech-howl* seldom wakens the startled ear until the sun

With disk like battle target red,
Fast rushing to his burning bed,

* We see we've been and gone and done it. Upon our soul we didn't mean t. Pardon the slip, gentle Abel, we are very contrite, very.

Dies the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once, and all is night.

while Vultures, on the other hand, scorning the company of owls and bats, retire to the wasted arm of some gaunt forest tree, and there take their dreamless sleep till roused by the song of the morning stars.

Furthermore, we have seen the remains of a full grown buffaloe lying dried up and withered, with the marks distinctly visible whence has been drawn his life's blood, on the banks of a small river, concealed in part, but not wholly, by high under-wood, the tough hide forming an impenetrable barrier to the beak of the Vulture, and from some unexplained cause untouched by the jackall. We have been assured that the latter knowing and cautious gentleman will not venture any claim, whether as treasure trove, waifs, or estrays, to what may have been killed and abandoned by a tiger; whether from a wholesome dread of his right-royal resentment, and supervening summary vengeance and chastisement, or otherwise, doth not appear, and is to us, this deponent, unknown. In the case under relation we presume that, either they had accidentally not found this, an unaccountable circumstance, or that some such fear had operated to deter them from making a meal of his mortal remains; and that the Vultures, after withdrawing from it the chitterling—*quasi* entrails—and such part as they could reach without breaching the hide, were fain, for fault of anything better, to withdraw from it—themselves, and so quitted it in despair; and that the hot dry winds, acting upon a body deprived of most of its moisture, soon made mummy of the rest. This is, however, mere conjecture. All that we can speak to with that fearlessness of contradiction upon which we rather pique ourselves than otherwise, is that we found the body high dried, and the almost wholly uninjured skin drawn so tightly across the animal's ribs as, when smartly struck, to emit a sound like that from a drum. The why and because of its having resisted the usual putrifying process we leave to the learned to demonstrate. It is no basin of fish, but a fact, for which we will not attempt to account; for save the surmise we have hazarded above, we can venture no opinion. For aught we *know* to the contrary, it might be the embalmed body of one of Pharaoh's lean kine transported thither by accident, *who knows?*

We have seen Vultures swoop upon the after-birth of a sheep or goat, while yet the anxious mother in her maternal tenderness was—licking the moist body of her newly-born.

Now to the unprejudiced observer it is manifestly impossible that, in any one of these instances, the scent of the carrion should have conveyed to the Vultures an invitation to the feast

of savory food such as their soul loveth. First—because the flesh was untainted; not perhaps to our olfactory apprehension quite so agreeable or attractive as a bouquet of choice flowers, though even to us, nice though we be in matter of perfume, no whit more unpleasant we ween, than the interior of Messieurs Gibblets; and secondly, because the feathered fowls, who condescended to grace with their presence the table spread in the wilderness, came thereto, I pledge my veracity, both with the wind, and against it, and without any wind at all.

No one who like ourselves has resided for any considerable time in the land

Where the rage of the Vulture, the love of the Turtle,
Now melt into fondness, now madden to crime,

but must have noticed that, high as he may cast his eye upwards, higher yet must he seek in the clear azure, ere he shall see the highest Vulture 'towering in his pride of place;' and, to any one at all conversant with the subject, the absurdity is glaringly palpable of the idea that these birds can be attracted to the carcase by any effluvia that *can* proceed from it through the multitude of currents of air that in its upward and onward advance, *must* oppose, retard, or prevent, its progress, attenuated as it must of necessity be, having to fill such a prodigious space above and all around; and no less preposterous the notion that so small an object, for example as the after-birth of a sheep half-hidden among high grass, can be distinguished at such an altitude by the Vulture's eye, even with the powerful aid of Sam Weller's pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power. For ourselves we candidly confess our total disbelief in both theories, and reject them positively and unconditionally; and set our own repeated observation, honest judgment, and simple common sense in battle array against the formidable army of opposing opinions, backed though they be by the experiments of one, the greatest of all great, naturalists; upset by another; supported by a third; ridiculed by a fourth; and promulgated with all pride, pomp, and circumstance, by a fifth, aye even on pain of excommunication, and ban by bell, book, and candle.

If you ask us 'what then is your opinion?' 'We will tell you; if you'll bestow a small—patience a while, you'll hear our answer.' Well then! our opinion in few is this; that, • having eyes to see, the Vulture seeth; having a nose to smell, he smelleth; and—*having ears to hear he heareth withal*. We will not take upon ourselves to affirm that, if some immeasurable caitiff—some cold-blooded barbarous ruffian—some unwhipped rogue—some thief of the world who would kick his

mother alive, and dissect her dead, experimentally—a coward who wouldn't dare to strike a MAN—a dastard—a monster, begot of curiosity or cruelty—a—a—Oh! for breath to utter what is like him! a NIDERING—one of your philosophers, self-dubbed, self-reputed, and, shall we add, in mercy? self-deluded—a philosopher, quotha! save the mark! We will not, we repeat, venture to assert that, if such a one shall wantonly, deliberately, and with malice aforethought, blind the miserable bird—for which, had we our wish,

His wing should the raven flap

O'er the false hearted;

His warm blood the wolf should lap

E'er life be parted,

and thereafter should his own eyes be everlastingly plucked out, hour after hour, in *Jah'anam* without pity and without remorse, and he made to swallow them incontinently without salt; we will not say that, in such a case, the wretched bird would long survive; but, for as much as nose and ears are yet left, we would rather incline to hope than not; and more certainly would we venture to predicate that he would of another, whose nostrils shall be plugged or ears stuffed with cotton, while his eyes shall be left unscathed. But who may affirm that it would not go harder with a poor lorn, mutilated, blinded wretch than with one whose every sense is as bounteous God hath bestowed it, vigorous and unimpaired? If this be held by the partisans of the sight-seeing philosophy to be a tacit admission of the truth of their theory, such as it is, and for as much as it is worth, I make them a free present of it, and beg they will make the most of it. Beyond this I cannot stir a single step their way.

Moreover, it seemeth to us not unlike that if the mighty bird should ever be afflicted with a cold in the head, and why not? and a running at the nostrils do ensue, and his nose asserted not its prerogative of smell, but had only room for rheum, then in that case he still might hear by the hearing of the ear, as well as see by the seeing of the eye, seeing that he doth indubitably possess both eyes and ears, although doubtless the influenza might affect both prejudicially.

There be mockers who will laugh us to scorn. "How?" quoth the scorner, "can a dead pig squeak?"* "Gramercy, friend: nay, but the dead pig squeaketh not; neither doth his cry ascend; neither doth it mount on the wings of the wind. In all candour we admit so much." "How then," he rejoineth, "can the Vulture give ear unto the cry of the dead pig, seeing that his cry is among the things that are not?" Therefore hearken unto us,

* Worthy diable, good diable, prithee now print us squeaks with a queuc.

ye scoffers, and give ear unto us, and consider our words, ye that delight in scoffs; so shall the ears of your understanding be opened, and ye shall learn that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy; ye shall be instructed, and made acquainted with things that are, and light shall shine unto you where all is darkness that may be felt, and ye shall know how the cry of the dead pig, how-so'er apocryphal it be, shall vibrate in the ear of the Vulture.

Be advised by us therefore of this indisputable fact; to wit, there be crows that caw; and deny it not that the cawing of a crow all may hear at a moderate distance save him, the gates of whose ears misfortune's bony hand hath barred, or him, who like the deaf adder, stoppeth his ears and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, that is to say, of the crow aforesaid. Now the Vulture, it must be conceded, is no deaf adder; nor, so far as we know and believe, hath he ever had a padlock fixed on his sound box; and it is our firm and unalterable opinion, as we are a gentleman, that it is this bird of the air, John Crow, that doth announce the matter; for the cawing of a crow, which eyeth or scenteth his *bonne bouche*, is a caw peculiar: being interpreted, it signifieth and importeth 'hear me for my caws'; and 'it is the caws, my soul,' it is the caws that coming o'er the vulture's ear 'like the sweet south, stealing and giving odour' conveyeth to his enraptured sense the glad tidings of a feast toward that maketh his beak water in anticipation.

Mark this, however, all ye to whom these presents may come. We do not in any wise mean to express, or to insinuate, that we think it likely, or probable, or even barely possible, that the ear of the Vulture is so acute, so subtle, or so sensible to sweet sounds, as to be able to recognise or distinguish a crow's caw, how much less any peculiar intonation thereof, when soaring at an altitude so great that the crow himself must be invisible. Far be from us a stupidity such as this! 'more gross than ignorance made drunk.' Not so—but to bring this rambling paper to a close—for our volley, contrary to our intentions, hath been fired among the hills, and the echoes have reverberated beyond expectation. We believe that the cawing of these same crows first arouses the attention of the neighbouring kites who never attain to any considerable elevation; their movements before uncertain, are now so no longer; they have a centre, a point of attraction, a fixed and determinate object. Immediately is aroused the *suspicion of the nearest vulture*, a sneaking, eaves-dropping vagabond, just within ear and eye shot. He directs a keen glance to the spot; sees the crows congregated—perhaps hears the faintest dream of a caw, or catches the very gossamer trace of an idea of a something looking eatable, and, for fear of losing a

chance, down he comes to reconnoitre till eyes, nose and ears all corroborate the wish that was at least step-father to the thought; when at once with a rush like a *taiphán* away he swoops, and lo ! he is at the board with knife and fork all ready. This of course is visible for miles to the attentive Vultures, and 'one after one' away come a score or two more, and so the supper table is soon over-furnished with guests. Thus much for our theory ; and we see no good reason why our doxy should not be held as good a doxy as that of our betters. In any case it is neutral ground. Hereon do we, Harry Long-Legs, take our stand, armed at all points ; like chanticleer on his own dunghill ready to run a course *à l'outrance* with all disputants. Let him that thinketh he can, knock us off our perch with his paper pellets of the brain, or floor us with his grey goose quill.

" But how " it will be asked " if there be no crows ? " We answer " an there be no crows then can there be no caws—argal " But we write solely of what we do *know*, and testify of what we have *seen* ; and in this country, the only one with which we are sufficiently well acquainted to be at all assured, there be both crows and caws. And here be it whispered if the Vulture could only find in his heart to gratify his carnal propensities and indulge the cravings of the inner bird—his gourmand appetite—after his dish should have attained to the genuine flavor so esteemed by the Apicii of modern Babylon, he would incontinently attenuate to the substance of old parchment ; he would wither, starve, die as of an atrophy ; his

First dark day of nothingness

would be here anon ; for the jackall, who is far too sharp-set to be so nice, would leave him nought but the bones whereon to whet his beak ; and these moreover so cleaned, gnawed, licked, and polished, that the very ants and flies must fain be content ' to cloy the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast,' if they are unlucky enough to drop in ' after cheese and biscuits.'

We do therefore solemnly and sincerely declare that to the best of our knowledge and belief, the professors of nose-ology, on the one part, and the professors of visi-ology, on the other part, are alike and equally in the right, and alike and equally in the wrong. That to the best of our knowledge and belief the above mentioned maligned gentleman to wit, Mr Vulture aforesaid, doth use all the sense he inherited from his parents, to assist him in the search after the loaves and fishes ; that is to say, the sense of smell, and the sense of sight, and the sense of hearing ; that he doth not, so far as we know and believe, delay his coming until his dinner putrefieth or liquefieth, as some, his

calumniators, have, with malice aforethought, scandalously insisted, whereby he hath also been greatly vitified, and to his much hurt slanderously libelled and abused.

Furthermore, we do solemnly and sincerely declare that, to the best of our knowledge and belief, he, Mr Vulture aforesaid, hath and doth use his eyes, also his nose, also his ears, like unto all other his congeners, whatsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever, and that he, the maligned gentleman, to wit Mr Vulture aforesaid, doth not use his eyes alone to the prejudice of his nose, nor his nose alone to the prejudice of his eyes, nor either, together or apart, to the prejudice of his ears. But that by him each sense is used, and in no case abused, when and as circumstances shall admit, require, and warrant; and hereunto do we set our hand and seal this twenty seventh day of August in the year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Nine. God save the Queen.

HARRY LONG-LEGS.

NEILGHERRY SPORTS.—(*Continued.*)

BISON SHOOTING.

Here you have no beating, but the acme of stalking is required to bag your game, as their olfactory nerves are uncommonly acute, though their sight is so dull, that if you get to leeward, you may approach within five paces, before they find you out. The Bison may be found early in the morning, feeding in the swamps. In the middle of the day they retire to the large forests on the sides of the hills. A solitary Bull is much more easily approached, than a herd. I once took a friend to the Khondas to show him a Bison, the morning was very misty: after surveying the valley I turned to have a look at the hills—and not two hundred yards from us, was a herd of twenty Bison looming through the mist. By Jove, look there said I, my friend exclaimed, bless my soul, I have seen them these ten minutes, but took them for rhododendrum bushes! It was too late, the herd had also seen us. I dashed after them, but they beat me in no time. Another time I was nicely done by two green friends—to whom I had promised to show Bison. We arrived at the ground (Chinna Conoor) at day-break, and after a

careful survey five bison were seen about three miles off, right below us—to get at them, we were obliged to descend the Ibex ground, which was very rough, and gave us lots of falls—about half way down, a splendid buck Saumber crossed us at a trot, in the direction of the Bison, which he disturbed a little, so as to cause us to make a slight detour. When we were about two hundred yards from the Bison, the grass became very high; my shikary was carrying one of my guns, a burgher the other, I was a little behind. On rounding a rock, I saw the burgher and shikary point below—up jumped the two griffs, and commenced a running fire at the Bison, who were at least fifty yards off. I stood at five paces off, petrified with horror. Of course the Bison escaped; they might just as well have fired at a brick wall as at Bison in that position—at such a distance and with ounce pop-guns. I swore that never, no never, would I again take griffins out. It was truly annoying, for had they waited for me I could have taken them up to the Bison, within ten paces, and yet these men had faithfully promised to be guided by me; but of what avail is a promise made by a griff out shooting—directly he sights the game, he snipes away as if he were firing at partridges. Another man that I once took out to show large game to, would persist in wearing a white hat. I once lost a splendid chance by being over-greedy and too cautious as follows. One morning when on the look out for Bison, I spied a bull Bison as I thought; after stalking him for two miles, I looked over a low rise, and at ten paces off, was a magnificent wild bull, of a jet black color with white stockings. A deliberate pot sent a two-ounce ball through both shoulders, it was a foot too high, the enormous hump had deceived me; on being struck, he turned slowly round and made off at a walk for the forest. I did not like to fire again, as others had been reported within half a mile by my scouts. On entering the jungle I came across the fresh dung of an elephant. I left the bull to die as I thought, and commenced tracking the elephant; after two hours not coming up with him, I gave it up, and returned to look for the bull—he was gone, and though I sent to the hut for the dogs, and hunted the whole of that day, I could not come up with him, so much for being over-cautious. I would have given hundreds to have bagged him as although I had heard that there was wild cattle on the hills—no person that I could hear of had ever seen one. The next morning I bagged a bull Bison within half a mile of the same place. I got so near him that I sat on the hill, watching him for ten minutes, whilst he was grazing—on looking up, his astonishment was great to see me not twenty paces off; before he had time to make up his mind as to a charge or retreat, his forearm was broken. I was much amused by my shikary. He

kept dancing about, saying—fire sir, fire, or you will lose him, like the one yesterday. I never met but two natives on the hills, who were cool and collected when in the presence of large game, one was my dog-boy, who would rush in and cut the throat of a buck Saumbur, when tossing his horns about in his dying agony, as coolly as a butcher would stick a pig—the Saumbur are very numerous on the Bison ground. I have seen as many as thirty of a morning, but never fired at them.

ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

The elephants occasionally ascend the hills, and by most extraordinary paths; five were killed in 1845 and 1846; a good number are killed all round the foot of the hills. The excitement of elephant shooting is intense. I can only say that pigsticking does not equal it, no, nor riding a neck and neck race, with all your dibs depending upon the event. Judge of the excitement when I say, that we not only braved the most intense heat and deadly jungle fever, but a court martial, ah verily, the sapient marquis thought proper to threaten all officers with a court martial who should go below the ghauts to shoot—nevertheless he went himself, and tried to kill an elephant in the trap near Coimbatore, but he failed, signally failed even to accomplish this splendid pot. After expending some thousands of rupees in a grand beat, the said thousands not appertaining unto himself, but to the proprietors of the Hall of Lead, the civilian of the district for two successive days led him up to the top of a high hill, overlooking the trap, and there he was baked for twelve hours at a sitting, but devil an elephant appeared, and the mighty Nimrod was highly enraged thereat. We all laughed consumedly when we heard of it—we sympathised not at all. In 1846 two officers died from the effects of jungle fever, they were both weakly men—myself and others suffered severely from it. But I will venture to say, that if a man makes use of the preventive when in the jungles, he will not run much risk. I caught my fever before I knew it—as they say preventive is better than cure, I cannot do better than give my plan. When in the jungles (I speak of the jungles below the ghauts as there is no fever on the hills,) take daily from two to three grains of quinine and never bathe in the rivers. Drink cold tea when out shooting; if you must drink brandy pawnee, boil the water first. The day after you have left the jungles take a blue pill and a rattling dose of salts; and quinine for two days. I got this wrinkle from G., the most successful elephant shot on our side. Warburg's drops are very good when you have the fever, no other medicine will quell it—month after month it returns at the full of the moon. Of all the pretenders on the hills, in the shape of shikarries who

volunteered to shew you elephants, a man named Ouchanah was the only one worth trusting to: he certainly, when in his element, was a splendid fellow, nothing could disturb his equanimity or equal his nerve when tracking. His heart and soul was in it, every other species of shikar he despised. Once when out with poor M—n, below the ghauts, they had been tracking a tusker for three days, he was inclined to give it up. Pointing to a range of low hills not far off, he remarked—"I say Ouchy, are not those hills full of Bison?" Ouchy with a cutting sneer answered, "So you will give up the elephant will you?"—M. could not stand it, he shouldered his gun, and told him to track the elephant to the devil if he liked. Poor M—n, a better fellow and a stouter shikary breathed not—peace to his ashes. The danger of elephant shooting is at times considerable. Say you are in a reed jungle, after firing at an elephant, the herd becomes panic-stricken, they rush wildly about in every direction, you have no tree to get behind, and you have the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that it is a toss-up whether you are trampled on or not, for the reed bamboos has a broad leaf and grows so close, that you cannot see an elephant a yard off, and it is exceedingly difficult to penetrate though an elephant tramples it down like grass. Sometimes you may kill two or three elephants without the rest moving an inch. The Coorumbers who live on the sides and at the foot of the hills, are first rate trackers, and will take you up to an elephant very well; the natives say that the elephant fears the Coorumber. I know better, for I have seen a fellow give an elephant leg bail; the fact is, that the Coorumbers so constantly see the elephants, (when they are in the jungle digging for roots, which they chiefly live upon,) that they get quite used to them—they moreover sometimes take them in pit-falls, artfully covered over with dry leaves, by the same token, I nearly fell into one. To give a sample of the hill shikaries, one day M—n got amongst a herd of elephants on the Khondas, his two shikaries bolted: after a couple of hours, he went in search of them, and found them carefully hidden in trees—pleasant kind of fellows to trust a second gun to. My own shikary played me a nice trick. We were amongst a herd of elephants on the Khondas, when he took upon himself to fire my second gun, at that moment the tusker of the herd came towards me. I was on open ground, with but one barrel loaded, my dog-boy who was holding my loading rod, stood like a rock. The shikary thinking discretion the better part of valour carefully legged up the hill, carrying my second gun with him, and when at a safe distance, pretended to be busily occupied in loading it. I did not dare fire, as there was no tree to retreat to: the tusker entered the jungle again, and I lost him. On that day I had some fine

sport with the herd, consisting of the tusker, six females, and one young one about three feet high. After driving the herd up and down the sholah for some time, I managed to separate the female and her young one from the herd, they retreated to another sholah, which was so thick that I put the dogs in to drive them out. The dogs immediately attacked the young one. The scene was fine; the old female charging the dogs, trumpeting and shrieking—but it was of no use, I could not get a shot at her. I could easily have killed the young one, but that was not my object, as I wished to take it alive. I was obliged to leave when it got dark, having only bagged one large female; the next morning they were not to be found. The Paulghaut shikaries are very good, they now or rather did, kill elephants on their own account, but the greater part of them have fallen victims to the jungle fever. They demand extraordinary pay for their services. One fellow's impudence is worth recording: G—n wanted a shikarry and sent for this fellow. He entered the room with a double-barreled percussion gun in his hand, and impudence in his face. "What pay do you want a month" said G—n? "Oh, one hundred rupees a month, and half the rewards—(the reward, for a female is seventy rupees,) or I will take one hundred pagodas a month, without a share of the rewards." This was the march of intellect with a vengeance. G. made him a most polite salam, and informed him that he would rather have his room than his company, valuable as it was.

IBEX SHOOTING.

I cannot say that I cared much about this sport, perhaps it was that I was unsuccessful. The fagging required is very severe, it is of that slow plodding kind, that tells tremendously on a man of mercurial temperament—crawling up hills, or sliding down them and losing leather is not pleasant. Moreover, a man may come in with a thundering account of his bag—perhaps made by surprising a herd in a corner, when they become so confused that you may slaughter them like sheep. Again, you have been toiling for three or four hours, you are rather done, you have been all eyes up to this moment, perhaps you venture to relax a little, carry your gun negligently, when up starts an outlying buck out of a bush under your nose, and is over the cliff before you can get up your gun. I grant that if you can, by stalking, surprise the sentinel of a herd, it is a goodly feat and does not go unrewarded. You cannot beat for Ibex, as they rarely enter a sholah, and never lie in them. The Ibex is very like the goat, both in appearance and odour; a description of a few days' Ibex shooting would not be out of place, but to exemplify what I have stated. In March three of us went to Mercota Peak, said

to be the best place for Ibex on the hills. The first day's shooting showed a bag of two by P.; he came upon a herd and shot two right and left at the distance of 40 yards, the next day P. saw an Ibex looking at him about 150 yards off; he fired, and the ball struck right in the centre of the forehead; the next two days were blank, I missed one running shot, and went into sobs disgusted—having bagged nothing after four days' of tremendous fagging.

HUNTING.

There was a very good pack of hounds in 1846, and an able man at the helm. I mean P—n, but it was of no avail—the country was not suited for hunting and when P. left the hills the dogs were sold. I never went out with the hounds, as I did not fancy trotting from hill to hill to see the hounds hunt below. O—n, the straightest and hardest rider there, told me, that he got swamped twice in one morning (in trying to ride straight) and nearly ruined his horse. P—n I believe broke his leg. In fact you find considerable difficulty in walking up a hill, as for going down I hardly know how it was accomplished, except by rolling down, or going in a zigzag direction. And as for the swamps their own depth in many places is unknown.

COURSING.

The hares and jackalls show good sport. Nunginaul valley is reckoned the best grounds. There is also some ground at Kai-tee. The Hare in the hills is exactly similar to the English hare.

List of Game found on the Neilgherry Hills with Localities.

THE ELEPHANT.

Frequents the Khondas from May until November, either singly or in herds. They seldom make any stay, from two to three days at farthest. They range from Banghy Jappal Nul-lah to the large forest behind the Avalanche Hill.

THE WILD BULL.

Is found on the Khondas—colour jet black, white stockings, hump and dewlap very large, tail long—stands about 22 hands, horns straight and high. Cow small, colour reddish brown, horns curved.

THE BISON.

Khondas, below Maloor, on the Ibex ground below Chinn-a Conoor, and at Kotagherry. April and May are the best months for Bison shooting. To bag them a two ounce brass ball in the forearm is the best method—as for neck, head, ribs or

shoulder, they don't appear to have any feeling there—so to bring them to a conference, you must address yourself to their understandings.

SAUMBUR.

Maloor, Sholor, Chinna Conoor, Pykarra, Neddywuttum, Kulhutti, and some parts of the Khondas. It is useless to beat a large sholah for them, as the chances are that they will give you leg bail by breaking on the opposite side or back, or in fact any way but the right one. A sholah that is commanded by thirty coolies, is the largest that you can attempt, you will find it uncommonly difficult to get even that number of beaters.

The largest sholahs are nearly a certain find, for the Tiger, Panther, Bear, or Boar, but to beat out the game properly, you would require one hundred beaters at least, and fifty or sixty large, powerful, and savage dogs, and a dozen guns to command the passes. The expense would be great—say five hundred rupees for ten days. Reckon the cost thus, one hundred beaters at four annas each per day, twenty-five rupees, markers for watching the game ten rupees; for dogs fifteen rupees. Which would make for ten days' shooting. Beaters 250 Rs., markers 100 Rs., Dogs wounded or killed 150 Rs. No doubt the bag would be considerable.

IBEX.

Avalanche Hill, Mercota Peak, along the edge of the hills from Banghy Jappal to Sisipara, Neddywuttum, Chinna Conoor, Pykarra.

WILD HOG.

Kulhutti, Chinna Conoor, Maloor, in fact in all the burgher country. They are very difficult to beat out fairly. You cannot ride them.

JUNGLE SHEEP.

Dodabetta, Maloor, and Pykarra. They have of late become very scarce.

BLACK PANTHER.

One was killed in 1840 and another was seen in 1846: they are very rare.

TIGER OR COMMON PANTHER.

About Ootacamund, Maloor, &c.: they have no particular haunt.

BEAR.

Kaitee, Hoolical, Maloor, Pykarra, Khondas, Neddywuttum,

Chianna Conoor. The Monsoon is the best time to go out for them.

HYENA.

One was shot in Ooty in 1846, another on the Segoor ghaut, they are not common.

HARE.

Kulkutty and Kaitee.

PORCUPINE.

Very numerous, and sometimes wound the dogs severely. They commit great havoc in the potatoe fields.

OTTER, JACKAL, JODDY, CAT.

Otters are said to be found in the Pykharra river. Jackals are very numerous, ditto the wild Cat. Foxes are not to be found on the hills—unless it be one brought from the low country and let loose.

BLACK MONKEY.

Very numerous—I have also seen a small brown monkey, but it is scarce.

WOODCOCK.

Are found in nearly all the wet sholahs on the hills; the best places are Pykarra, Avalanche, Cromund, Khondas, and Ootacamund.

SOLITARY SNIPE.

Is scarce. Dodabett is the surest find. Two or three couple are generally killed there in the season. Many single snipe are shot in the sholahs, and called by the shikaries solitary snipe, being only very fat single snipe.

COMMON SNIPE, AND JACK SNIPE.

The best swamps are those on the Pykarra road and about Pykarra, the Nunginaud swamp, and a few about Ooty; the jack is not common.

PEA FOWL AND JUNGLE FOWL.

Are found about the Jodamund's and the burgher villages.

SPUR FOWL AND LARGE RED QUAIL.

About the burgher country. The red quail are very fine birds. I have seen none like them in the low country. I have seen the large grey quail at Conoor.

Distance from Ootacamund.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| Pykärä Bungalow..... | 10 miles. |
| Neddywuttum do..... | 16 " |
| Nunginaud..... | 7 " |
| Avalanche Bungalow..... | 15 " |
| Banghy Jappal..... | 25 " |
| Sisipara Bungalow..... | 35 " |
| Kulhutti do..... | 5 " |
| Kotagherry..... | 17 " |
| Conoor Bungalow..... | 10 " |
| Chinna Conoor..... | 6 " |
| Maloor..... | 12 " |
| Harticul..... | 7 " |
| Kaitee..... | 4 " |
| Dimhutty..... | 7 " |

I have now written all that I know about the Hills, and I think that a man going up to the Hills for the first time, will not fail to find the hints that I have given useful. I know there are many men who think that game is to be bagged as easily as a barn door fowl, and grudge the slightest expense or trouble. Not so the real sportsman. He well knows that a certain establishment is necessary, that a certain expense must be incurred, still all this can be done on the Hills with subaltern's pay—and a man who knows what he is about will even with his small means make a much larger bag than all the rest of the big wigs put together, notwithstanding their large kennels, consisting of from 20 to 30 couple of dogs, and paying a rupee for every woodcock they kill—or as the Marquis did, paying a burgher 60 Rs. for marking down a tiger. On going up to the Hills, I met a Bombay man who had just come down after a stay of a month. I asked him if the game was plentiful? Not a head of game on all the Hills he said. I afterwards found out this man amused himself when on the Hills by sitting over the fire the whole day drinking mulled port, and damning the Hills—as the Doctor remarked, no wonder he was sick. Amongst the minor amusements of Ootacamund, may be reckoned boating on the lake—rather slow work. Peacocking round the lake, on a capital road, ditto. The Club—where an everlasting round of breakfasting, tiffing, dining, playing at pool, billiards, whist, etcetera, is continually going on. I may also mention the cricket and the capital tiffins—ditto monster picnics under the greenwood tree.

P.S.—The climate of the Hills is very favorable for dogs—the only time that they require to be particularly looked after, is in the monsoon, when they must be kept dry,

and regularly exercised, or dysentery is apt to shew itself. A dose of castor oil once a fortnight with occasional doses of powdered sulphur in the food, is to be recommended. Food, rice and sheep's heads for working on, the dogs will not thrive on, boiled barley, though I would recommend barley cakes in broth, as you can readily obtain barley at any further village and very cheap, from twenty to thirty seers the rupee—whereas of rice you can only get from nine to ten seers, and it must be procured at Ooty. Pegue ponies are best for shooting, horses cannot keep their footing—beyond the Avalanche Bungalow no nurioli grass is to be obtained, nothing but the coarse grass of the Hills. Horses thrive on barley, either boiled or ground. A Bechoba tent twelve feet square is the best for shooting. I would recommend two or three baggage tattoos to be kept, the cost is nothing, and bullocks are not to be procured at all times and are very expensive. The pay of a cooly is four annas a day, of a burgher two annas. The burghers as beaters are almost useless, the only redeeming point about them is their voice. When in full chorus, their yell is truly unearthly. There are not above forty of the regular woodcock beaters in Ooty, but they are the best coolies I ever saw. Nothing appears to tire them. The best plan is to engage them as dog boys—say six of them; you give the head man six rupees a month, the others five. They will turn their hands to anything, acting as beaters, gardeners, coolies, &c.—I forgot to mention under the head of Saumber, that during the monsoon time, they seldom lie in the sholahs as their horns are soft, and this is the best time for stalking them, as they either remain on the edge of the sholah or may be seen walking about the Hills all day. I speak of the Bucks. I once stood out two days of rain on the Khondas—I never saw anything like it. The wind was so high, you could hardly stand, and the rain (when it did come,) was awful. I got nothing for my pains. The weather in fact was too severe. On going in to Ooty I found the river at the Avalanche had come down, no bridge—nothing for it but to swim it. I forced my horse in, he put his foot on a round stone and rolled over, I was carried fifty yards down the stream in no time. As for swimming, in a heavy hunting topee, pea-coat, and jack boots, it was out of the question. I quietly turned on my back, and shortly an eddy threw me ashore. An hour afterwards a peon in crossing the beam that did duty for a bridge, was blown off and drowned—the aforesaid bridge ought to have been built six months before. Money had been supplied for the purpose—but procrastination, that truly Indian commodity cost the peon his life—and nearly did for me.

A well broke dog is not of much use on the Hills, you

might use him for snipe, but nothing else. There was a story current, that some man took a highly broke pointer out woodcock shooting, he was lost in the first sholah, in vain the owner kept shouting Ponto—Ponto was not to be had. At last the man went into the sholah to search for him, and Ponto was found in a remote corner, making a dead point at a jungle fowl in a tree—such a dog would be valuable in the stubble, but not in a thick wood. The dodging that goes on in the woodcock season is fine. Three parties sometimes beat the same sholah in a day. A asks B, where he shot those two couple of Cock the day before. Oh! says B (pointing all round the compass) out there.

The Jodas are a magnificent looking set of men, wearing the toga, and possessing the true Roman features. They are all shepherds by profession. Some of their ceremonies are curious. When a Joda dies, half of his Buffaloes are killed in the following manner. Having laid the body of the dead man in a new hut (this is often built over the man when dying, as they will not allow them to die in the mund if they can help it) half a dozen of the finest Buffaloes are first caught and in catching them the men display a great deal of address and pluck. They march up to the hut, with the priest at their head chanting the sacrificial Hymn, which sounds well amongst the Hills. They halt at ten paces from the hut. The priest smears the head of the Buffaloe with butter, the head is then beat down, and one blow from the back of the axe, delivered on the back of the head, rolls him over as dead as a stone. The style is worthy of Smithfield; formerly the Jodas beat the Buffaloes to death with their clubs. They do not eat the meat, but the natives from Ooty may be seen carrying it off like vultures. At the various munds the ceremonies differ slightly. Now that the Hills have been surveyed, I am afraid that the next time I visit them, I shall be horrified by the sight of a windmill on the Khondas or a watermill in a pet snipe valley. To use the words of that oracle Jack Bunsby, I say, wherefore, why not. When I bring my battered hulk to an anchor, I'll choose the Neelgherries and speculate in bacon and hides—or try the hint of that talented man O —, viz., to supply the Indian Navy with salt beef, how he was to get the barrels down the ghaut, he said not, but I fancy, he meant to roll them down and save the carriage, or I'll breed horses for which I should think the climate is well adapted. My postscript is somewhat like a woman's, longer than the letter itself. I cannot help it, it is a failing of mine, whenever I think of the Hills, I become so lost in thought, that on recovery, I find I have still something to add.

J—N.

KIRKEE RACE COURSE.

The friend who sent us the plan of the Kirkee Race Course says:—

“The Course has two severe hills or rather one long one; viz. from the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post to the winning post and from the winning post to the mile post. The ground after rain, being black soil is *very* deep, and from the above reason, the same horses that ran in Bombay make a difference here in their time of 5 or 6 seconds.

THE CALCUTTA TURF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR 1849-50.

DEAR ABEL,—We have often had a talk about matters connected with the turf, and many a discussion regarding the merits of different horses that have sought “the bubble reputation” on the Calcutta Course. In all these conversations, if my memory does not fail me, the listening part has fallen mostly to my share, what say you to turning the tables? You have not “come to the post” very often since you gave up your official position at the race stand, and must be consequently a little behind hand as to the goings on in that part of the world, the grand preparations for the forthcoming meeting of 1849-50. Now get up man for once in a way—rouse yourself from the influence of the drowsy god, mount your pet Arab, and come along with me to the old spot, to both of us well known, and pregnant with reminiscences of many a well contested struggle in bygone days; it is a lively scene just at present I assure you, and will well repay you for a visit. A fine breeze is just springing up from the southward, the turf is tolerably firm, and the air cool, and this too at a season of the year, when one could scarcely hope for anything better than a swampy ground, a Scotch mist, and a clammy atmosphere. How refreshing is this cool breeze, but how unconscious is it of its happy destiny; how indifferent upon what or upon whom it lavishes its attentions—at one time playing among the tresses of many a pretty filly, who is cantering across the Course with her papa or her intended; at another rushing among the draperies of some of the native *light weights* who are going along on fillies of another description. Not that these first are objects

to which I wish particularly to direct your attention, however much your taste may incline you to gaze for a moment now and then as they are passing by, or to turn your ears from my dull stable talk, to listen to their merry laugh, borne on the breeze from a distant part of the race course. They are after all you know but mere adjuncts to the scene, though candour compels me to acknowledge, that like the capital of the Corinthian column, they form the most beautiful feature in the whole. However this is a subject which we will leave for discussion till some future day, and in the mean time we will take a canter round to the tree there beyond the tank, and have a look at the maidens of a different genus.

I need not tell you that this is the stud formerly managed, and very ably managed too, by George Barker—it is now under the controul of Stubbs, who played second fiddle in the same stable last year. Its owner I imagine thinks it too numerous for one pair of shoulders to bear, so he has very considerably placed the burthen on two, Mr Newman and Mr Holdfast. To begin with the Englishers—that mare just turning round by the tree, is the Maid of Athens, now five years old, and a very wiry racing looking thing she is, with fine quarters and a turn of speed too, as you may recollect from her running last year—she suffered at that time from a splint, and was kept in the stable towards the conclusion of the races, much I imagine to the satisfaction of many, who would hardly have been so successful had she come to the post a little oftener. Having been submitted to a little manipulation under the doctor's hands, she is now all right, and if she continues so, will take a good deal of beating.

The other English horse leading the canter in that string, is Precocious Youth, a thorough-bred and a maiden; he is not a bad shaped one, and he moves pretty freely, but he is not quite straight enough on his pins to please me. The next is Brunswick, and behind him Prestwick, both Walers, and very good specimens of that breed, though not the most sound that ever came from the colony. It is almost a pity for the owner's sake that one of them is not a maiden; however that one behind them, a Waler mare, lately from Madras—a five year old, rejoicing in the outlandish name of Cantalope, synonymous I believe with Faugh-a-Ballagh, or Clear-the-way, is in appearance no bad substitute. She is a long, low, blood-looking mare and a beautiful mover, and if all keeps right with her, she will not be far off at the finish of the maiden races next season—she is at present a little out of sorts from change of climate, and Calcutta at this season of the year is not the most healthy place in the world, either for bipeds or quadrupeds that are not inured to it—a cool breeze from the North-east for a day or two will most likely bring

her round again, and as she is not one that is likely to need much work to bring her into racing form, I shall expect to see her quite fit to run by the time she is required. Next to the mare comes Lunatic, our tall, long-striding friend of last year, he is looking very well and certainly much improved upon his last year's form, shewing a better coat and less spare in the loins and quarters than formerly. If he can only be screwed up to do two miles as well as he did his mile races last season, he will be a dangerous customer.

Now for the Arabs, and first of all Boy Jones, who ran so successfully for his owner last year—he is looking well though rather stout, but as he runs best when not too fine drawn, I dare say he will be all right in time and as fit to run as he ever was. They have re-christened him The Boy, having dropped the Jones, as too plebian an appellation for a horse that has proved himself no *common one*, he is sold I hear and will pass into other hands, but I hope not before he has made *one last appearance* in character at the next races. The other Arabs are maidens, Revolution, late Chitpore, a fine powerful grey and said to be fast. This horse was a great favorite last year with Barker, who offered after the races to run him against any maiden Arab at that time on the Calcutta Course. The reason of his not being brought forward at an earlier period, was I believe the dependence that the stable placed on Pluto, up to the eleventh hour, when it was too late to rectify their error—he has rather large, flat feet, but as he has never suffered from this apparent defect, even when in hard work, he may perhaps shew well on the Derby day. The next, Pluto, I need not speak about, he is a likely looking horse and has speed, but if he does not come out stronger than he has hitherto done, he will be of little use.

Of the fresh Arabs there are three purchased from the Sheik in the spring. Giraffe, a grey and about the tallest Arab on the course, standing upwards of fifteen hands; he is a powerful animal and a light mover, and if he has but speed, will prove himself a valuable addition to the stud. The other two a roan and a grey are also in for the Derby next year, but as this is their first season's training, we can't expect to see them very forward unless they are out-and-outers.

Besides these at present on the Calcutta course, and belonging to the same owner, there is a string up-country awaiting the Sonapore races, first and foremost among which is the country-bred, Pretender, said to be a clipper. If report be true that he bowled over everything that ran against him last year with the greatest ease, and that with only six weeks' preparation, there is no doubt that he is a good one. Should he shew here next meeting we shall most likely have an opportunity of seeing what he can do

against the Englishers. Besides him there is the Waler mare, Bellona, the winner of the Winners' handicap in 1846, and Firefly likewise a Waler and a maiden. The Arabs are, Blood Royal, a maiden, a good looking horse and a good mover, he was entered and I believe trained for last year's Derby, but never came to the post, a split bar having laid him on the shelf just before the races, and Bonanza who ran second for the Calcutta Derby last year, by no means an unlikely horse for the next Derby both at Sonepore and Calcutta; he has had two years' training, is a strong sound horse, and will stand a great deal of work, a little more of which would, I have no doubt, have brought him much nearer to Wahabee at the finish of the last Calcutta Derby. These up-country horses are under the care of Barnes, and should he be fortunate enough to bring them out in good form (a matter I believe of great uncertainty at so early a period as that fixed on for the Sonepore Meet) they will no doubt fully repay their owner for all risk and expense incurred in their travels. Belonging to this same stud there is also another Waler, a maiden in for the Colonial, by name Gladiator, and a young one or two booked to achieve a reputation at some future period.

Turn we now to the next tree. Mr Brown's string, rather a long one though not all of them ambitious of turf honors. The first is the English mare, who won the race for untrained horses last season, doing the mile in 1-55, by no means a bad pace for a green one, with something more than ten stone up—she looks rather dangerous in her forelegs, and will not I should say stand much training, she may however come out well in some of the short races, should her owner not be over-anxious to accomplish too much with her. The next, Hurlstone, an English colt, a 3-year old, came out in the Queen sometime about December last, bringing with him a great reputation. He is a heavy lumbering goer, and I don't much like him. Three months' training may perhaps make him move something more like a race horse than he does at present, and as he will come in with light weight, being a maiden, he may perhaps do something for his *khana pena*. Next we have a Cape Horse, a maiden, in for the Colonial, and Surveyor, a Waler gelding, also a maiden—he was in Hall's stable last year, but belonged to Sherbourne, he is a large powerful horse, and as he was in work at that time, he will be less green than most of them that shew at the post when the trumpet sounds for the Colonial. There are two or three other Walers here belonging to different parties, and among them Greenmantle, in Hall's stable last year. She has proved herself a dangerous mare either to bet *on* or *against*. We shall now see if different treatment, and more gentle training will make her more true to her colors, she has no doubt plenty

of foot as well as bottom, and if she runs honestly it will take a deuced good horse to beat her.

The Arabs here in training for next year, belonging to Mr Brown and Abdool are four roans, three greys and a bay, all I believe young, with the exception of one, a grey with his off foreleg a little longer than it ought to be—he is by no means a bad looking horse in other respects, and as this defect arose from an external injury and is no detriment except to the horse's appearance, I shall expect to see him take the lead of all the others, though one or two of them are very pretty movers, especially a small blood-looking grey and another of the same color with white face and hind legs, whose action reminds me very much of Elepoo—they are however green like the other young ones, and will scarcely I think be able to get work enough to make them very dangerous opponents. Borneo was cantered among this lot for two or three mornings, but as I saw him at auction the other day, I suppose he was merely taken round for the inspection of his former purchaser—report says that Hartley, a Newmarket boy, is coming out to do the needful for this stable, at present they have a string of native riders, with Smith who piloted Whalebone so successfully at the Mauritius, and who is doing his best to bring forward the English colt—I hear that he leaves for Australia as soon as he can procure a passage, so that it is of consequence that his place should be supplied as soon as possible.

The next in succession is Mr Charles' ring, comprising a likely lot of nags of all kinds. Being under the able tuition of Joy, they are pretty certain to come out in their best form and with moderate luck, will I have no doubt amply repay him for his care and attention. Looking at the season of the year, fully three months before the races, they certainly appear to me to be going a little fast, but as Joy's idea is, that it is better to get them into strong work while the ground is good, and then ease them off a bit when the hardness of the course might tell upon their legs, I dare say that he has calculated pretty well about the result.

The first, Morgiana, is again in work, and never looked more blooming in her life: she is certainly a blood-looking thing, every inch a racer, and although a little playful at times, this will most likely be all remedied before they put the finishing polish on her. I hear a very favorable account of the colt she threw last spring.

The other English horse is Crassus, who came to Calcutta in 1817 with Ignis Fatuus, Bendigo and Precocious Youth. I have heard it reported that they were all screwed before they left England. Be this as it may, they have had two years' rest since

then, and may have somewhat recovered from the severe discipline of their colthood—Crassus is a good shaped horse and a very good mover, his forelegs are certainly none of the best, but as he has blood (being by Emilius out of Variation, a Derby and an Oaks winner) and most likely speed, and is a maiden; he is well worth trying.

The Walers in this stable are Lady Augusta, Effie Deans, Boomarang, and a brown colt purchased from Cook and Co. last spring—all maidens. The first is a large long-striding mare, but not very blood-like in appearance. Effie Deans is a good enough looking filly, but such a devil to manage, bucking and pirouetting about in the most extravagant manner when first backed. This gymnastic propensity in the young lady may subside by the end of the year, but I rather doubt it, as she has had quite time enough to learn better manners, and certainly pains enough bestowed on her, to induce her to carry herself in a way a little more becoming her sex and position. It was humourously remarked by a party on the course the other day, that she ought to be re-christened Jumping Jenny. Boomarang as a horse is not a bad looking one, but he is a trifle coarse and not much like a race horse, there is no telling however how he may turn out. I hear that he is a favourite of Joy's, and horses do run in all forms.

The other Waler, the brown colt, is rather handsome than otherwise, but I don't like his action—it appears to me that he doesn't know how to get his legs from under him when he is galloping, a pair of spurs will perhaps rectify this when he comes into fast work. Besides these, there are some young ones in this string, just being handled to prepare them for some future day. I expect to hear of one or two of them next year. Among the Arabs, we have our old acquaintance Don Juan, the winner of the Sonepore Derby and the Calcutta Champagne Stakes last year. The Calcutta Derby was also booked to him for a certainty, till within a few days of the race, when he unfortunately went wrong, having got a severe attack of jaundice. He still however held his position as first favorite with many who thought that with his light weight 8-3, he might yet be able to run through, in this they were deceived, and he cut but a poor figure in the race. A few days after he won the Champagne Stakes, or rather his jockey did, for the horse was as unfit to go then as he was on the Derby day, and nothing but the nicest tact could possibly have landed him a winner. He has been tenderly cared for since that time, and should he come out all right, will have a good chance of winning the Champagne a second time. Of the young ones, maidens, Ploughboy stands first, and is by no means an unlikely horse; he has been in

constant work for some time past, and seems to improve under it—he is perhaps a little too *beefy* forward just at present, but as he is a large boned, compact, and apparently a sound horse, this should it not fine down, would tell less against him than the same exuberance of flesh on the lighter frame of an English horse or country-bred. Goodwood is a handsome horse, near 15 hands high, but he is rather contracted in the chest, and a little too leggy for a good Arab. Meteor, Cyclone and I think another, a bright bay, comprise this portion of Mr Charles' stable if I except a grey purchased at auction a few days ago, a young 3-year old, who is being cantered I imagine to keep him in order for some future period.

Now to the right along the bottom of the race course. The string by the tree near the race stand, formerly The Squire's locality, is Mr Pye's stud, a small but by no means a bad lot. Should all go well with them, I expect to find them come in for their share of the good things next season. The horse walking outside of the circle and clothed, not in fine linen, but with thick English clothing and blankets (it must be awfully hot for the poor brute) is Regicide now a 4-year old, who came out with his owner last November, just in time to walk off with the Merchants' Cup. He has since then been blistered on his hocks, and has done no work more severe than walking. The time is drawing near now when he ought to be put along a little faster, to pump the wind into him, but this I hear they are afraid to do on account of his hoofs being brittle and cracking. What a sad drawback is this to the good qualities of an English horse out here! Not one pair of feet in a dozen (no matter how much care is bestowed on them) will continue in as good a state as in their own country. Regicide I hear was selected on account of his strong tough feet, as much as for his other qualities—old John Day remarking, that if the Calcutta course was not much harder than a turnpike road, he would be sure to train without the slightest danger, and yet look at the result. It does not appear to be the hardness of the ground that is so detrimental, but the dampness of the air, and the rapid evaporation of all moisture from the surface of the hoof during the heat of the day. Should this evil in the present instance not be remedied, there's an end to Regicide, except perhaps to potter about as the Cossack Maid did some two years ago, picking up a race now and then, when she could manage to keep her shoes on till she got to the winning post. I sincerely hope, however, that Mr Western will bring about a better result than this, I am satisfied that if he does not, it will not be for want of trying every possible means that skill and judgment can bring to

bear.* But stop I am bolting off the course, these abstract matters have nothing to do with our morning's ride. Regicide is at present a dark horse—if he does come round, why, keep a sharp look-out, if he does not, all I can say is, it will be a great pity—and now we will turn to the others in the string. The two Walers, Vanish a 4-year old colt, and Datura, a young 3-year old filly, are both blood-looking horses and are good movers, especially the filly. If she could only be kept back till another year, I am quite sure that her owner would be well recompensed for the loss of time. I fancy that even now her work is telling upon her, she looks scarcely so bright and lively as she did two months ago—that splint on her off foreleg I suppose is of no consequence. The colt is a strong backed one, and looks as if he would carry weight well, his stride is long though his action is a little too sprawling just at present—this may be the fault of his rider—it seems to me that he ought to be kept more together in his gallop, if he is expected to go the pace on the Calcutta course, when it is a little less soft than it is at present.

The Arabs are three, Barefoot, Talisman and Young Honey-suckle, (formerly Mayflower,) the first a very handsome bay about 14-1 or 14-1½, he was much fancied by many before the races last year. They were all three in for the Derby at the time, though neither came to the post. Barefoot seems a sound strong horse, but he does not appear to me to move as though he had speed, it may be perhaps that I have never seen him in earnest, for certainly whenever I have noticed his going, he has been playing about like a young kid, snorting and bounding first one leg forward then the other, as though he was trying how often he could shift his legs without pitching upon his head—he has tried it a little too much more than once, as the impression in the mud of his own nose and Jerry's white jacket would amply testify. Talisman is a beautiful actioned horse, certainly the prettiest mover in the course among the Arabs, but he is very small, barely 14 hands, besides which his feet are none of the best and don't look as though they would stand hammering on a hard ground. Another thing which tells much against small Arabs, is that the poor little devils often have to carry an extra year's burthen beyond their proper weight for age, owing to their having no certificate of age. The Arab dealers ought to bear this in mind, and get them properly aged when the state of their mouths is such as to enable a competent judge to decide with certainty. Honey-

* This horse and Mr Pye's Arab Talisman, died a few days after this was written, and within a day of each other. The Arab of apoplexy and Regicide of disease of the heart. We report this with unfeigned regret.—A. E.

suckle the third and last, is I think the best, he stands about 14-1, is rather short in the back, and his action perhaps a little cramped at present, but he is a blood-looking horse and seems to have lots of courage, he has a fine open chest, is wide in the girth, has good legs and a bold blood-head—he was christened Young Honeysuckle from his supposed resemblance to the Honeysuckle that came out two years ago, if he should turn out as like him in other respects as he is in name he will not be a bad one—certainly the nickname of Pass-in-boots that was applied to the *great* Honeysuckle on account of his peculiar action, would apply equally well to the young one. If either of these three starts for the Derby, I will give you long odds that he won't come in last.

One more, the Poosah filly, concludes this batch. She is the Miss Julia who won the Poosah Oaks last year, since then she has grown a good deal, but I doubt much if she will ever achieve anything great in Calcutta.

This lot is at present as far as their training goes, under the management of Watling, (Jerry as he is called,) as steady and good a rider for the purpose as ever appeared on the Calcutta course—Mr Pye has sent to England I believe for a jockey to finish them off.

These are all at present visible on the course, but before we turn homewards we must not forget Mr Grey's lot that sometimes makes its appearance from the stables across the road near the race stand. I believe they have of late taken up their cantering ground on the Ellenborough course. The veteran owner of this lot—his heart as much on the race course as it was forty years ago—still delights in expatiating upon the quality and points of that creature of his affections, a race horse—and in narrating the reminiscences of many a well contested race and brilliant set-to, both here and in England, seems to take peculiar pleasure in enlightening his younger competitors on the turf, upon subjects which his longer experience has enabled him to make himself better acquainted with—all honour be to him who has been the unflinching friend and supporter of racing through evil report and through good report for so many years, and who is in himself a refutation of the silly slander which would-be saints and prosing moralists urge against the sport. May all the young hands pursue their career upon the turf as honorably and with the same spirit, and in spite of uncharitable innuendo and disparaging remarks, from whatever quarter they may come, it will be many a year before Calcutta will have to look back upon the reunions at the race stand, as among the thing that have gone by! How absurd, my Dear Abel, is all this gup about racing which one is bored with in so many quarters—to

such a length do these peculiar notions extend among a certain class of immaculates, that they even pride themselves upon never having once seen a race in Calcutta, during the many years they have been resident in the place. Truly a very praiseworthy effort of self-denial this, is it not? A mighty subject for congratulation. The bump of self-esteem is no doubt very prominent in the cranium of these gentlemen, perhaps if we were to alter the hours of racing, and give our visitors iced champagne and devilled drumsticks, instead of biscuits and coffee, we might bring into action another phrenological development to counteract this, one that would induce them to hold their tongues by setting their jaws in motion; however, in this I may be wrong, and indeed when I come to reflect upon it, I think I must be—a man given to such carnal indulgences—well fed on three meals a day (occasionally of course a grilled bone extra towards the small hours, when sociable people begin to think that they won't go home till morning) accompanied by tea, coffee, beer, iced champagne, and other cooling and emollient liquids according to the hour or inclination—the mind and body kept in good wholesome exercise to prevent a redundancy of bile in the one case, &c., deficiency of *nous* in the other—a man in short who manages himself in a rational manner, and scruples not to enjoy the good things with which the Gods have provided him, would hardly be in a sufficiently acid state to incline him to indulge in these foolish insinuations to which I have alluded—they must be I think the result of soda water and seidlitz powders, or Morrison's pills, and I would recommend to the afflicted to eschew all such nastiness in future, and take advantage of the very next steamer to go home, and endeavour in a more genial climate to get the system, corporeal and mental, into a little more healthy condition.

It is no doubt true that to people of a dull and phlegmatic temperament—"men fat and sleek-headed and such as sleep o' nights" a fondness for horse-racing for the mere sport, must always be incomprehensible—how absurd must it appear to them for a man to give up the enjoyment of a luxurious couch, for a canter on the race course, and that perhaps before daylight in the morning, and with no other object than to see a horse take a trial gallop, or labor in a sweat under a heap of blankets and a native jockey—they can realize no object in such an apparently insane proceeding. Were it a cattle shew they would understand it—visions of gigantic sirloins, haunches of mutton grain fed or close grained swine in a delectable state of obesity—tender sucking pigs *et hoc genus omne*, floating through their imaginations and exciting a gentle titillation in the palate, with the anticipation of some feast in

prospective, might in some degree repay them for their extra exertion. The *argumentum ad stomachum*, as Christopher North has it, might afford them some slight consolation, but to leave a comfortable bed—forego the soothing influence of a punkah, for the mere purpose of seeing a few horses run. However enough of this, with this class, many of them good men and true, I have no fault to find, *Degustibus, &c.* besides which I am myself by no means indifferent to the enjoyment of a well spread table, or the comforts of a four poster that will insure me a good night's rest. It is the grumblers that I object to, who would deny to others the enjoyment of any pursuit, however harmless, because they themselves cannot appreciate it, and who misinterpret and impugn the motives which actuate *others*, in a matter which is quite beyond *their* comprehension. "Because thou art wise dost thou think there is to be no more cakes and ale"—Yes and coffee too and a glorious meet we will have next cold weather and many a better I hope a year to come.

To return from digression to the subject in hand Mr Grey's stud, there are fine Arabs in this lot—Maidens, 3 I believe in for the Derby—Zubberdust, a large powerful grey and good mover—but somewhat heavy in flesh just now—2 other greys, a roan grey colt and a bay rather slight in bone, but of good caste. They are all very fair in appearance and action. I think however that there will be hardly time to bring them out in their best form by the time the Derby is run. The Englishman, Bendigo, 2 country beds, a grey colt out of Popsy and Hebe who made an appearance last year, complete this lot as far as I have yet seen. There is yet one other matter to which I must direct your attention, now that we are in the neighbourhood. The Judge's box you will perceive has been shifted to the other side of the course into the stand compound. This I look upon as a great improvement, as it will enable the Judge to decide with much more satisfaction to himself than he could do when the struggle home brought the horses to within a foot or two of his nose at the finish. And now off homewards, for the sun is getting up. By the bye I hear that the so-called Lucknow Rajah is going to make an appearance at the races next season—he is going to run at Sonapore and will most likely come on to Calcutta—if so, his advent will have some influence on the bookmakers, should there be any such speculators in this part of the world. Wahaby if you recollect is in for the Champagne, and I believe the only plater in the race, besides Don Juan; and young Wahabee, a large brown colt, who was trained last season (of what was said about him be true) would be rather a dangerous opponent in the Derby. These *cum multis aliis* in the same stud will form no bad addition to the racing stock at present down here—the more the merrier say I and I only

wish a few more among the wealthy natives would follow his example; certainly a much more rational way of employing a little superfluous cash, than by wasting a lac of rupees in wax candles and cocoanut oil at a marriage festival—and it might you know yield a very good return. While on the subject of racing, can you tell me how it is that there was no “*Civilians’ Purse*” last year? And according to the prospectus of the first meet now published, no appearance of any improvement in this respect for the next season? We have our Merchants’ Cup and Trades’ Plate, and the Governor-General if he has been written to on the subject, will I have no doubt, with his wonted liberality, give a Cup or Purse that will bring to the post the first of every stable in Calcutta, even though he himself should not have an opportunity of witnessing the emulation that it will excite—but on the part of the Civilians there appears to be *nought*. This ugly blank in the bill of fare must have arisen I think from an oversight in some quarter or other—looking at them as a body of men notorious for their devotion to sport, for their well known determination and perseverance in pursuit either of pig or jackal—their equally acknowledged brilliant performances with the trigger, whether a snap shot at a snipe or a cool pot at a tiger, that crowning triumph to which the aspirants to venerie cling—all proclaim the Civilian every inch a sportsman—and one could scarcely imagine that such an omission as that to which I have alluded could possibly have occurred, I sincerely hope that some one or other among them will take the matter in hand to enable us to fill up the hiatus, as I am quite sure that the subject needs only to be set on foot to insure a satisfactory result.* And now good by—my road lies in this direction and I must put my horse in a canter, as the sun is getting a little too high to be pleasant. Before I leave you, however, just one more word—Don’t take all I have been telling you as gospel—they are merely the crude remarks of

A LOOKER-ON.

* The explanation is a very simple one. It requires some one to take the trouble of getting names and collecting subscriptions, and such a person was wanted last year.—A. E.

S E L E C T I O N S

A N D

S P O R T I N G I N T E L L I G E N C E.

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SELECTIONS,

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON BEAR SKALLS, &c.

BY L. LLOYD.

(AUTHOR OF "NORTHERN FIELD SPORTS," &c.)

As was stated in a late contribution to your periodical, there were a few bears in the country about Wenersborg, near to which my residence was situated; but they were pretty much confined to the range of hills to the westward of that town—to the wilderness lying between the lake Wenern and the North Sea. To the eastward they were seldom to be heard of. Wolves were rather numerous; as, indeed, was the case over all the northern parts of Scandinavia, and the lynx was not uncommon. The destruction caused by these noxious animals was considerable; by wolves and lynxes in particular. Not, however, as regards man; for, in Sweden and Norway it is seldom people are molested. In Dalsland alone, which extends from Wenersborg to the confines of Wermeland—a tract of country some fifty miles in length, by twenty in breadth—it appeared, by official returns, that one particular year not fewer than 1603 domesticated animals (nothing less than a sheep, a pig, or a goat, taken into account) had been destroyed. But be it remembered that this district, from the denseness of the forests, is quite a nursery for vermin of all kinds. The peasants complained bitterly of their losses, and skulls in consequence were not unfrequently got up for the destruction of beasts of prey. In many instances, the authorities in the province of Elfsborg, in which I lived, as well as in the neighbouring one of Bohus, or Goteborg, placed them under my guidance. In general, they succeeded tolerably well; though at times, from the broken nature of the country, the inexperience of the people, and other causes, failures occurred.

It was my custom at these skulls—in such as took place in the summer, at least—to have a small military band, consisting of drums and bugles, in the centre of the dref, or driving division, which was my own post. But the policy of this measure was much questioned by many—by Mr Falk, among others; it being considered that music overscared wild beasts, and thus caused them to break through all obstructions. To my mind, however, the drum and bugle were desirable auxiliaries. They tended not only to animate us all, but enabled the peasants the better to preserve the line—of ten of 5 or 6 miles in length, whilst traversing the forest—for, knowing the band to be in the centre, either wing accelerated or retarded its movements accordingly.

In illustration of the beneficial effects of the drum, I remember once, during a halt, when the band had ceased, a bear came suddenly upon the musicians, and would probably have broken through us, had not the drummer had the presence of mind instantly to commence tattooing, on which the beast headed about again, and was off as if the old gentleman was behind him.

At a somewhat late period of the autumn 1836, more than one skull took place under my management, in the more northern parts of Dalsland, which abounds in bold and picturesque scenery. Jan Finn, or the Finner, as he was commonly called, of whom honourable mention has been made elsewhere, and for whom I expressly sent, lent me his able assistance on this occasion. Owing to the precipitous hills, the deep ravines, and numerous lakes with which the district in question was studded, it was in one sense generally unfavourable for skulls; but, as a set-off, there were several considerable forests—tracks nearly surrounded by very extensive lakes, which formed so many positions admirably suited to our purpose. Here a few men, comparatively, served to guard the passes by which it was probable wild beasts, when pressed, would attempt to escape; and the mass of the people were, in consequence, drafted into the driving division, which thus became more than usually effective.

The skull in question were on a large scale, five or six hundred men being each day engaged; and what with the band, our guns, and other weapons, we resembled in degree a military force. The weather was fine, and the peasants generally behaved exceedingly well. With such means and appliances, and embracing, as each of the skulls did, a very wide field, we ought to have done much execution. But, from natural obstacles, and the want of an efficient staff, our success was not great. We killed some wild beasts however, though fewer than anticipated.

The present Marquis of D —, who was on a visit to me at the time, took part in these *chasses*, and had the gratification to shoot a bear to his own gun. He killed the beast near to the conclusion of the first battue, which terminated on the margin of the Limmen, one of the many romantic lakes with which Dalsland is studded.

On a former occasion, a skull, also on an extended scale, took place under my guidance in this very district. The hall, or stationary

division, was posted across the narrow neck of land separating the great lakes Ommelin and Elsland; and as their breadth near to the pass in question was much contracted, boats were placed at intervals, to prevent our quarry from escaping by water. Towards the close of the day, the extreme of the left wing of the driving division, from some unexplained cause, had fallen far into the rear; and I was obliged to halt the centre and right some two hours to enable the men to resume their proper position. Owing to this delay, it was all but dark before we reached the *skot plats*; by which time the boats, fancying the skull at an end, had, contrary to express orders, retired from their several stations. The consequence was that, on our arrival at the margin of the lake, a badly wounded bear, that had for some time been retreating before us, plunged headlong into the water; and though twelve or fourteen random shots were fired in the gloom at the brute, as he was swimming from the land, he, to our great mortification, effected his escape to the opposite shore. Had the boats remained stationary, his death was all but certain; for the people were at the time three deep, and to have broken through them would have been next to impossible. At this skull we had originally four bears within the cordon; but when the irregularity mentioned occurred, two others also made their escape, and only the remaining one, a large female, rewarded our labours.

Though I searched the forest far and near, on the following day, with a brace of good dogs, for the three bears that had given us the slip, all of which were said to be more or less wounded, nothing did we see of the beasts. But subsequently report said the one swam the lake had been found by a herd-boy, dead of his wounds.

But all this is a digression. To proceed. About a fortnight subsequently to the skulls in question, two others took place, on consecutive days, in the parishes of Odeborg and Fårgeland, situated in the more central parts of Dalsland; at which Lord D — was also present. Here the Finner likewise lent me his valuable aid. But, from the inexperience of the peasants, who, I believe, had never before taken part in a battue on an extended scale, the unusual, even for Dalsland, rugged nature of the country, which embraced Stygg-fjäll, or the Ugly-fell, very little execution, indeed, was done, and no less than four bears were known to have escaped us. But very fortunately there was a sprinkling of snow on the ground, it being then the middle of November; so that we were enabled to ring three of them, consisting of a female and two large cubs. A very heavy storm of rain, however, came on the succeeding day, and the snow soon disappearing altogether, we could not tell to any certainty whether or no beasts were within the circle. Under the circumstances, it would not have done to call out the people for another government skull; and, as no time was to be lost, it was determined on beating up for volunteers.

On the succeeding morning, which happened to be Sunday, notices were therefore published in the usual way, in the several neighbouring churches, requesting the peasants to assist us in destroying

the bears. In order to be rid of such troublesome neighbours, many were of course willing to lend a hand ; and, as a further inducement they were promised not only finkel in abundance, but a dance and supper for themselves and families in the evening.

At 10 on the morrow, the appointed hour, we proceeded to the rendezvous. This was a road-side pot-house, nicknamed *Pung Wranga*, or the purse turned inside out—a designation by no means inappropriate, considering the scenes of gambling and debauchery which frequently took place beneath its roof. But we were much disappointed on finding that our alluring promises had only brought together about 120 men ; and it was a question, in consequence, whether or no we should put off the skull until a future day. But as all the people were armed in some way or other, and a considerable portion—a fifth, probably—with guns, was determined on commencing operations forthwith.

It is usual to post nearly all the individuals with fire-arms at the hall, it being at that point wild beasts commonly make their first appearance. But, as I have observed that, if their first attempt to escape be foiled, their future efforts are directed fully more towards the driving than the stationary division, I have always thought it best to distribute the guns pretty equally throughout ; and such was the arrangement in the present instance.

After the people had been drawn up in two lines, and numbered in the usual manner, and when all was in readiness, we marched off in silence to the scene of action, which was not far distant. The ring, fortunately, was of rather confined extent ; and though we were few in number, yet, owing to the forest being pretty open in places, where the men could be stationed farther apart, we were enabled to encompass it in a pretty effectual manner. To the Finner was left the management of the driving division ; whilst my own post, in this particular instance, was in the centre of the stationary line. Here was a dense brake, by which it was probable the beasts would make their most strenuous efforts to escape, which made it needful for me to be there in person. Lord D——, as also several other gentlemen present, took up their positions at some little distance to the right and left of me.

Every one being at his station, and all in readiness, the Finner, agreeably to previous arrangement, fired a shot as the signal for the men to start ; and very soon afterwards we were enabled to distinguish the hum of their voices. We at the hall were now all attention, and looking out with intense anxiety for the bears, which were momentarily expected to make their appearance. Such was the profound silence, that where I stood a pin might almost have been heard to drop to the ground. But four or five minutes elapsed before any one was aware of the bears ; at length, loud and continued shouting to the left told us they had been visible to some of the party. No shots were fired, however, and presently all was still again. But all at once the three bears came thundering through the brake, directly towards the spot where I stood. As the beasts were not more than forty or fifty

paces distant, I waited not their nearer approach, as I ought to have done, but let fly at once, right and left; though, to my shame be it spoken, they wheeled round, and were off in an opposite direction as if nothing had happened. Those about me did not fire, for the alleged reason that their view of the animals was very indistinct, which was probably the case.

The bears now dashed along the line to the left, and for a minute or two the firing was incessant. Presently all was silence again, from which we inferred that the beasts were *hors de combat*. But in this we were shortly undeceived, for some dropping shots immediately opposite gave us to understand that one or more of them were attempting to break through the driving division. By this time I was re-loaded, and again on the look-out; and my patience was not long put to the test; for, shortly afterwards, I got a glimpse of one of the cubs as he was rapidly approaching our line; and was in the act of shooting, when a ball from the rifle of a friend near stretched the animal lifeless on the ground. No hard firing took place subsequently; but shots were still occasionally heard at various parts of the ring. Soon again I saw the outline of the big bear, as she was crashing through the brake, and had just time to fire the one barrel before she was lost to sight. Though my ball did not bring her down, yet, from the reel she gave, it evidently took effect. A few seconds afterwards, several shots were heard to the right—the direction taken by the beast; and, at the same time, the people thereabouts shouted lustily, as if for assistance. Apprehensive of an accident, and without having fully re-loaded, I ran to the spot, and found the uproar to have been caused by a peasant, named Sven Andersson, having been wounded by the bear. Though armed only with a stake, this man, aided by two or three others, had gallantly opposed the beast's attempts to break the cordon. And in this they succeeded; for, after capsizing and maltreating the unfortunate fellow, she was headed back into the ring. Providentially, poor Sven was but slightly hurt; attributable, probably, to the bear being herself very severely wounded when she made her rush. Unluckily, however, all his injuries were behind; and at an after period we had many a laugh at his expense. But he stoutly denied having bolted. And indeed this was not likely; as, had he ran for it, there is little doubt, from the disabled state of his antagonist, he might have got off unscathed.

Finding no serious harm was done, and after leaving a person in charge of the hall, I made the best of my way along the cordon to the Finner, to ascertain how matters stood with his division. From him I learnt the disagreeable intelligence that the remaining cub, in spite of every effort to turn him, had broken through the thick of the people, and made his escape—not, however, unhurt, as was evident from the blood to be seen on the few patches of snow still covering the ground. But this was far from the worst part of the business; for it appeared that, whilst the cub was in the very act of passing the cordon, one of the peasants had most incautiously fired; when, instead of his ball taking effect in the beast, it lodged in the thigh of a

companion. The poor man, however, was apparently not very seriously hurt; for, in spite of the wound, he managed, with assistance, to hobble to a neighbouring cottage, from whence he was subsequently conveyed to his home in a cart. Though he suffered much, and was invalided for some time afterwards, yet by the able advice of a medical man, sent to him by us the evening of the accident, he eventually perfectly recovered.

As a partial set-off to these disasters, I learnt that the big bear had, a minute or two before, been seen within the ring, which was joyful news; as, from not having heard either shout or shot for some little time, I very greatly feared she might have escaped us. To ensure as far as might be her destruction, the Finner and myself now very gradually closed in the people on all sides, and until such times as the opposing lines were fully as near to each other as prudence would permit. But still the bear did not show herself, which indeed was well; for had she danced about the ring, as in the first instance, and there had been much firing, accidents might readily have occurred. At length, however, one of the peasants viewed her in a thicket, rocking to and fro, as it were, from her numerous wounds, and apparently in a dying state; when pointing her out to the Finner, he immediately shot her through the head.

Thus terminated this little skull, during which eighty or ninety shots must have been fired; the greater part within the first few minutes. This sharp work, resembling a fusilade, coupled with the shouts of the people, and the frequent transitory views we had of the bears, rendered it altogether as animated and interesting a battue as it has often fallen to my lot to witness.

The beasts were now borne to an opening in the forest, that the men might inspect them. The mother was a large brute, and very fat; the cubs well grown, and apparently three years old. When the peasants had gratified their curiosity, the bears were slung on poles, each supported by several men; when, with the band in front, playing some exhilarating tune, we marched in a sort of procession from the forest to the road, which was not far distant. The country was picturesque, and the weather fine for the season of the year; so that the scene altogether was a gay and striking one.

When we reached the road, the volunteers were treated to brandy in abundance, and the spoil deposited in carts, to be conveyed to our quarters. A few of us then searched the surrounding forest with the dogs, which hitherto had been in couplings, for the wounded bear, though unsuccessfully; subsequently we got into a vehicle that had been waiting for us hard by, and made the best of our way homewards.

In the evening the promised ball took place. As is usual with the Swedish peasantry, a species of waltz was the order of the night. To quote the words of my ancient friend, "There was great guzzling, and great rattling of cups and platters." The heels of many spun round in the mazy dance; and the heads of not a few, from the potent effects of finkel. If a stranger had heard them relate their exploits,

he would have supposed each man had bagged a bear, at the least, to his own gun. The festivities were kept up to a late, or rather early hour. "We won't go home till morning," says the old song; and so said the boors.

As, from the want of snow, nothing could be done with the wounded bear, or with the other that escaped from us at the first skull, we returned to Ronnum; from whence, after a day or two's rest, Lord D—— departed for England, taking with him, as a *souvenir* some of our somewhat hard-earned trophies. The Finner also left me; his little farm, in the depths of the Wermeland Forests, requiring his personal attention.

Lord D——'s manly person——shown to the more advantage at the skulls, armed, as he was, to the teeth——coupled with his courteous demeanour to the peasants, made him a great favourite with them; and his liberality to the boors, as well in regard to finkel as other matters, not a little enhanced his popularity.

From the gentry resident near to where the several skulls took place, we received every attention. Baldersnäs, the beautiful seat of Mr Warn, a leading and distinguished member of the Swedish Diet, was made our home for several days; and at Svanholmen, or the Isle of Swans, the picturesque residence of the Messrs. Uggla, who kindly lent their personal assistance at the skulls, we were also hospitably entertained.

It was not until the commencement of the new year that a particle of snow fell, and then in such small quantities as only to cover the ground to the depth of a few inches. The day following I proceeded to the hamlet of Radane, situated at some twenty miles to the N. W. of Wenersborg, in search of the lost bears. The Governor, M. Sandelhjelm, having placed about twenty men at my disposal, a good deal of ground was gone over in the course of the first three or four days. But all endeavours to get the beasts on foot were unavailing; for not a track, or other indication of them, was to be seen. But at length the dogs, which were allowed to range at large, roused the larger of the bears from its newly-made bed, consisting of a few twigs of the spruce pine, torn by him from the adjoining young trees. Chase was immediately given; but, from the very difficult ground, we were distanced. After a short run, therefore, further pursuit was given up for the time; when, coupling up the dogs, we set about ringing the beast, which was partly accomplished as the evening was closing in, when we returned to our quarters at Radane.

On the following morning, accompanied by an intelligent guide, I started with the intention of completing the circle; but some snow having fallen during the preceding night, the spor, in places, was no longer visible, and we were soon altogether at fault. But shortly afterwards a peasant, whom we accidentally met, gave us the agreeable intelligence that, an hour before, he had fallen in with the fresh tracks of our bear; who, it then appeared, had been on foot since the cessation of the snow, when we at once proceeded to the spot indicated, then not very far distant. On reaching it, we set about ringing

the beast in the usual manner; and had not been long so engaged, when as we were on the point of descending a somewhat abrupt declivity, I got a glimpse of him as, alarmed by our too near approach, he was stealing away amongst the trees from the hollow at our feet. I had just time to take a snap shot with the one barrel; but, as he flinched not, I inferred the ball went wide of the mark. At an after period of the day we succeeded in encircling our friend; but considering, from the then state of the snow, were he to be again roused, he might escape us for the time, I deemed it best to leave him undisturbed, and to get up a skall for his destruction. With this object, I at once posted off, some ten or twelve miles, to the nearest of the authorities; who, on seeing the credentials given me by M. Sandelhjelm, at once ordered out upwards of three hundred men for the succeeding day. But though the ring was comparatively small, and the people sufficiently numerous, and the arrangements, so far as I could judge, good, the skall proved an entire failure; for, very soon after the formation of the circle, and without a shot being fired, the bear dashed through the men and made his escape.

Some more snow fell during the succeeding night; and knowing the tracks of the beast would now be partially, if not wholly, obliterated, I started with a friend, at a pretty early hour on the following morning, for the purpose, if possible, of again rousing him—a needful step, before it would be practicable to re-ring him with any certainty. We had been thus occupied for two or three hours—at times on his trail, at others, altogether at fault. At length, as we were beating the face of a precipitous hill, where we had reason to suppose the beast had taken refuge, the dogs were indistinctly heard to challenge far above us. Leaving my comrade, I hastened to the spot, and found, as I suspected, it was the bear they had fallen in with. He was lying in a small and deeply-wooded ravine, and his attention so much taken up with the dogs, which were baying immediately about, that he observed me not until within a few paces of his lair, when I put a bullet through his head—or rather her head; for the prize proved a female. In the temporary bed she had formed, we found to our surprise three cubs, whelped probably the night before. During the chase of the few preceding days we had thought it singular that, when roused, this bear had never gone any considerable distance; but the sudden increase to her family explained the mystery. With the assistance of a peasant, near at hand, we dragged the beast a few paces to the brow of an abrupt declivity; when, giving her a lift with my foot, she rolled over and over down the slope, on to the frozen surface of the lake below. It was injudiciously done, however; for, though time and labour was saved, the carcass, as a set-off, must have been sadly smashed, owing to the weight of the animal and velocity of the descent. At an after period of the day the old bear was conveyed in a sledge from the forest. The cubs I at once took with me to Ronnum, where, by means of a quill, they were fed on milk. They lived for some days; but at length, to my regret—for I was very desirous of rearing them—they all pined away and died.

Subsequently I succeeded in getting the remaining bear on foot; but, as the ground was only partially covered with snow, it was thought more advisable to have a skall than to attempt to kill him single-handed. Having dilated somewhat largely on this description of *chasse*, it is needless to say more than that, in this instance, everything went well, and that we duly bagged the beast. That it was the same that had escaped us in the early part of the winter was evident; for at the time of his death, a wound, still green, was visible in his neck.

A few days after the termination of this battue, I proceeded with the dogs to Nattjebacka, a hamlet at some seven or eight miles to the S. W. of Radane; in which vicinity report said one or more bears were supposed to have taken up their winter quarters; but every one was in the dark as to the whereabouts of their dens. Five or six peasants having volunteered to assist in the search, we on the following day beat the forest far and wide, though without seeing any indications of the animals. But the succeeding morning fortune befriended us; for a large female bear was fallen in with, which it was my luck at once to shoot through the head. She also had three cubs; but unfortunately only a few days old, at which period they are most difficult to bring up; and, as with those captured near to Radane, they all quickly perished.

Though the skalls, of which mention has been made in these pages, were, from various causes, far less successful than, from the means and appliances brought into play, might have been anticipated, it will be seen that, when alone, I had no great reason to complain. Skalls are all very well in their way, and at times indispensable; but as the issue of a battue on an extended scale is mainly dependent on the mass acting in concert, it often happens that a slight hitch—even the misconduct of a single person—will mar the best-arranged plan, and cause a total failure. When a man, on the contrary, takes the field alone, and everything is dependent on himself, all his energies are brought fairly into play; and, nine times out of ten, success crowns his exertions. For this reason I have always considered the chase of the bear single-handed as infinitely preferable to, and far more exciting than, mobbing the brute.

Göthenborg, Dec., 1846.

L. LLOYD.

Sporting Magazine for May.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC., ETC.

THE SPILL, AND THE COACH ROBBERY.

It is an old story now. Full forty years have fled : the "satchelled schoolboy" has assumed the spectacles, and a "frosty pow" represents what then was nut-brown hair. All since that time has changed, and on sea and land alike steam has revolutionized the then-existing modes of transit. At that period, with a fair wind—ay, and plenty of it—we considered ourselves lucky could we but cross Channel in any time under twenty hours ; and a distance now-a-days performed on any common railroad in a couple of hours would formerly occupy a summer's day, while in winter it obliged us to be borrowers extensively from the night, and up also before Chanticleer began to ruffle his feathers, or the glow-worm "showed the matin to be near." The mail, whose movements were nocturnal, effected the distance between my father's house and the metropolis in about half the time that The Cock* did ; and so it should, for the mail horses had but one coach to drag along, while The Cock's quadrupeds had a couple of bodies, united like the Siamese twins, to carry forward—poor devils!—as well as they best could.

And yet this antiquated "vehicular conveyance," as Pangloss would describe it, brings with it cherished reminiscences. It was precisely built, in nautical parlance, on the lines of a modern omnibus, with a partition in the centre. Each division held six passengers, and the number clustered on the roof was legion—every "coign of vantage" in shape of box or trunk bearing the weight of some outside Antony, who now and again carolled an Irish ditty, or "drew the *dhudeeine*," much to his own satisfaction, and sorely to the discomfort of any fellow-passenger, who might have as great a hatred to the Virginian leaf even as the "gentle King Jamie." In those benighted times, ten-years-olds, *en route* to school, did not require their parents to find them in a penny-worth of lettuce-leaves rolled into the resemblance of a cigar ; and generally an outsider, before he set a lucifer to his foot of clay, asked the fellow-passenger who was to leeward whether he could stand "the weed :"—indeed, in Ireland this piece of ceremony was absolutely indispensable. The Irish are an excitable race. A shower of ashes from a pipe is not a remedy for weak eyes. On a windy day, a determined smoker on your weather beam is a devilish bore ; it is a nuisance, calling loudly for abatement. A royal counterblast worked wonders in Jamie's day—a flush-hit, "tempora Georgii" III. did better. To do "justice to ould Ireland," in that half-forgotten era there was in the Green Isle a national urbanity of

* A northern day coach, defunct a quarter of a century.

manner that John Bull has yet to learn. Your brother roofer, before he touched tinder, would express a hope that pipe or cigar would not be disagreeable ; or propose, if he found it were, to shift his seat to leeward, for fear that a puff would prove an inconvenience to you. An English chaw bacon will make no excuse when he overwhelms you with stinking tobacco. Has he not paid for his seat as well as you ? Is there any Parliamentary enactment to prevent him from puffing a cloud ? His baccy is the best—ay, and it's paid for, and that's a good job—and if a spark goes into your eye, you can bring an action if you please. You get irate, swear you will eject him *vi et armis*, from the roof. He offers a supplication that Heaven will strengthen you in the resolution, as his accord cousin, Attorney Sharp, would obtain thereby a decent law-suit. Dying to unloose your dexter maw-ley, and give a two-fold occupation to the next dentist and surgeon—to wit, the reduction of a dislocated collar-bone, and the replacement of a quantity of lost ivory—still you hesitate : the fear of Attorney Sharp is before your eyes. You look daggers, but are afraid to use them.

“ Throw him over,” says a young gentleman from Connaught, *in transitu* to the University, to take an A.B. and canon's orders.

“ Wait till we come to the next stage,” whispers a dragon : “ you might break the devil's neck by a fall from the coach ; and though the loss would not amount, in correct value, to five farthings, it might still lead to trouble ; and in old age it would not be a consolatory reminiscence to look back to—namely, the day when some dozen crotchety scoundrels who viewed the body had come to the unanimous conclusion that you had committed murder, and added to their verdict the pleasant consequence of holding up your right hand, while in distinct enunciation at the next assizes you assured the jury you were ‘ Not guilty.’ ”

More than five-and-thirty years have—“*ehue ! fugaces*”—insensibly slipped away since a chill and hoar-frost morning, in dark December, found me, at six o'clock, seated beside old Dan Laverty on the box of The Cock. Dan was a good-humoured fellow, seldom absolutely sober, and never decidedly drunk. He was a droll mannerist, amused the outsiders, received at every change of horses a glass of “ Costigan's care-killer,”* and with six inches of undiluted whiskey he brought the coach for twenty years in perfect safety into Gaussan's yard in Bolton-street. Alas ! poor Dan was fated to point the moral of the pitcher that went once too often to the well. One foggy evening, when afflicted with blind leaders, and wheelers with an eye between them, he was obliged, for the stomach's sake, to add another inch to the alcohol ; and although vision was thus doubled, it still did not compensate for the seven optics unhappily deficient in the team. The haze of evening and a turn in the road completely bothered him. Whether it were a potato furrow, or the gulph into which Curtius leaped, the choice would have been all the same to the blind leaders. Dan's double

* An eminent whiskey distiller of that day.

vision did not detect the twist in the road until the leaders had cleared the fence. The ground was declining ; and, sorely as it puzzled " The Cock of the North" to achieve an ascent, its facility in descent was marvellous. To go over with a coach and horses, and such a vehicle as The Cock—a fall of seven feet, twelve insides, and as many outs as the roof could carry—that would indeed have been a regular smasher. I then was active as a roe-deer, and from my look-out position saw clearly the impending ruin. Stimulated by fear, I made a wild spring from the box, and, with an Irishman's luck, lighted safely on a quickset hedge. Sooth to say, I found it no bed of roses ; but, although a most honourable section of my person was awfully invaded by the thorns, I achieved the saltation without a fractured bone. Fortunately for all the rest, the pole broke short, so did the traces ; the horses went over in a bunch, but The Cock, after a heavy lurch, was brought up, to use sea *parlance*, " all standing" by the bank. The whole cargo aloft, living as leather, being, however, propelled into the fallow field, and trunks and travellers—carpet bags and the bagmen they belonged to—a recruiting sergeant *en route* to the morning fair—a thick-winded canon, bound for the capital to abuse the scarlet lady next Sunday at the Magdalen—a couple of fat graziers and a dwarfed drummer—with a *sine nomine turba*, accompanied by a ton weight of miscellaneous luggage—all went flying from the roof. On the principle that cutting a ship's masts away when the vessel is on her beam-ends will enable her to right, so did the sudden and complete clearance of the deck-lumber enable The Cock to recover his tottering equilibrium. Of the company thus unexpectedly propelled into the fallow, from the field having been recently ploughed, not one of these lucky devils sustained an injury but the canon : he, worthy man, turning the scale at the wrong side of seventeen stone, was gifted with an alacrity of sinking, and kissed Mother Earth among the foremost of her worshippers ; while the artist upon sheep-skin, being but a catch-weight, like a shell projected from a mortar, described a parabola in his flight, falling, however, with the nicest precision on the reverend person of the prostrate divine. The drummer profited by dropping on " round belly with good capon lined," and was on his feet again with the proverbial alacrity of a lamplighter ; but the churchman complained bitterly of this abdominal invasion, and a paragraph in the next morning's *Saunders'*, that detailed the accident, added, that, in consequence of the severe injuries sustained by the Reverend Richard Roundabout, the charity sermon at the Magdalen was postponed until the following sabbath.

It was a singular circumstance that all the outsides, barring Richard Roundabout, escaped with trifling scratches, while the insides suffered heavily—some from contusions, and more from broken glass. As the cginghan stables were within a mile of the place where the accident occurred, assistance and a relay of horses were readily obtained. In half an hour the baggage was packed anew, and as night was closing we resumed our interrupted journey.

Our destinies, as Napoleon would say, were still to be completed.

All the outsides, save and except the Reverend Richard, evinced a lively gratitude for safe deliverance; but he, poor man, had a double cause for lamentation. To dorsal injuries occasioned by the fall, the accursed drummer had superadded abdominal ones. Mr Roundabout was not of the Job school: he did not bear the visitation as he should have done, patiently: he saw no reason that he should sing or say a *Te Deum* because he was pitched into a fallow field. The anterior portion of his outer man was much the worse for this involuntary projection from the coach roof, and he piously believed that the villanous boy in the parti-coloured jacket—namely, the drummer—had wilfully, and with *malice prepense*, consummated his ruin. Why should he thank Providence for the preference of becoming a feather-bed for another passenger to fall upon? and could not the little vagabond have pitched upon some other wayfarer's person than his own? If a traveller's *penetralia* were to be ruthlessly invaded, why should his have obtained a preference? A fellow-passenger hinted that he should be thankful in escaping without a broken neck; but the Reverend Richard could see no cause for any laudatory acknowledgment for being "quoted like a shove-groat shilling" from a coach roof to a fallow field, more than a gentleman after being ridden over by a relieved guard of dragoons,* when intrusted to return thanks to Heaven by a pious lady who had witnessed the accident.

As misfortunes rarely come alone, we had a fresh visitation in store. There was a lion in the path, and, as matters turned out, it would have been better for the capitalist portion of the coach company had they bivouacked all night in the fallowed field. After a considerable delay, the leathern conveniency was declared "all right," the lamps were lighted, and we resumed our journey.

Mr Laverty had been sobered by the accident; but the fright he had undergone required at the next two stages "jist a squib"—thereby meaning a glass of whiskey "neat"—to keep his heart up. He drove steadily, however, until we reached a place of nefarious reputation at that time for highway robbery; viz. the old demesne of Santry, whose broken wall for half a mile bounded the mail-coach road.

* A troop of dragoons, returning to their barracks after morning relief at the Castle, were overtaken by a heavy shower, and, to save their appointments from the rain, received orders to trot. Wheeling briskly round the corner of a narrow street, they knocked down a stupid fellow who had crossed the leading horses, but who, by a singular good fortune, escaped any injury of consequence. Unhurt, but sorely frightened, he rolled himself out of the way of the rear files; and the dragoons, more solicitous to save their appointments from the rain than inquire into the state of his ribs, trotted on with perfect indifference. The fellow gradually gathered himself up, and an old woman on the kerb-stone enacted symphthizer. Crossing herself piously, she exclaimed—

"Arrah! young man; haven't ye reason to bless God and the Virgin every day ye rise?"

"For what," returned the ridden-over one, "should I bless the Virgin? Is it for driving a troop of dragoons over me?"

It was lighter than when we were upset, for though there was no moon, the night was starry; and now within half dozen miles of the great metropolis, we might have fairly considered ourselves secure from robber aggression. The cavalry patrols from the capital riding to a village but a mile off, unhappily "*disaliter visum!*" and a regular tumble over was to be succeeded by a thorough cleaning out.

Mr Lavery was just detailing the particulars of the robbery of a gentleman's carriage, a few evenings before, whose occupants were going to Santry House to dinner, when round a sudden bend in the road I detected some opaque object.

"What the devil's that across the road, Dan?"

The height of the park wall, and the overspread of large timber trees, had so much obscured it, that the man of double vision pronounced it the shadow of a beech tree.

"It's no shadow, Dan."

"Be this book, it's nothing else!"

The next half minute ended the controversy: for the blind leaders ran into a barrier composed of carts and cars, and a dozen not the "most sweet voices" in the world bellowed, through a gap in the wall on one side, and from behind a hedge on the other, their imperative mandate to "Pull up!"

Pull up! We were already, as sailors say, "brought up," the leaders being fairly across the outside of the barricade, and the wheelers and coach company anchored as safely at the other.

I believe a goodly company, numbering twenty-two, were never more easily "brought to book" by a dozen gentlemen of the road. There was nothing bearing the appellation of a lethal weapon in this our hour of need to be found, save what is termed in Ireland a pocket-pistol; and though charged to the muzzle before starting, the same pistol was neither loaded with cold lead or villanous saltpetre, but with as good malt whiskey as the proprietor before starting could obtain for love or money. Barricaded in front, the wall and hedge regularly lined and ready to open a flanking fire, no retreat open, nothing of course remained but to surrender at discretion.

It was intimated accordingly that we had neither means nor inclination to resist, and in return were desired to descend or tumble out *instantly*, and while the robbers remained *perdue*, one, with his face perfectly undisguised, issued boldly from his ambuscade behind the wall, and intimated that on this occasion he would; and "for that night only," as play bills term it, enact Master of Ceremonies.

Indeed, from the total absence of all form while superintending subsequent operations, I question whether he had ever officiated at a drawing-room in the Castle. We were ranged uncereemoniously upon our knees, our faces towards the hedge, and on each flank of the line half a dozen highwaymen, each with pistol, gun, or blunderbuss, took up their position.

The captain of the gang proceeded at once to business.

"Starlight!" he exclaimed: and a stalwart blackguard, over six

feet high, handed his carbine to his next companion, and joined the captain, who, however, retained his own double gun.

"Petereine (little Peter)!" he called out; and a smart little fellow from the other flank, after delivering a blunderbuss to the next file, hopped forward like a dancing-master.

* Four other vagabonds, each called by some slang name, were directed to investigate the baggage.

All was methodically transacted; and indeed the style of appropriation was most creditable to Captain Collier. Everything was conducted coolly; and, as poor Napoleon would say, it was quite evident that the gallant captain "understood his trade."

As generals leave the executive to their subordinates, Collier stood in the rear, and merely overlooked the process of "cleaning out," while his two deputies operated upon the passengers. There is a dry, sarcastic, indescribable humour among the Irish, that no nation on the broad earth besides possesses. An Irishman will joke when his only cow is in the pound, and probably his cabin is being unroofed under a "Habere;"* and hence, nothing could be done in better humour than the manner in which Petereine cleaned out, and Starlight received, the valuables in his *caubeein*.†

In the mean time, box, trunk, and parcel, inside and outside the coach, were unceremoniously burst open, their contents scattered on the high road, and such articles as appeared valuable and portable were carefully selected.

Of the lot, the graziers appeared the most productive. Unfortunately for themselves, they were going to the next day's fair to purchase fat cattle. This species of transaction is conducted in Ireland on the principle of "pitch and pay;" and hence they had a good round sum in small bank-notes with a quantity of silver to meet their intended purchases. From each Petereine extracted a greasy pocket-book, a canvas bag, and a silver watch; and loud were their lamentations. These, with all future cleanings-out, were deposited in the treasury of the commonwealth—to wit, Starlight's *caubeein*.

Petereine, to do him justice, was a neat operator—exceedingly genteel; and had he not been hanged at Naas the next spring assizes—cut short, as the old people used to say, in the flower of his youth—he would have made a figure in the world.

With regard to the ladies, the most delicate attention was exhibited. There was no rude invasion of person or pocket; any offering made contented the robbers, and hence, by far the greater portion of their valuables escaped pillage.

The captain took no part in the executive department, but quietly looked on, and that too with as marked indifference as an unconcerned spectator.

* A law process of dispossession, resorted to commonly, to evict troublesome tenants; generally, the cabin is levelled, and the pristine possessors, as a *sequitur*, become beggars,

† A bad felt hat.

As I knelt, according to the robber arrangement, I had piety on one flank, in the person of the Rev. Richard Roundabout, and on the other a representation of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, to wit, Miss Barbara Singlestitch, chief *Marchand de Modes* in the next market town to my father's house; the one was *en route* to preach a charity sermon at the Magdalen, while the lady—God forgive her!—travelled on the vain and unholy mission of collecting the winter fashions, and bringing back such an assortment of ducks of bonnets as never had been, within the memory of woman, exported from the metropolis. Neither did the Reverend Richard nor his favourite disciple, Miss Barbara, on this occasion exhibit the Christian resignation that is attributed to early martyrs; and the approach of Petereine and the hat-bearer to relieve them from earthly superfluities was not calculated to restore mental and religious tranquillity.

Collier stood immediately behind me. I looked up; his eye met mine; and he carelessly inquired—"Where was I going to?"

"To college."

"What property have you?"

"Ten or twelve pound-notes, a watch, and a handful of silver."

"Give me the watch and notes, and deliver the silver when it is demanded. Are you afraid?"

"Not in the least. You would not shoot a boy!"

"Not I, by——!" and he swore a deep oath. Then tapping me on the shoulder, as the rent-collectors approached, he lowered his voice, and added—"Say nothing, but give them the silver."

In a few seconds, the Reverend Richard Roundabout was undergoing an operation he did not at all approve of; nor did he part with his personal effects without diverse touching appeals, which, when unattended to, were followed up by strong remonstrances. He pleaded his cloth, but no benefit of clergy was extended; he hinted that highway robbery was sinful, but when the person despoiled was a churchman, then the *gravamen* of the offence was tenfold. In his case the enormity was beyond calculation; he was going to deliver a charity sermon at the Magdalen; he was an extemporaneous preacher, and between his recent somerset from the roof, and the nervous agitation occasioned by his present spoliation, he had strong doubts whether he should not forget his text before he accomplished the peroration of the sermon. To stop a man on such an errand as he was on, was, in his opinion, an act nothing short of high treason.

Farther he would have proceeded, had not Petereine dipped irreligiously into his breast pocket and extracted a note-case, while Starlight, with anything but a tender tug, extricated a huge gold watch from its reposing place, never recollecting how many soul-stirring discourses had been meted out by reference to its dial, at which elderly ladies became lachrymose, and young ones went to sleep.

My turn came next.

Captain Bobadil, in the play, enquires "What money have you about ye, Master Mathew?" and Lieutenant Starlight's question was pretty nearly in the same vein.

To his polite demand it was impossible to sport deaf adder, and accordingly I forked out my collection of tenpennies.

"Have you not in your pocket a watch, or a note or two?" said the lieutenant.

"Neither, upon my honour."

"You're but lightly provided for a long journey, it seems," responded Mr Starlight.

"I'm returning home from school."

"Pish!" said the captain. "Give the poor boy his pocket money."

"Feaks! captain, ye'r over generous; but let him have it," and he handed back my stock of tenpennies. "Be off, and take your seat."

According to Collier's system, each passenger after being relieved of his or her bank-paper and *metalliques*, was ordered back to the Cock to prevent any confusion; and when Starlight and his assistant aide-de-camp proceeded to disencumber Miss Singlestitch of her superfluities, Captain Collier punched my ribs, and enquired "was I going to remain upon my knees all night, making my soul?"*

I jumped upon my feet, and perceived Petereine and his purse-bearer very actively engaged upon the person of Miss Singlestitch, who was evidently determined to surrender no portion of her property, except "upon compulsion."

"You're a rude man, sir," said the lady.

"Well, what a queer place to carry a purse and pocket-book," returned Petereine, as he extracted both these useful articles from the bosom of the dispenser of fashions.

"Your watch ma'am, if you please," said Lieutenant Starlight.

"It was out of order, and I left it with the maker to be cleaned."

"That cock won't fight, ma'am. Out with it at once. We have no time for dodging."

"Upon my honour."

"Oh! d——n honour!" returned the highwayman. "Produce the tatler! or, by St. Patrick! we'll peel you in a brace of shakes as close as a chany (China) orange."

A demonstration was made—the action was suited to the word. Miss Singlestitch hoped that no rudeness would be offered; but Starlight cut short the delicate discussion by directing his assistant to proceed to his toilet duties, and disrobe the "old girl" at once.

To be plundered was bad enough, and to be called an "old girl" was adding insult to injury. These villanous aggressions were hard enough to bear, but what were both united in atrocious extent to a disrobement of the person *al fresco*, and by such toilet assistants as Master Petereine and Lieutenant Starlight? The inviolability of her costume was, in consequence, secured by the surrender of her time-keeper, and having obtained permission to toddle on, she re-entered

* This is a Connaught phrase. A person going to a holy well or holy mountain on a pilgrimage is said to have gone thither to "make his soul."

the leathern conveniency much lighter in property than in spirits, and sadder but not wiser than when she dismounted.

I also was directed in police parlance to "walk on;" and, unseen by any gang, the captain slipped my watch and bank-notes into my hand adroitly,* while, with a curse, he told me to be off after "the old woman." Miss Singlestitch overheard the epithet, and deeply afterwards did she resent it, when the fear of Captain Collier was removed from her eyes.

I had the honour to ride over the battle grounds of Vittoria and Waterloo on the evening of the first day and early on the morrow of the second. The *debris* of a broken army is extensive and miscellaneous enough, but on so small a surface I never saw such a curious display as the road for dozen yards around the coach that evening exhibited. Every article of wood or leather containing personal effects had been invaded, and as a selection was made, the robbers tied them into bundles preparatory to an expeditious removal. The rejected personal effects were flung loosely upon the road, the clerks of St. Nicholas not taking the slightest trouble to look to the marks and arrange the mixed property after disturbing its regularity; hence, much subsequent confusion resulted. I found myself that evening in possession of a pair of stays, a Welsh wig, and a flannel petticoat, the first and last articles being the property of Miss Singlestitch, while the lady in return transmitted me next day a pair of leather pantaloons; but the Welsh wig remained in my possession like an unclaimed dividend.

Collier understood his trade, and from our immediate proximity to the metropolis to guard against surprise, he had placed a line of videttes upon the Dublin road. A distant shot was heard—a second, and a more distinct one followed; while, next minute, a robber rushed in from outpost duty, announcing that he had heard distinctly the horse-treads of advancing cavalry.

"It has been that infernal quaker that gave the alarm," observed the captain.

"I snapped my piece," returned the sentinel, "at a fellow dressed in brown, with a broad-brimmed hat, who was cutting along the road like a greyhound, but—bad luck to the maker!—the gun missed fire!"

We all remembered that there was a Simon Pure in the fore-cabin; and, as it would appear, with the assistance of the devil and a Quaker's luck, he had managed to escape at the commencement of the confusion, unscathed in property or person.

"If ever a broad-brimmed scoundrel falls into my hands again, I'll cut his throat," observed the captain.

"I wish you had come to that resolution an hour earlier," returned the lieutenant. "But, hark! By Heaven! I hear the rush of cavalry. We must be off, boys."

* Collier was naturally humane and generous. On one occasion he lent a tenant, whose cows were impounded, sufficient money to release them, taking care, however to waylay and rob the rent agent the same evening.

The bundles were hastily thrown over the fence, and in less than a minute's time the robber band had vanished, covered from observation by the obscurity of the night and a close country.

In two minutes more the patrol rode up at speed. It was a subaltern's party; but no pursuit in a dark evening, and over a wooded surface, could be practicable. All that our allies could do was what the Yankees call to sympathise; but would sympathy replace abstracted money and lost watches? Would the sympathy of a squadron of carbineers restore Richard Roundabout's personal effects, his notes for the Magdalen sermon, and the mental serenity so indispensable for an impressive delivery of the same? No; the condolence of a "whole regiment, pioneers and all," would not undo what that Hibernian Macheath had unhappily accomplished; and so it proved.

I certainly came off the best of any; but where were the dozen new shirts, on whose fabrication my aunt Martha had exhausted the curious needlework which, from her early youth to middle age—by the way, thus was she pleased to designate herself, *anno atatis* sixty-two—she was so celebrated for? I made the inquiry next morning, as I overhauled my disordered baggage, and echo answered—where? I ejected a pair of black unmentionables from my portmanteau, whose ample disc at once announced the owner to be Richard Roundabout; but were the nether garment even more extensive, what equivalent would the reverend's "Fie-for-shames!" as the fancy call them, be for my abstracted linen? Little did Aunt Martha dream, when exhausting her art upon neck, wrist, and breast, that she was outfitting some vagabond who had never owned a second shirt in the course of his existence.

On arriving at the coach-office in Bolton-street, every man seized what did belong to him, and others any portable article as nearly alike to what they had lost as they could lay hands upon; for the robbers had removed a few light portmanteaus before the approach of the dragoons obliged them to decamp. Although on the whole I had come tolerably well off, still my goods and chattels had suffered grievously. Together with Aunt Martha's shirts, divers garments, I lament to say, then recorded in my tailor's ledger, and in which my heart took pride, were *non inventi*; and, for these valuable articles, what had the vagabond stuffed into my portmanteau in return? Miss Singlestitch's petticoat and stays, and Richard Roundabout's unmentionables!

In a few words, we will sum up the fatal consequences that followed fast upon the adventures attendant on this ill-fated journey. Richard Roundabout's nervous system was so disorganized, that in his pulpit essay he failed signally; for losing the thread of his discourse, he, being an extemporaneous artist, never could recover it, and the sermon was a breakdown. In a few weeks afterwards we saw him gazetted out—gout in the stomach put him *hors de combat*—and, if the newspapers could be believed, in the Reverend Richard a shining light was extinguished. Touching the causes of his demise there

were divided opinions ; some laid it to the somersault into the fallow field, as that touched his wind, he being ever afterwards a roarer ; others ascribing it to the failure in the Magdalen, which, according to them, had broken his heart.

Felonious careers are generally limited. Some months had elapsed, and I was again journeying northwards. As we approached the bending in the road, immediately besides the scene of the robbery we observed a gallows had been erected, from which four criminals were suspended. Two of them were old acquaintances—Starlight and Petereine ; the others two of their companions, who on the night of the robbery had been lookers-on. From time to time the newspapers announced that others of the robbers were transported, until the whole gang were totally dispersed.

It was ten years afterwards, when returning from foreign service, and hurrying home, that I occupied half the box of a new and well-constructed light coach, and I could not help contrasting it with my old acquaintance, The Cock.

"Do you recollect the old bird?" said the coachman.

"Faith! I have good reason: I was on the box the evening Collier robbed it."

"Have you heard that, for good conduct abroad, Mick has got his pardon, and has been home these six months? You would not know him; he's quite an old man.

"Poor fellow! I should like to see him again. He treated me generously, and I should wish to give the old boy what would keep him in tobacco for a twelvemonth."

"We pass his cabin, and I'll pull up there; but, by the Lord! there he is. Tall of somebody, and he appears."

I looked in the direction his whip pointed to, and observed a tall, stout old man, dressed in a grey frieze cota-more, leisurely mounting the hill we were about descending.

"He had been down at the squire's," continued the coachman. "The gentry are all kind to him; and when he tires of his own cabin he has only to step into any servants' hall he fancies, and the captain is made welcome. He deserves it at their hands; for when he had the power to do mischief, many a good turn Mick Collier did to gentle and simple. But we'll be alongside of him in a jiffy, and I'll walk the horses fair and easy up the hill. Morrow, Mick!"

"Morra, kindly," was the reply.

"Where are ye going?"

"Just down to Mr Brabazon's, to fox the young terriers."

"Up with ye; ye may as well save your old legs a long three miles; and who knows but you would drop upon an old acquaintance?"

"I'm not so soople as ——"

"When you robbed the ould Cock."

"Bad manners to ye! can't ye tell me something I don't know? Pull up.

"Well, I'll do that same; and, feaks! Mick, I'm not the first coachman you made pull up in your time."

The driver was a humourist—one of the extinct class of Irish whips. He pulled up, and the captain clambered up behind.

"Mick," said the coachman, "do you know this gentleman?" and he pointed to me: "this is captain Hamilton."

"I don't know any captains but of my own cut," replied the ex-road-collector, with a dry laugh.

"Do you remember hearing of the old Cock being stopped?" I asked.

"Well," replied the captain, "there was a whisper of such an occurrence; but Lord! they tell so many lies, you know."

"I had a cousin cleaned out on the occasion. He was a boy, going from school to the University; he was, however, treated well; lost nothing but some luggage, for his money and watch were privately returned to him by the captain."

"Was he dark-haired, well grown for his years, with a decided spice of the devil about him?"

"Excepting in the latter peculiarity, he answers the description; indeed, he was said to bear a strong resemblance to me."

"Is he dead or living? He was then about sixteen, and the only one out of the company that did not show white feather."

"Thank God! he is still living; but how much longer he will manage to evade justice, is a puzzler. One judges of men by their fancies and companions. He gave me a commission, on leaving Malta, to find out a fellow called Michael Collier. If living, I was to give him a five-pound note; and if hanged, expend the money in masses for his soul. I presume the law has taken its course, and the priests will pouch the flimsies."

The ex-brigand smiled.

"Why, Mick, ain't ye in the height of luck this morning?" said the coachman.

I affected surprise; but on Mr Daly declaring that I had the real heir-at-law close to my elbow, I immediately produced my note-case, and handed the captain my kinsman's imaginary donation. Great was his astonishment and delight.

"May God's and an old man's blessing attend that warm-hearted boy by day, and night! But, Frank jewel, drop me at the near gate house."

Then turning to me, he continued, in a voice that indicated much emotion—

"When ye see your cousin, sir, tell him, when Mick Collier's on his death-bed, he'll put up the best prayer he can muster, that luck and grace may follow him wherever he goes."

Daly drew his reins. Collier rather stiffly dismounted. I stooped from the box, and held out my hand—

"Good bye, Mick; when you're in for a praying fit, never mind my cousin, but give the benefit of it to me."

Collier stared suspiciously.

"Faith! may be you are your cousin?"

I laughed heartily at the Hibernicism.

"I believe, Mick, I am all that will pass muster for him."

"Gee hip!" ejaculated Mr Daly, and the silk touched the leaders' flanks. Away rolled the coach; next minute we turned an elbow in the road, and I never saw Captain Collier afterwards.

Sporting Magazine for May.

THE MORRIS-DANCERS.

"It was my hap of late, by chance,
To meet a country morris dance,
When cheefest of them all, the foole,
Play'd with a ladle and a toole;
But when the hobby-horse did wihy,
Then all the wenches gave a tihy;
But when they gan to shake their boxe,
And not a goose could catch a foxe,
The piper then put up his pipes,
And all the woodcocks lookt like snipes."

Cobbe's Prophecies, 4to. London. 1614.

Both English and foreign glossaries, observes Mr Douce,* uniformly ascribe the origin of this dance to the Moors, although the genuine Moorish or Morisco dance was, no doubt, very different from the European morris. Strutt, in his *Sports and Pastimes*, has cited a passage in the *Play of Variety*, 1649, in which the Spanish morisco is mentioned; and this, Mr Douce adds, not only shows the legitimacy of the term *morris*, but that the real and uncorrupted Moorish dance was to be found in Spain, where it still continues to delight both native and foreigners, under the name of the fandango. The Spanish morris was also danced at puppet-shows, by a person habited like a Moor, with castanets; and Junius has informed us that the dancers usually blackened their faces with soot, that they might the better pass for Moors.† We have already shown that both cards and chess, in their progress to us from the east, underwent considerable changes and modifications, and it will be seen that the dance of which we are writing received, in like manner, various alterations from the original form. At one period it was mixed with the Pyrrhic, or sword dance, which by some means or other got introduced into England, where it was

* In a Dissertation on the ancient English morris-dance, at the end of the second volume of his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*; whence we have largely borrowed.

† Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 208.

generally exhibited by women. A performance of this nature seems to be alluded to in the second part of King Henry VI., act iii., scene 1 :

——I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Tabourot, the oldest and most curious writer on the art of dancing, says, that in his youthful days, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was the custom in good societies for a boy to come into the hall, when supper was finished, with his face blackened, his forehead bound with white or yellow taffeta, and bells tied to his legs. He then proceeded to dance the morisco, the whole length of the hall, backwards and forwards, to the great amusement of the company. This was the ancient and uncorrupted morris-dance, the more modern sort of which he afterwards describes, and gives the following as the air to which it was performed :



It has been supposed that the morris-dance was first brought into England in the reign of Edward III., and when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; but it is much more probable that we had it from our Gallic neighbours, or the Flemings. About the time of Henry VII. and VIII., we have abundant materials for showing that the morris-dance made a very considerable figure in the parochial festivals. The Maygames of Robin Hood, which appear to have been principally instituted for the encouragement of archery, were generally accompanied by morris-dancers, who formed nevertheless but a subordinate part of the ceremony. Other festivals and ceremonies had their morris;—as Holy Thursday; the Whitsun-ales; the Bride-ales, or weddings; and a sort of play, or pageant, called the Lord of Misrule. Of the latter an account has been handed down to us; by a puritanical writer of Queen Elizabeth's time, who thus describes the pastime; "First, all the wilde heads of the parish, flocking together, chuse them a graund captaine (of mischief), whome they innoble with the title of *My Lord of Misrule*, and him they crowne with great solemnitie, and adopt for their king. This king annoynted, chooseth foorth twentie, fourtie, threescore, or a hundred lustie guttes like to himself, to wait upon his lordly majestie, and to garde his noble person. Then every one of these his men he investeth with his liveries of

greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour. And as though that were not gawdy ynough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with golde ringes, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about their legges twentie or fourtie belles with rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and sometimes laide across over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their pretie *mopsies* and loving Bessies, for bussing them in the darke. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their bandie pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the *devill's daunce* withall. Then march this heathen company towards the church and church-yarde, their pyppers pyping, their drummers thundering, their stumpes dauncing, their belles iynghing, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heades like madde men, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng; and in this sorte they goe to the church (though the minister be at prayer or preaching), dauncing and swinging their handkerchiefs over their heades in the church, like devils incarnate, with such a confused noyse that no man can heare his owne voyce. Then the foolish people they looke, they sterve, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon forms and pews to see these goodly pageants solemnised in this sort. Then after this, about the church they goe againe and againe, and so fourth into the church-yard, where they have commonly their summer haules, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce all that day, and peradventure, all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabboth day. Another sort of fantastickall fooles bring to these hellhounds (the Lord of Misrule, and his complices), some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custard, some cracknels, some cakes, some flaunes, some tarts, some cream, some meat, some one thing, some another; but if they knewe that as often as they bring anye to the maintenance of these execrable pastimes, they offer sacrifice to the devill and sathanas, they would repent and withdraw their hands, which God graunt they may.* It is probable that when the practice of archery declined, the May-games of Robin Hood were discontinued, and that the morris-dance was transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide; either as connected with the Whitsun-ales, or as a separate amusement. In the latter instance it appears to have retained one or two of the characters in the May-pageants, but the arrangement doubtless varied in different places, according to the humour or conveniences of the parties,

The painted glass window at Betley, in Staffordshire, exhibits in all probability the oldest, as well as most curious representation of an English May-game and morris-dance, that is any where to be found. It has been assigned to the time of Edward IV., and enables us to ascertain some of the personages of which the May-games and morris consisted at the period of its execution. To trace, with any accuracy, their original forms and numbers, or the progressive changes they

* Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses.

have undergone, would be impossible. Sometimes we have a lady of the May, simply with a friar Tuck; and in later times a Maid Marian remained without even a Robin Hood or a friar. The more ancient May-game and morris consisted of the following characters: Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the queen or lady of the May, the fool, the piper, and several morris-dancers, habited, as it appears, in various modes. Afterwards a hobby-horse and a dragon were added.

Robin Hood is too well known to need any description. Little John, his faithful companion, is first mentioned by Fordun, the Scottish historian, who wrote in the fourteenth century, and speaks of these persons in the theatrical performances of his time, and of the minstrel's songs relating to them, which he says the common people preferred to all other romances. Of Friar Tuck there is no very ancient mention, and his history is uncertain. He is known to have formed one of the May-game characters during the reign of Henry VIII., and is probably of much earlier origin. It is surmised that the term is derived from the dress of the order, which was tucked or folded at the waist, by means of a cord or girdle. Thus Chaucer, in his preface to the *Canterbury Tales*, says, "*Tucked* he was, as is a freere about." This friar maintained his situation in the morris under the reign of Elizabeth, but is not heard of afterwards. In Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*, the clown takes notice of his being omitted in the dance.

Maid Marian. Bishop Percy, and Mr Stevens agree in making this character the mistress of Robin Hood, an opinion which the latter supports by the following quotation from the old play of "*The Down-fall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, 1601*," whence it would appear that Maid Marian was originally a name assumed by Matilda, the daughter of Lord Fitzwalter, when Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry.

Next 'tis agreed, (if thereto she agree,)
 That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,
 And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode
 To live in Sherewodde a poor outlaw's life;
 She by Maide Marian's name be only call'd.

Mat.—I am contented, reade on little John,
Henceforth let me be named Maide Marian.

Mr Douce, however, who considers this story as a dramatic fiction, observes that none of the materials of the more authentic history of Robin Hood prove the existence of any such person in the character of his mistress. There is a French pastoral drama so early as the eleventh or twelfth century, in which the principal characters are Robin and Marion, a shepherd and shepherdess. The latter name which never occurs in the page of English history, and was probably imported from France is not compounded of Mary and Anne, but forms a corruption, as it is conjectured, of Miriam the prophetess, whose dancing women, with their timbrels, may have suggested the

first notion of the female morris-dancer. Maid Marian not only officiated as the paramour of Robin Hood in the Maygames, but as the queen or lady of the May, who seems to have been introduced long before the name of the bold outlaw was known, and who may be deemed the legitimate representative of the goddess Flora in the Roman festival. She was usually dressed according to the fashion of the time, holding a flower in her hand, and wearing a fancy coronet. Her gait was nice and affected. Thus, in the old ballad of the Miller of Mansfield :

And so they jetted down towards the king's hall :
The merry old miller with his hands on his side,
His wife, like Maid Marion, did *mince* at that tide.

In the time of Elizabeth, when the morris had degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and this once elegant queen of May was personated by a clownish boy, she obtained the name of *Mulkin*, and was thus assimilated to a vulgar drudge or scullion ; but, during the whole of her existence, mirth and gaiety were her constant companions ; nor was this character even in later times, uniformly vulgar. Our poets and pastoral writers, up to a comparatively recent period, thought they could not pay a higher compliment to the fair object of their admiration, than to crown her as queen of the May.*

The Fool, in point of dress, was the same as the domestic buffoon of his time, with the addition of bells to his arms and ancles. In the absence of some of the other characters of the morris-dance, the exertions of the fool appear to have been increased, as we learn from Ben Jonson's *Entertainment at Althrope*.

But see, the hobby horse is forgot,
Foole, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces,
And some other buffoon graces.

In the modern morris-dance the fool is continued, but his real character and dress have been long since forgotten, though their history may not be altogether unworthy of a passing reminiscence. " According to the illuminators of the thirteenth century, he bears the squalid appearance of a wretched idiot, wrapped in a blanket which scarcely covers his nakedness, holding in one hand a stick with an inflated bladder attached to it by a cord, which answered the purpose of a bawble. If we view him in his more improved state, where his clothing is somewhat better, yet his tricks are so exceedingly barbarous and vulgar, that they would disgrace the most despicable Jack Pudding that ever exhibited at Bartholomew Fair ; and even when he was more perfectly equipped in his party-coloured coat and hood, and completely decorated with bells, his improvements add but little to his respectability, and still less do they qualify him as a companion for kings and noblemen."

* Cunningham's mellifluous poem on this subject is, perhaps, the last.

"In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the fool, or more properly the jester, was a man of some ability; and if his character has been strictly drawn by Shakspeare and other dramatic writers, the entertainment he afforded consisted in witty retorts and sarcastic reflections; and his licence seems upon such occasions to have been very extensive."*

Tom the Piper, an obvious and necessary attendant upon dancers, requires very little illustration. Spenser, in his third eclogue, speaking of the rhymes of bad poets, observes, that "Tom Piper makes as little melodie;" whence we are to infer that his music was not usually of the very best kind.

The Hobby-horse, as has been already observed, was often omitted in the morris. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the puritans made sad havoc among the May-games, by their preachings and invectives. Poor maid Marian was assimilated to the scarlet abomination of Babylon; Friar Tuck was deemed a remnant of popery; and the Hobby-horse an impious and pagan superstition. King James's Book of Sports restored the lady and the hobby-horse, but during the Commonwealth they were again attacked by a new set of fanatics, and were suppressed, together with the whole of the May festivities, Whitsun-ales, &c. At the Restoration they were once more revived. The hobby-horse was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal deficiencies being concealed by a long foot-cloth, that nearly touched the ground. On this occasion the performer exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. In Sampson's play of the Vowbreaker, 1636, a miller being angry that the major of the city is put in competition with him in enacting this character, says, "Have I practised my reines, my careeres, my pranckers, my ambles, my false trotts, my canterbury paces, and shall master major put me beside the hobby-horse? Have I borrowed the fore-horse bells, his plumes, and braveries, nay, had his mane new shorn and frizzled, and shall the major put me beside the hobby-horse?"

To the horses's mouth was suspended a ladle for the purpose of gathering money from the spectators, an office which in later times was performed by the fool. In Nashe's play of *Summer's last Will and Testament*, there enter three clowns and three maids, who dance the morris, and at the same time sing the following song:

Trip and goe, heave and hoe,
Up and downe, to and fro,
From the towne, to the grove,
Two and two, let us rove,
A Maying, a playing;
Love hath no gainsaying,
So merrily trip and goe.

* Strutt's complete View of the Dress and Habits of the People of England, vol. ii. p. 313.

A short time before the Revolution in France, the May-games and morris-dance were celebrated in many parts of that country, accompanied by a fool and a hobby-horse, termed a *chevalet*; and, if the authority of Minsheu be not questionable, the Spaniards had the same character, under the name of the Tarasca.

The Dragon is introduced in Sampson's play of the Vowbreaker, as early as 1633, where a fellow says "I'll be a fiery Dragon;" and another observes, that he will be "a thundering St. George as ever rode on horseback." This seems to afford a clue to the use of the Dragon, who was probably attacked in some ludicrous manner by the hobby-horse saint.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the morris-dancers were dressed in gilt leather and silver paper, and sometimes in coats of white and spangled fustian. They had purses in their girdles, and garters to which bells were attached, varying in number from twenty to forty, and distinguished by different appellations, as the fore bell, the second bell, the treble, the tenor, the bass, and the double bell. Sometimes the hat was decorated with a nosegay, or with the herb *thrift*, formerly called *our lady's cushion*. A very few years since, a company of morris-dancers, attended by a boy, Maid Marian, a hobby-horse, and a fool, was seen at Usk, in Monmouthshire, where they profess to have kept up this ceremony for the last three hundred years. This, and one or two other modern instances, Mr Douce has thought it proper to record in the dissertation to which we have been so largely indebted, because he thinks it extremely probable, "that, from the present rage for refinement and innovation, there will remain in the course of a short time but few vestiges of our popular customs and antiquities."

Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.

POINTER.

The pointer, notwithstanding the beautiful uniformity of his frame, the docility of his disposition and his almost unlimited utility, has been less noticed by naturalists than any other individual of the species; hence it may be fairly inferred, this particular breed was formerly unknown in Britain, and that the stock was originally of foreign extraction. A combination of circumstances tend to justify the predominant opinion, that they were first introduced into this country from Spain (very little more than two centuries since), and that the heavy, awkward, slow, and somniferous appearance of the Spanish pointer is now nearly lost, in what may be candidly considered the judicious crosses and improved breed of our own.

It is within the memory of the present generation, when the former were exceedingly common in every part of the kingdom; but so infinitely numerous have been the speculative changes in collateral consanguinity, that one of the original breed is very rarely to be seen. This can create no surprise when it is recollected, that as there is no one of the species who can contribute more to the pursuits and contemplative pleasures of sportsmen in general, it was the more natural to expect that greater efforts would be made to approach as near as possible to perfection. In this universality of opinion, such emulative struggles arose for superiority in the sporting world, that this particular breed has been so crossed, re-crossed, bred in and bred out to gratify the intent of various individuals (as prompted by fancy, fashion, or caprice), that they are now to be seen of all sizes, colours, and qualifications; from the slow, short-muzzled, heavy shouldered remains of the perfect Spanish pointer (incapable of a second day's work), to the in-and-in cross with a fox-hound, none of which are ever known to tire, and have frequently speed enough to catch a half-grown leveret if they happen to jump up before them.

It is no more than thirty or forty years since the breed of pointers were nearly white, or mostly variegated with liver-coloured spots; except the celebrated stock of the then celebrated Duke of Kingston, whose breed of blacks were considered superior to all in the kingdom, and sold for immense sums after his death. But so great has been the constantly increasing attachment to the sports of the field, particularly of the gun, that they have been since bred of every description, from a pure white, and a flea-bitten blue or grey, to a complete liver-colour or perfect black. After every experiment that can have been possibly made by the best judges and most energetic amateurs in respect to size, it seems at length a decided opinion with the majority, that when bred for every species of game and every diversity of country, both extremes are better avoided, and the line of mediocrity more advantageously adhered to; overgrown, fat, and heavy dogs very soon get weary in the hot and early part of the season; the smaller sort are likewise attended with inconvenience in hunting high turnips, heath, ling, and broom-fields.

It is a maxim much believed and frequently verified, that "there is hardly a convenience without an inconvenience;" so some advantages have been derived from the infinity of experimental crosses, both in respect to speed and the durability of labour and fatigue, so something has been sacrificed upon the score of patient forbearance and olfactory sensibility; the gradational shades and predominant propensity of each breed introduced by every change (or cross) having so diversified the present stock, that the more trouble is experienced in making a pointer staunch for the field, in proportion as you are the more degrees removed from the original Spanish race with whom the point was supposed to have been inherent.

The impatient dispositions and volatile rapidity of many, may have prompted them to an ideal possibility, and consequent attempt of introducing a breed with speed sufficient to outstrip the vivid extent of

their own imaginations; that they might, by a kind of preternatural paradox, enjoy the supreme felicity of hunting and shooting at the same time; and from the indulgence of this suggestion may have arisen the emulative struggle for an increase of speed in addition to point, which has at length been accomplished to a most admirable degree of perfection. Pointers, however well they may have been bred, are never considered complete unless they are perfectly staunch (as it is termed) to "bird, dog, and gun;" which uniformly implies, first, standing singly to a bird, or covey; secondly, to backing (or pointing instantly likewise) the moment one perceives another dog to stand; and lastly not to stir from his own point, at the rising of any bird, or the firing of any gun in the field, provided the game is neither sprung nor started at which he made his original point.

To acquire these degrees of perfection the pliability and mildness of the pointer's natural disposition is most admirably adapted, for independent of the attracting symmetry of his form, the sincerity of his unceasing attention, and the placid serenity of his unvaried attachment, he perceptibly possesses all those interior and inexplicable qualities calculated to command the confidence of man, whom he is so incessantly industrious to please, and to whose inculcations he is so constantly anxious to become obedient. So soon as he grows into a consciousness of his own powers and promised utility, he avails himself of every opportunity that can possibly recommend his services, by the most fervent and solicitous prostrations at the feet of his master, eagerly and instinctively anxious to make his industrious efforts in the field.

The art of breaking pointers was formerly considered a most difficult and mysterious concern; many of those denominated dog-breakers having nearly derived their sole subsistence from such employment; that charm however has been long since broken, and the simplicity of the process is now so generally known amongst sporting practitioners, that a tolerably well-bred pointer puppy may have the ground-work of all his future perfections theoretically implanted in the parlour, or kitchen of the dwelling-house, before he once makes his appearance in the field. The instinctive impulse of this breed is frequently seen to display itself in subjects no more than three or four months old; where in still and uninterrupted situations puppies may be observed most earnestly standing at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows upon the ground by sight, before the olfactory powers can be supposed to have attained maturity to prompt a point by scent.

When a whelp of this description has reached his sixth or seventh month, the process may be proceeded upon in the following way; and either a single dog, a brace, or more, may be managed with equal ease, in any convenient spot, room, or yard, at the same time, with no other assistance whatever, than the alternate expressions of "To do!"—"Have a care!"—and "Take heed!" (having the small field-whip in hand to impress attention and enforce obedience) although the most attracting meat is tossed before them in every direction. The commencement of the ceremony consists in throwing a piece of bread at

some small distance before the dog, who upon making his effort to obtain it, must be instantly checked by a quick exclamation of "have a care!" and the assistant terms alternately repeated, to keep him in a patient point of perseverance; till having given ample proof of his obedience to the injunction, and stood time sufficient to demonstrate his comprehension of the restraint he must occasionally encounter; a vibrative low-toned whistle, accompanied with a mild ejaculation of "hie on," will prove the signal for proceeding, which the whole will quickly learn to obey; and it will be found by practice, that one or more may at the very moment of seizing either the bread or the meat, be instantly stopped and made to renew their point, by a repetition of either of the verbal cautions previously observed.

Young dogs having thus coolly and deliberately imbibed the fundamental principles upon which they are to act, have the full force of nature and their predominant propensity to point out their practice when brought into the field. Very few well-bred pointers are seen who hunt too little, the greater part are inclined to range too much; and then it is that the cool and steady patience of the experienced sportsman is the more requisite to check the impetuosity. Juvenile and inconsiderate gunners materially injure young and unsteady dogs, by keeping them under as little restraint as they wish to be kept themselves; too often letting them break away without respect to distance, till by custom they acquire a habit of inattention and disobedience (to word or whistle), of which they are not easily divested without much severity and flagellation.

Whatever may have been adopted by way of theoretic inculcation during the early months, no dog should be brought regularly into the field for constant (or even easy use), till nearly or full a twelve-month old; if so, and they become frequently weary and foot-sore, it sometimes produces an habitual lassitude and bodily indifference that is never after shaken off. When first entered, it should be alone, and with a sportsman whose experience has convinced him young dogs should from the earliest moment of their initiation, be taught to traverse every yard of the ground (in proper lengths and at equal distances) so that no one part should be left unbeaten; and this should be effected with as few words, and as little noise as possible. Short, verbal, but expressive signals; low, vibrative, encouraging whistles; and the occasional waving of one hand or the other, to the right or left are all that's necessary or useful; more does mischief; one steady shot of this description, with only a brace of pointers obedient to command and steady to dog and gun, will kill more game in any country than a noisy crew with three or four brace in company.

The complete and perfect qualifications of a pointer, are so indispensably necessary to success in the acquisition of game, as well as in assisting to form a good shot; that young dogs should never be permitted to deviate from the proper rule of quartering the ground before them and directly in this way; that is, to cover a line of three-score yards transversely in the front of his master, by taking thirty yards to the right and then re-passing him take thirty yards to the left, where

he again turns, and continues that routine in such proportions, as not to let his crossings and re-crossings be more than five and twenty or thirty yards from each other. When a brace of pointers or more are hunted they should alternately cross the same beat, by meeting and passing each other, taking additional ground at each turn, but should not beat the same way in a parallel direction.

When a young dog is once made steady to bird and gun; broke from a natural desire to chase his game, and rendered obedient to every signal it is necessary for him to know and observe, then is the proper time to entertain him in company, that he may enjoy himself of the advantages to be derived from hunting with older and more staunch and experienced dogs than himself. Previous to this introduction (when hunted alone) so soon as he knows his game, and is energetically anxious in the pursuit of it, feel for the wind, and let him have it as much in his favour as the form of the field and circumstances will permit. So soon as he comes to a point, a pause should ensue, and he should be permitted to enjoy it; not a buz, a word, or exclamation should escape by which he might be agitated to action; the necessary injunctions to caution should be tremulously vibrated upon the ear, till the fire of his eye, the distention of the nostril, the elated loftiness of the aspect, and the seeming spasmodic affection of his whole frame (produced by the effect of the olfactory irritability), affords ample proof the game is indisputably before him.

This is the critical and awfully affecting moment when the feelings of both are worked upon, and it is also the very moment when the most philosophic patience is necessary to be observed. Now is the time, if the game luckily lies, to advance nearer by degrees, but with all possible precaution of silence and deliberation. Approach him first on one side, then on the other, if possible, without springing the birds if they continue to lie favourably for the purpose, walk in a circle entirely round them and the dog, by which practice he will be soon convinced his persevering point must correspond with whatever may prove the occasion. When time sufficient has been employed to confirm his steadiness, the game may be then walked up, and whether fired at or not, the first consideration is to prevent his chasing; this is a most important part of his education, and must not be inadvertently delayed to the chance pages of futurity. If a shot is made, whether with or without success, it is equally the duty of the dog to remain with the gun till it is re-charged, previous to his again advancing in pursuit of game, and this depends entirely upon the firmness of the party concerned; if which authority is not invariably supported, the dog, however excellent in other respects, is proportionally prevented reaching the summit of perfection.

Some there are who consider it a qualification in a pointer to bring the game to foot when killed, and those who wish it, will find it easy of attainment, by teaching them to fetch and carry before they are at all accustomed to the field; it is a mode of being employed they are much delighted with, and never forget, but is attended with the chance of one inconvenience annexed to the experiment; if they

become hard-mouthed, and take to breaking both flesh and feather, it is a fault, or rather crime which generally becomes incorrigible, and is hardly ever obliterated without incessant trouble and much distressing severity. This circumstance so naturally likely to occur, it is the more necessary to bring to memory, because punishment is at all times unpleasant to the humane and liberal-minded sportsman, who will coincide with the writer in opinion, that prudent prevention is preferable to the uncertainty of cure; and that a slight and salutary correction to-day, may sometimes render unnecessary the doubly and trebly enhanced deserts of to-morrow.

However infinite the services of the canine species are admitted, and however refined the sensations of their advocates may be in respect to the punishment they are destined to receive; it must be brought to recollection, that trifling corrections cannot be dispensed with, as they are the necessary and unavoidable antidotes to evils of a much more formidable extent. If we for a moment advert to the species in their original state, we shall recall to memory, that they are by nature wild and disposed to depredation; and unless preserved in the state of subjection to which they have been reduced, might individually incline to riot, mischief, and confusion. The most moderate and least attentive observers are not without proof of their tendency in puppy-hood, to an attack upon sheep, pigs, and poultry, which frequently prove so destructive to the property of neighbours, and so vexatious to the owners; that agitating as such punishment may be to the feelings of those concerned, it must be inflicted occasionally with an exemplary severity, upon the justly admitted principle that "of two evils we ought to choose the least," and it is only by due subordination in the earliest stages of initiation that future observance and obedience is to be obtained.

Young dogs, from high blood and eager impetuosity, are inclined to a rapidity, that frequently irritates the feelings, and is productive of agitating passions, which destroy the coolness and serenity so evidently necessary to the successful executioner of the gunner in the field. They become impatient in their point, rush in, spring the birds, and chase them in their flight; these are faults of the worst description, and if not completely eradicated in the first two or three weeks of embarkation are seldom overcome at all. In correction so papably indispensable, moderation should maintain its preponderation in opposition to the effect of passion, sometimes too readily and violently excited by the mortifying disappointments which (after an infinity of fatigue) so often ensue; words of reproach, and gentle punishment are prudently preferable to severe and indignant kicks, blows with the butt of the gun, or unmerciful beatings; a succession of such treatment being more likely to keep him obstinately at a distance (when a fault has been committed) than induce him to approach reproof, knowing he has it to encounter.

Pointers, though adequate to different degrees of sporting destination are, principally appropriated to the purposes of partridge, grouse, and snipe-shooting; as the particular kinds of sport where

their merits become more strikingly conspicuous and can be more pleasingly enjoyed than is possible in pheasant or cock-shooting, where the most enlivening spirit of the pursuit is buried in the obscurity of the remote and wooded situation. Partridge-shooting to a contemplative mind and ruminative disposition, must be admitted of a much more gratifying description; for the objects of pursuit being found chiefly in the open country, every minute part of the sport is distinctly seen and proportionally enjoyed.

In partridge-shooting, pointers only are brought into the field, at least with those who rank as sportsmen, and hold the appellation in too much respect to degrade its distinction; and it is never pursued with greater consistency, enjoyed with more unsullied satisfaction to the parties, or crowned with brighter rays of success, than when too many guns, or too many dogs are not seen in the field at the same time. Any number beyond two of the former, with a brace and half, or two brace of the latter in one company, evidently denote much more of poaching rapacity and an inadvertent or unintentional annihilation of game, than of sporting equity and gentleman-like forbearance. The modern introduction and fashionable use of double-barrelled guns, partake a little too powerfully of the same impression; being most inhumanly and admirably calculated to promote that very scarcity of game, these tender-hearted professors, (of self-denial) are always the first to complain of.

That great incentive to emulation, the art of shooting flying, in which many are so exceedingly expert, and which by care, attention, and perseverance, may be so easily attained, is not, in general, acquired with that facility by younger sportsmen, as might naturally be expected where so much time and earnest anxiety is dedicated to the purpose. This seriously considered, is to be solely attributed to the timidity, volatility, anxiety and agitated impatience of the mind, at the very critical moment when all should be quiet and calm within, and all around "as silent as the grave;" but at the seemingly awful and impressive crisis, when the sudden point takes place, the animal fixed immovable, and his eyes have assumed the form of fire, under an instinctive magnetic impulse, which instantaneously excites in the human frame a most inexpressive sensation (the heart palpitating with hope, fear, and suspense), the birds probably rise, and with so much alarming noise and rapidity, that the body and mind being equally agitated, no distinct bird is singled out for the aim at the instant of pulling the trigger, and the whole escape; to the great mortification of the party concerned, who is lost in surprise and admiration at the event.

It is well known to those who are expert in the practice, that there is no pursuit, game, or amusement that can possibly require a nicer eye, and steadier hand, a cooler head, or a more philosophic patience than the sport before us. Sportsmen of experience waste neither their time, nor their labour; they well know where to find the birds according to the time of the day, and are seldom or ever seen to hunt their dogs in unlikely places. They cover the ground slowly and deliberately, that none should be left unbeaten, or birds be left behind;

when a dog stands (and it is seen by the point he is sure of his game) the master should stand still also; the general stillness settles the dog more firmly to his point, and the birds are always the more likely to lie. If the gunner is young and impatient, hurrying up as many of that description frequently do, it hurries the dog also, and not only makes him eagerly impatient, but the game in the confusion probably rises out of shot; or what is equally productive of mortification, he gets up to the point so flurried and out of breath, that he finds it impracticable to take regular aim; and when he erroneously conceives he does, the bodily tremor he is in, renders the shot nine times out of ten ineffectual.

To acquire a systematic proficiency, and to become a good shot, certain rules are indispensibly necessary, the most predominant of which is mental coolness and steady deliberation; those of too hasty and impetuous a disposition seldom exceed the line of mediocrity. When a dog has been permitted to enjoy his point a proper length of time, whether the birds are intentionally sprung, or rise spontaneously, the gun should never be advanced to the shoulder till the bird, or the covey are calmly and patient surveyed, and the individual bird fixed upon at which the aim is intended to be taken; this done, and the eye not removed from the devoted object till the instrument of death is brought to its "deadly level," the sight once caught, and the trigger drawn in the corresponding twinkling, success in most cases must inevitably ensue.

It is a remark worthy attention, that in shooting, the progress to perfection is greatly retarded (particularly amongst the juvenile branches of sporting society when shooting in company) by emulatively and almost invariably, but very inconsistently endeavouring to obtain the first shot; the error being mutual, so is the disappointment, probably both, or all (if more fire) miss, to which follows a vacant stare of individual mortification with a sensation of disgrace: but if a bird happens to fall, it is frequently productive of clamour and general jealousy, sometimes claimed by both or all, laying the foundation of acidities about a paltry partridge, which have never terminated but with the lives of the parties. The prudent and patient, who shoot in company, will be found circumspect and consistent in every motion; they will neither of them take aim at the first bird which happens to rise (to be confused by those that follow) or fix upon a bird on the left hand when his companion is on that side; the righthand man and the left should invariably adhere to birds going off on their own sides, but when their flight is made in a direct line forward, circumstances must regulate and justify proceedings accordingly.

Grouse-shooting, of which a very accurate representation is given in the plate annexed, differs but little from the sport already described, except its being much more laborious, taking place in the more sultry months, and in the more hilly and mountainous countries. This species of game is not like the partridge, universally dispersed over the face of the kingdom at large, but is the native of some particular spots or districts in wild, remote, and peculiar situations. They were

at no distant period to be frequently seen in different parts of the Principality, as well as in the New Forest in Hampshire, where they are now very much reduced and rarely to be found, at least in number sufficient to render the sport matter of attraction.

In the northern counties bordering upon the Tweed, and in various parts of Scotland, they are so numerous that many of the most opulent and energetic sportsmen make very long and expensive journeys to satiate themselves with an unrestrained profusion of sport. There are two distinct kinds of grouse, one passing under the denomination of black, the other red grouse; the former of which is delineated in the plate annexed, and lays well-founded claim to sporting attention. These fowls (called also moor or heath-fowl) adhere mostly to mountains and moors principally covered with heath, seldom or ever descending into the lower grounds. They fly in packs consisting of four or five brace, and take every opportunity of baskingly indulging upon the intervening beds of moss, particularly in the extreme heat of the summer season.

The cackling noise of the cock is always made as a signal of alarm upon the approach of danger, and may be heard at a considerable distance; and when once the dog has made his point, the cock is generally the first bird upon wing. So soon as the pointer is observed to stand firm, it is instantly necessary to keep the eye attentively forward; for if the birds are perceived to erect their heads and run, it is considered a fair prognostic they will not lie well before the dog during the day; in which case there is no alternative but to head the dog and keep pace with them if possible, so as to be within shot when they rise; if which advantage is not taken, many a long and laborious day may be encountered without the consolatory compensation of a single bird.

As the time for grouse-shooting commences by legislative limitation (Aug. 12) at the most sultry season of the year, and principally in remote and distant parts of the country, very few of these birds reached the metropolis, before the present expeditious modes of conveyance were adopted; at least in such state as to be rendered perfectly grateful to the purposes of the table. If not killed remarkably clean, they are very soon disposed to putridity, and if required or intended to be sent to any great distance, they should be drawn so soon as it can be made convenient after they are shot, and the cavity filled with fine heath or sweet herbage for the journey.

In addition to the utility and peculiar applicability of the pointer to the sports already recited, he is equally adapted to, and constantly used for snipe-shooting; one of the pleasures of the field the best calculated to try the persevering fag and bottom of a sportsman, of any yet to be recounted. If he is not possessed of all the fortitude, patient perseverance, and indefatigable exertion of a water-spaniel, he had better never be induced to the embarkation, at least with any well-founded expectation of success. To wet, dirt, difficulty, and disappointment, he must be habitually inured, in body he must be almost invulnerable, with a constitution impregnable to the whole phalanx of

morbidity, and a mind most philosophically at ease. "Thus armed at all points" for land or water, moor or mire, swamps, fens, or bogs, snipe-shooting is a most excellent diversion, particularly in spots celebrated for their reception; in many of which, when the weather is favourable and the season kind, the sport is so incessant, that those who pursue it have frequent occasion to wait for the cooling of the gun-barrel before they can renew it.

Snipes are birds of passage and consist of two kinds, one called a jack, the other a whole snipe, the latter being nearly double the size of the former; they are constantly found upon the same ground and sometimes close to each other. They are said to breed mostly in the low and swampy parts of Germany and Switzerland, varying but little, if any with the flights of woodcocks in the time of their arrival in this country, which is in general about the first autumnal rains in October. Notwithstanding the greater bodies return to the above countries in the spring, yet it is certain some small proportion remain in England during the summer, and breed in the marshes and fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Essex, where their nests are frequently found with eggs, as well as with young.

Pointers palpably enjoy this sport in an equal degree with any other, and it is well worth remark with the contemplative sportsman, that notwithstanding this species of bird is so diminutive, when put into competition with the different articles of game, that the dog is so much and so constantly accustomed to, yet he is known to stand equally staunch even to the jack (which is the smallest of the two) as he does to either the hare, the pheasant, or the partridge. Snipes when found, lay in general well to the dog, particularly if the atmosphere is heavy, and the air dense; but the moment they are upon the wing and fix their flight against the wind, they go off in such a twisting and twirling direction, that they are then an object very difficult to insure good aim at; but by waiting with patience till they take their intended line, the shot may be made with a much greater probability of success. They are considered in season from November to March, killed at any other time they mostly appear with a branny scurf upon their bodies as if diseased and in a state of emaciation.

Partridge-shooting begins according to act of parliament on the first of September annually, and terminates on the first of February next ensuing, and is a sport so perfectly congenial to the disposition of the people, and so truly conducive to the great blessing of health, that its votaries seem to increase in proportion to the conditional restraints of parliamentary prohibition. This species of game are not in equal abundance every year, but depend in a material degree upon the favourable state of the weather during the time of laying the eggs, as well as the week or ten days subsequent to hatching; which is almost invariably during the second and third week of June.

When the months of May and June are dry, partridges are in general exceedingly numerous, and proportionally strong upon wing by the commencement of the shooting season; but when heavy and dreadful rains fall (as they frequently do during the hay-harvest),

the destruction is incredible. Such severe and continued rains not only chill the eggs during incubation, but drown numbers of the young almost so soon as they are out of their shells. Wet seasons are also destructive to ants, upon the eggs of which, young partridges as well as pheasants principally subsist.

Partridges so soon as the corn is cut down, and they are deprived of the shelter under which they were bred, display a most wonderful timidity and dread of danger; to which the whole covey are induced by the unceasing and inexpressible anxiety of the hen for the safety of her young. Thus incessantly alive to perpetual fear, they change their situation repeatedly in the course of the day; as well to insure safety from probable danger as to supply the calls of nature. In the first part of the shooting season, while the wheat and barley stubbles are fresh, and not rendered too bare, or too much beaten by cattle, they are to be found in one or the other, both late at night and early in the morning: after feeding in which (if not disturbed by the approach of those in pursuit of them), they rise gently in a cluster by signal from the hen, and glide or skim along with as little flutter as possible to the nearest promised protection of turnips, standing clover, rushy moors, or low grassy coverts, in some of which during the day they are mostly to be found, and not unfrequently near a watery ditch, or running stream about noon; as it is at this time and in general once a day they take this part of their sustenance: but as there are many hilly countries in which water is but very partially to be found, it is naturally to conclude, their wants in this respect may be amply supplied by the morning dew-drops, with which vegetation at all times so plentifully abounds.

To those who are total strangers to the sport as well as the almost incredible annual destruction of these inoffensive branches of the feathered creation (the beautiful variegations of whose plumage, and the nutritive property of whose flesh have rendered them worthy legislative protection), it becomes directly applicable to be informed, they begin to pair off from the fragmental remains of covies, about the third and last weeks in February, and the two first in March; they make their nests upon the ground, chiefly in the thick bottom of hedges and in the hedge-rows, though they are frequently found in fields of clover, and sometimes (but rarely) in standing corn. The hen usually deposits from fifteen to twenty eggs, and produces mostly a bird from every egg she lays; which, as before observed, is late in the month of June.

The young in the aggregate are sportingly termed covies, and if the season is kind and favourable are able to run and follow the hen almost as soon as they are hatched. Although the chances of their premature destruction are numerous, by vermin, torrents of rain and other vicissitudes, yet from six to eight and nine brace are in general brought up to fly with the old ones, unless in some of those instances where the whole covey is accidentally destroyed. Partridges are included in every act of parliament for the preservation of game; and the penalty for killing a partridge by any person unqualified by law so

to do is five pounds. And by a latter act, if such unqualified person kills (or goes in pursuit of with intent to kill) either partridge or any other species of game, without having taken out a certificate from the clerk of the peace for the county in which he resides, or where he sports, he is then liable to a farther penalty of twenty pounds, making a forfeiture of twenty-five pounds for the double transgression.

Partridges in their infant state, accompany the hen in search of food, obey the cluck of the mother and are protected by the clutch of her wings in the same manner as any domestic fowl. The hen is so instinctively attached to her young, that she will oppose every difficulty, encounter every danger, and face death in every form to insure their safety; although timid to stupidity, and at times rendered almost insensible by her own fears, yet upon other occasions great sagacity is observable by her endeavours to preserve her offspring. When they are very young and unable to save themselves by flight, and in all cases of danger, particularly when approached by that fatal enemy the dog, the hen will rise and lead him on by short flights, or rather hoverings of thirty or forty yards but just above the ground, till having induced him to follow a sufficient distance from the seat of all her fears, she takes a long and more circuitous route at each future exertion till finding she has completely baffled her pursuer, another longer and stronger effort returns to her young in safety.

Whenever a covey is unavoidably separated by the approach of danger, and different branches are again pursued, and repeatedly disturbed, so as to become divided individually and to a very considerable distance, nature has been benign in her assistance; for by the inherent property of calling (which they possess in so peculiar a degree) they insure a very expeditious recovery of each other after a most distant separation. The imitation of this call has been brought to great perfection by that infinity of nocturnal depredators denominated poachers, who availing themselves of the simplicity of these birds, too successfully allure them to their destruction.

To the contemplative sportsman and ruminative observer, the supplies of game from whence the incredible havoc of every year is derived has always been matter of serious admiration, which can only cease by a knowledge of their prolific powers of propagation; of this there are such infinite and authentic proofs upon record as would bring home conviction to the most stoical incredulity. In preference to a variety of more remote and distant facts which might be introduced, a few remarks from the second volume of Mr Daniel's "*Rural Sports*," lately published, are entitled to attention, who informs us, that—

"Mr Coke (who is perhaps the very best shot in England), the 7th of October, 1799, upon his manor at Warham, and within a mile's circumference, bagged forty brace of partridges in eight hours at ninety-three shots, and every bird was killed singly; the day before on the same spot, he killed twenty-two brace and a half in three hours. In 1799, when he made his annual visit to Castle Acre, the party killed only 409 head of game, which was deemed but indifferent sport.

In 1801 Mr Coke was more successful, having killed in five days, seven hundred and twenty-six partridges; surely the number of discharges must deafen the operator, putting the destruction out of the question, and Mr Coke is so capital a marksman, that as he inflicts death whenever he pulls the trigger, he should in mercy forbear such terrible examples of his skill."

He reports also, that upon Mr Colquhoun's manor at Writham in Norfolk, the late Duke of Bedford, and six other gentlemen in 1796, killed 40 brace of cock-pheasants, and twenty brace of hares, besides partridges, in one day; and at Houghton in the same county, the Duke of Bedford and seven others killed in the same space 165 hares, 42 pheasants, 5 rabbits, a couple of woodcocks, and a brace of partridges; and this was done although the woods had been beat five times before during the season.

That some tolerable idea may be formed of the annual supply for so constant and incredible a destruction, it is upon record that in 1793, on a farm belonging to Mr Pratt, near Terling in Essex, a partridge's nest was found in a fallow field containing thirty-three eggs; of these twenty-three were hatched, and the whole went off with the hen; of the remaining eggs, four more had live birds in them. The number of eggs was ascertained before hatching, to decide a bet laid by a person who refused to credit the assertion that such nest had been found. In 1798 a nest was found at Elborough, in Somersetshire, with twenty-eight eggs, and in June, 1801, at Mr Clarke's, Welton Place, Nottinghamshire, a nest containing thirty-three eggs was found in one of the plantations. Thus then, in manors well stocked and carefully preserved, the increase of a single season (upon even a moderate district) may be readily conceived, and the annual consumption as clearly accounted for.

In addition to the great infinity of game legally destroyed by that part of the sporting world who are properly qualified; the number of every species secured by those nocturnal depredators denominated poachers, so plentifully besprinkled over every part of the kingdom exceed conception. There seem to have been for time immemorial, opposite opinions supported respecting the policy and prudence of what are termed "the game laws;" the interest of one party being incessantly considered in direct opposition to the other. This perpetual war is supported upon the basis of envy by the lower classes of rustic society, who having ever looked upon every act of the legislature respecting the preservation of game with the jaundiced eye of discontent are eternally engaged in devising plans to counteract and render them ineffectual. Thus the cunning of one is constantly opposed to the power of the other, and time alone, the great regulator of events will be enabled to ascertain the victory.

Amidst such contrariety of opinions, the eye of impartiality naturally explores every literary region, every latitude of information, to discover the equity of such laws when originally formed, and the necessity for supporting them now they are sanctioned and confirmed by the judicious deliberations of the representatives of the

people. It is boldly asserted by a recent writer, (who may probably delight more in sound than sense), that "a person having no land, and who chooses to keep his property in money, has no more right to a hare or partridge, than he has to the sheep or goose from him who has chosen to vest his property in land." In the hasty zeal of this writer to extol and exalt the landed interest above its proper criterion in the scale of wealth, it is probable he had totally forgotten (if he ever knew) that great national depository of immensity called the Bank of England; the millions eternally in motion through the medium of commerce; as well as the infinite annual emoluments arising to individuals (resident in this country) from East and West-India possessions to an extent of riches beyond common conception.

However wisely such laws may have been framed for the safe and salutary services of society, and however desirable it may be they should be rigidly enforced and implicitly obeyed; yet it cannot upon the most superficial consideration be conceived, that every individual of the most opulent stock-holders, who loyally placing an implicit reliance upon the good faith and stability of government assist it with their wealth, and embark the whole of their property to support it (in various instances from ten to forty, fifty, or a hundred thousand pounds each) does not feel himself as much affected with the appetite and propensities of a gentleman, as he whose forefathers have fortunately left him a hundred pounds a year in land.

It is not likely, nor can it be rationally expected, that any man possessing an immensity of personal property (calculated to afford him every luxury of life) will feel more inclined to sacrifice at the shrine of self-denial than his neighbour; or that he will neglect to avail himself of all the comforts and advantages to be derived from his money, that the other does from his land: under which candid consideration it is fair to presume, that so long as there shall continue a natural tendency to good living and the delicacies which providence has so plentifully bestowed; so long as the monied thousands of the metropolis will not give up an opinion that they are entitled to become partakers of "the good things of this life;" so long as game shall be bred and human degeneracy be found in the lower classes of the community; so long will poaching continue in opposition to every means that the utmost extent of human wisdom can suggest for its extirpation.

It is an axiom of long standing, that every man has a right to offer a public opinion upon a public transaction; availing himself of this privilege, another writer upon the same subject has observed "that in a highly cultivated, well-peopled country, no animal can properly be considered as wild; all are supported by the property and labour of those who cultivate the soil. Some from their peculiar instincts are indeed, less capable than others of being appropriated, and therefore, like lands uninclosed, are held as a joint property. But he who has no land, and consequently contributes nothing to their maintenance is no more entitled to any use of them than the inhabitant of one parish is to a right of commonage on the waste lands of another.

Without presuming to offer an opinion, or to obtrude a single

line in animadversion upon the remarks of those who have written upon the political and equitable basis of these laws (which every good subject will probably admit ought to be obeyed), it must be universally known, and it is annually confirmed, that the great body of poachers, and that still greater infinity, their abettors, are of a direct and determined opposite opinion. However just, proper, necessary and political such restrictions may have been in their formation, and laudable in their intentional effect; experience has afforded reason to believe but little reliance can be placed upon any expectation of a reduction in the number of poachers, sanctioned, encouraged, and supported as they are by thousands of the most opulent in the metropolis, as well as by the middle classes in every city, town, and village from one extremity of the island to the other.

If there are any of the sporting world, or in fact any part of the subjects of this realm so inexperienced, as to suppose any one species of game is difficult to be obtained for money, he must be deplorably deficient in a knowledge of the common occurrences of this country; and will probably be much surprised to be informed, that the art and profession of poaching is systematically continued, and carried on almost as public as the "noon-day sun, air, earth or water" during the season; nor need "a ghost from the grave" be wanting to convince the most incredulous, that not one of the numerous, commercial, and opulent body in the city, nor any minor epicure in the suburbs, sits down without game at his table whenever he chooses to arrange it so in his bill of fare. It is not the province of a steward, butler, or house-keeper to arraign the taste, or restrain the will of their employer, particularly when almost every poulterer, waiter, and book-keeper of the different coach and waggon inns, can give ample information where game of any kind can be procured with one hand, provided money is carried in the other.

So long as a breach of the law is thus encouraged and rewarded with impunity by superiors, no well-founded hope of reformation can with consistency be entertained; it is under the original embarkation as poachers, that numbers of rustics become the petty thieves of almost every rural district, and whose dexterity by practice and expedience sets at defiance the most precautionary prudence. Accustomed in the nocturnal destruction of game to the secrecy of fraud, and, committing their depredations amidst the silence of night, those horrors and that consequent dread which frequently deters from the commission of great offences gradually lose their effect. Solitude and darkness, which have where-withal to appal the human mind in its first deviation from the paths of rectitude, are divested of their terrors in those pilfering pursuits; and the consequence has been observed by those who in the justice-seat of magistrates, are officially called to sit in judgment on the delinquency of public offenders, that to this initiation may frequently be ascribed their gradual progress to subsequent enormities.

Whenever guilt by repetition becomes familiar to the mind, it is not within the principle or power of the illiterate and uneducated to

restrain its excesses; they cannot summon resolution and self-denial to arrest the career of iniquity, nor can they chalk out the line of consistency beyond which they will not pass. Confining their first nocturnal adventures to netting of partridges and snaring of hares, they become habitually inured to depredation, and whenever they encounter an adverse stroke of fortune (obtaining less booty than usual or expected), they are then tempted to make up the deficiency by such petty plunder as falls in their way, and thus lay the foundation of constantly increasing villainy, which too often terminates in a loss of their lives.

Adventurers of this description feeling no compunction in the earlier stages of deception and guilt, carelessly proceed to a state of the most abandoned degeneracy. Game is a species of property, the claim of their superiors to which they will never admit, and upon this principle it is they vindicate their lawless proceedings; pretending they commit no moral injustice in the various stratagems by which they obtain it and convert it to their own pecuniary purposes. They are determined to reject every claim but the claim of universality, and consequently proceed to a dauntless pursuit and possession of what they affect to believe they are equally entitled to; and this predominant opinion exultingly communicated from one to another, tends more to extend the vice than reprove the crime. The remorse of conscience being but feeble in the outset, derives no strength from the practice, and the wretched depredators once initiated, encourage each other by degrees to trample more and more upon laws, a due observance of and obedience to which, would have evidently tended to their own preservation.

It is natural to conceive, nothing can tend more to prove the equity and excellence of laws than an implicit obedience to the limits, restraints, and prohibitions they contain; how far the repeated acts of different legislatures, during various and successive reigns, for the increase and preservation of the game have proved efficacious and infallible, the constantly accumulating number of devotees, to nocturnal depredation, and their supporters (the open and exulting purchasers of game) can best explain. To those most observant, it seems that these laws, after all the refinement of centuries, all the investigation and deliberation of different legislatures, and all the advantages, derived from the sage opinions of the law, are certainly less respected, and proportionally less effectual than any other to be found in the statute-books of this realm. Whether it is that they are little read and less understood, less palatable to the lower classes interested in their effect, or but feebly and leniently executed, is not perhaps known, or to be publicly ascertained; but certain it is, no one act or acts ever received so little assistance in being carried into substantial effect for want of informers, those very indispensable agents to bring home conviction to the individuals concerned, without whom every endeavour to render such laws effectual must prove abortive.

Notwithstanding the universally admitted unanimous, prudent, and persevering exertions of the people in defence of the dignity of the crown, the rights of the church, and the support of the constitution;

yet in the exception of these laws, it is matter of ruminative admiration, that in the remotest corners of the kingdom, from one extremity to the other, one year to another still succeeds, with but few instances of any one necessitous dependent being found to come forward, under the art of persuasion, the influence of power, the fear of threats, or hope of reward in the character of an informer, which some instinctive or inexplicable sense of honor has for time immemorial prompted almost every Briton to consider an indelible badge of disgrace; and to this circumstance alone may be justly attributed the slender effect of the game-laws upon the two orders of society, who consider themselves either above or below their restrictions, and continue eternally to condemn the principle, and contemptuously encounter their force in opposition to all the projected penalties, pains, and persecutions.

Thus then it evidently appears, that for half a century past the spirit of antipathy and the practice of poaching have increased with the lower classes, in proportion to the additional restraints thought necessary by the higher; and that the invincible obstinacy, and determined depravity of the former (with the pecuniary encouragement they receive) will continue the contest to the end of time. The last act of the present reign, by which any person (qualified or unqualified) may obtain an annual certificate upon payment of three guineas to the clerk of the peace for the county in which he resides, seems to have proved not only a most judicious and approved voluntary subscription to the exigencies of the state, but to have very considerably reduced the number of unqualified gunners who held the previous existing laws in slender estimation; upon the plea that penalty of five pounds was too trifling to excite a sensation of fear, more particularly when there never need have been entertained the least dread of an information.

Of this confidence in the congenial philanthropy of the people, and the lenity of the laws, more striking proofs cannot be adduced, than a few confirmed facts, abstracted from the sporting adventures of the writer in the early part of his life; whose juvenile volatility and inexperience must (with those cynically rigid) apologize for his indiscretions; if so, they should be considered in the course of recital.

As it is by no means a common practice with the younger branches of society, to explore the dull and abstruse pages of legislative disquisition, by which the inclination is to be thwarted and the enjoyment of pleasure restrained; so it will be thought the less extraordinary, that the writer, more than thirty years since, at his first embarkation as a sportsman, should have paid but little or no attention to laws calculated to demonstrate and explain, the very qualifications he did not, nor was ever likely to possess, and to prevent him the gratification of pleasures he was determined to pursue. Considering at that particular period of life, that true happiness could only consist in an unrestrained pursuit of inclination, and finding himself (like Timothy Sharp in the Lying Valet) replete "with all the whoreson-appetites of a gentleman," he was determined to support the character to the utmost extent of his ability; in doing which he was well aware, if he transgressed the laws, he must become amenable and abide the conse-

quences. Too volatile in disposition, too warm in constitution, too alert in spirit, and too active in bodily exertion to be "tied and bound down with the chains" of frigid reasoning and prudent moralizing deliberation, he feelingly found himself inadequate to the task of self-denial, and boldly plunged into the vortex of the field, at the peril of his pocket, or the deprivation of liberty; in the gratification of passions he had not firmness sufficient to resist and subdue.

Having considered the sports of the field amongst the predominant pleasures of life, he became initiated and personally experienced at an earlier age than many of the sporting world make even their embarkation; and it is no small gratification of his ambition, that he can at this moment, make a retrospective exulting review of his having, for full thirty years, enjoyed every honourable pleasure of the field; killed game in most of the counties in England, as well as in Scotland and Ireland; without possessing a single acre of land, or any other qualification whatever, beyond an excellent gun, a brace of beautiful pointers, and the manners of a gentleman. These only have ever insured him a plenty of sport (and no small proportion of game) without having once encountered the inconvenience of information, penalty, or litigation in either one country or another; but as there are few adventurers without variegations, so it may not prove either inapplicable or unentertaining to introduce the recital of facts which then somewhat damped, though by no means retarded, the pursuit of what he at that time considered the most sublime happiness of human existence.

Considering a penalty of five pounds matter of very insignificant import when put in competition with so rich a repast as the pursuit of game (upon which the successive legislatures had stamped so great a value), he embarked under the age of twenty with all the energy, taste, and fervor of a most determined devotee. Having, from the sale of a reversionary interest in a few country cottages, raised the small sum of two hundred pounds, the necessary requisites for the field were soon obtained; and a rural tour determined on with a due consideration to the excellence of the sport he so anxiously wished to engage in, but very little reflection upon the consequences which might probably ensue.

His first adventure in the newly acquired character of sportsman was marked with singularity seldom equalled, probably never exceeded by any sporting anecdote yet upon record. Being about this period (1771) in possession of an invitation from an old schoolfellow in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire, who though not of age, was with his mother in joint possession of a freehold estate (upon which they resided) of near three hundred a-year; he availed himself of the offer; and with a companion of the medical fraternity reached the spot of hope and expectation on the evening of the first day of the shooting season. Instead of mirth, jollity, and exhilaration as was naturally expected, nothing presented itself in the family but mortification, disappointment, and tribulation.

Upon investigating the cause of this apparent misery, it appeared that the young friend of the writer had been enjoying the sport of the

day and had taken with him his bailiff to mark, and occasionally to carry his gun; that on their return with three brace of birds, they were met by the lord of an adjoining manor, who is still living, and a king's counsel then resident in that neighbourhood, since dead; who considering themselves clothed with the construction of the law, carried it into immediate execution by demanding both the birds and the gun, with which trophies of victory on one side, and unconditional submission on the other, they marched off in triumph, denouncing farther vengeance upon the parties if they should be found again offending against the laws in a similar manner.

During the evening, the gun was returned by the game-keeper of the lord of the manor who had taken it away, and the result of the conversation was a palpable fear on every side (except the writer) to renew the sport on the following morning. Personal pusillanimity, subservience to power, or servility to greatness, constituting no part of his disposition, or practice, he was determined to pursue his pleasures, and that even under the sanction of the very law by which it should seem he was to be restrained. Successive legislatures had fixed the precise sum of five pounds upon every partridge, and he had philosophically made up his mind to kill (according to act of parliament), at that stated price, as often as he should be informed against, at least, so long as the produce of the reversionary interest in the cottages might permit it to last.

This plan duly deliberated upon, in opposition to every expostulation was to be carried into execution in the morning; but in which none could be prevailed upon to acquiesce except the writer and his medical friend Mr B., who was at that time a pupil in St. Bartholomew's hospital, and has since for many years been, and still is, a most respectable practitioner in one of the principal assize-towns in the county. The minor yeoman (being no more than twenty years of age) and his bailiff attended as markers or companions; but were too severely wounded by the occurrences of the preceding day, and too much in awe of magisterial authority and dictation to be prevailed upon to carry a gun.

Thus fully equipped, the party sallied forth, and having pursued the sport for more than three hours, with but little success, in consequence of the singular scarcity of birds, they were just approaching the door of a relative, to take some refreshment, when Mr Counsellor A — r, with a servant and four brace of pointers was observed at a distance, and in seeming pursuit. An interview so desirable and so anxiously anticipated by the writer, was not to be declined on his part, and he instantly placed himself against the garden-gate of entrance to the habitation, laying in sight upon his left thigh the fowling-net (containing the only brace of birds which had been killed during the morning), to wait the event.

This was barely adjusted when the learned serjeant coming up, with a truly professional effrontery, thus addressed the writer with all the fashionable freedom of Westminster-Hall:—"Pray, Sir what's your name?" To which the "retort direct" was instantly echoed, and

issue joined : " Pray, Sir what's your name ?" was the reply—" My name, Sir, is exceedingly well known in this neighbourhood, and if you do not chuse to let me know yours, I shall be under the necessity of taking you before a magistrate."—" I beg to be considered truly thankful, Sir, for the honour you intend me; but Mr Wilkes having buried in oblivion the full force of general warrants, a man can no more be taken up by the colour of his coat, or the cut of his countenance.

The writer, upon this retiring within the house, and the facetitious professor of cross-examination finding himself most mortifyingly foiled at his own weapon, had recourse by beckon to Mr B., soliciting most politely from him the name of his companion, which B. declining to communicate, he then requested the name and residence of B. who immediately answered, " he was the son of Mr Alderman B. of Reading, in the same county, and qualified in right of his father." Succeeding thus far, he begged to speak once more to the gentleman who seemed so much offended at his former application; upon the approach of the writer, the counsellor assumed a degree of more accommodating mildness, and expressed some concern at having been too precipitate in his first enquiry; but the game being thin in the neighbourhood, and still more reduced by the visits of strangers, " he would esteem it a particular favour if the party would oblige him with his name."—" D——e, Sir!"—" Not the son of the baron?"—" Yes, Sir, at your service."—" I hope the baron and family are well?"—" Perfectly so, I thank you, Sir."—" Well, Mr D——e," replied the learned orator, " let me entreat you to be merciful during your stay with us, remembering you have a much greater plenty of game in your county than we in ours."

This admonition terminated the interview, and convinced the writer, no obstruction to his sporting progress need he encountered for want of a name, when a new one might be extemporaneously coined upon any necessary occasion. Thus shielded, he continued to enjoy the sport in different counties to the utmost extent of the most energetic expectation, without a single interruption; till being at Ipswich, in Suffolk, and making enquiry which way he could go for a day's shooting without giving offence, he was directed " to go entirely over the race-course, and turn on the right hand." To this information not having been sufficiently attentive, he went only upon (instead of over) the race-course, and turning too soon upon the right-hand, went directly into the nursery of Mr B——, a gentleman of extensive landed property in that neighbourhood, who was exceedingly anxious for the preservation of game.

Into this sublunary elysium to a sportsman, he had been but newly entered when he found plenty of employment for his gun; point and shot succeeded each other with so much rapidity, that three brace of birds were presently brought to bag; during which the clamorous signals and reproaches from two or three rustics who were carting and carrying backward seed-clover, suggested an idea that he was wrong, and mischief might ensue. Fully fraught with this probability, he made

an expeditious retreat by the way of a small covert at no great distance; in passing through which a hen-pheasant sprung from under his feet, when fear, prudence, and sporting humanity equally enjoined forbearance. The bird was no sooner lost to the eye, than a few domestic fowls were seen to cross a glade, followed by a cock-pheasant in eager pursuit of the hens; crossing the spot, the pointers beginning to draw the bird was soon upon wing, and self-denial being no longer practicable, the fatal shot brought him almost as instantaneously to the ground.

The three brace of birds previously killed having nearly filled the net, it was unavoidably necessary to dislodge a part to make room for the full-grown cock-pheasant just brought to hand; in the act of kneeling to make room for one, by a removal of part of the other (and this in a most awful, still, and sequestered wood), a gentle tap or two upon the shoulder of the writer was not productive of the most pleasing sensation; little doubt can be entertained but the shock, acting with a degree of electric vibration, occasioned

“ Each particular hair to stand on end

“ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;”

particularly when accompanied with the very emphatic exclamation of “ who are you ?”—A question at that moment not to be so readily answered. Upon a sort of half-recovery from the palpitation, the writer hastily (and not without a considerable portion of alarm) enquired from the lad, as it proved so be, “ why he asked ?” from whom he received the following answer: “ that the writer was got into the heart of Mr B——e’s game-preserve, where even his uncle never shot off a gun.”—“ Indeed ! why who is your uncle ?”—“ The game-keeper.”—“ The devil he is ! and where is he ?”—“ In bed with a fever here in this cottage just the other side of the copse-fence; and hearing a gun fired he sent me to see who it was, and to enquire your name.”—“ Oh he did ! aye, that’s very right—my name—oh aye—very true—(there, there’s a shilling for you)—you may tell him my name is Johnson—Captain Johnson ;” with which information the lad withdrew, and the newly ycleped-captain made a most expeditious exit.

The agitated aggressor had not proceeded far from the unfortunate spot, when he was overtaken by his new, but unsolicited acquaintance; who returned the shilling by order of his uncle, desiring him to enquire also what Captain Johnson it was, and where he was to be found. To which the answer most readily occurring, was the coffee-room of the White Horse inn, at Ipswich; where the adventurous sportsman had never taken either tea or coffee during his existence. Considering it, however, a matter of prudence to make a hasty departure from so inquisitive a neighbourhood, he left it by four o’clock, the following morning, and had some weeks afterwards put into his possession, in a different county, a printed handbill, with a handsome reward offered for any information that should lead to a discovery of Capt. Johnson and the mysterious transaction.

To the weak, timid, or pusillanimous, these rebuffs would have

been considered omens of portentous importance, and might, probably have prevented a farther perseverance in the sport; not so with the present reporter of his own adventures, whose propensities were too inherent and predominant to be suppressed or subdued by considerations of so little magnitude; he was previously determined to persevere in the pursuit of pleasure upon which a price had been fixed by legislative authority, that he well knew he must have paid if legally exacted. No such thing, however, occurred during the long course of years before-mentioned; nor did he ever meet with an interruption (in addition to the two already introduced) to the very moment of long since relinquishing both dogs and gun, after as pleasing an enjoyment of sport and health, as can possibly have fallen to the lot of any cotemporary in the imperial dominions; which may be considered one extensive proof of the very moderate spirit of the game-laws and the lenity of their execution.

Sportsman's Cabinet.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.*

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

It is well enough known, to those who request them, that capital trotters, whether for a single mile, or for distance, are always scarce, and command a high price; and that it is extremely difficult to obtain them, until they are in such a battered state, that they are scarce safe to ride; the madness and folly of their owners, always wearing out the legs and feet of these horses, in teaching them their pace. As horses trot from their shapes, I would recommend it to such sportsmen, as desire a hack of this kind, to purchase a promising one in his youth, either from his own search, or through the means of a dealer, who knows something of the matter, which, in truth, but few of them do.

If a young trotter be obtained, it will be perceived, in an instant, whether he has a natural great bent of speed; but if not, granting he be thorough-shaped, and can trot a mile in four minutes handsomely, he may improve, and become capital for a long distance. In training a young trotter, take a long time, keep him almost within himself, never trot him with a slack rein, or suffer him to hitch, lead with one leg, or get into a confused run between trot and gallop; but accustom him to pull well and steadily at you. Always oblige him to finish his

* Continued from No. 18, of the *India Sporting Review*.

trot in a walk, never in either canter or gallop; in which latter case, cause him to run round, as is the custom in a trotting race. No hack is fit to trot any considerable distance until rising six years old; but it is remarkable that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age, many having been known to trot as fast at twenty, and even near thirty years of age, as they did in their prime; a solid recompence, surely, for the extraordinary care which these horses demand. As it is obvious, that the damage which trotters receive, in their feet, joints, and sinews, arises from their violent and incessant thumping the hard road, common sense will naturally prescribe moderate and sparing exercise, and soft ways; and whenever you see a fellow wantonly rattling his trotter over a pavement, you may fairly presume, a natural affinity, between the scull of the jockey, and the materials with which his course is strewed; and even if you go so far as to wish a happy contact between them, humanity herself shall forgive you. I would even recommend straining a trotter on the turf, wherever that advantage can be obtained; far from rendering a hack unsteady in his trot, when he afterwards comes upon the road, he will trot more steadily for it, the chief reason for a good trotter flying into his gallop (besides bad jockeyship) being the soreness of his joints and feet. They must have the best grooming, and the constant use of a loose stable.

To be able to perform sixteen miles in one hour, a horse must have speed enough to trot a mile in considerably less than three minutes and a quarter. If he be full of meat, and in work, from a fortnight to a month's training is sufficient; and that by no means in the severe and rattling way which it is usually practised by our Smithfield jockies, who sometimes contrive to win their match, and lose their nag. Four miles trotting in the morning, through the last of which *you must come along*, and good walking exercise in the afternoon, is fully sufficient. This ought to be preceded by a gentle dose of physic. If a trial all the way through, be held necessary, let it be as long as possible (consistent with condition) previous to the race.

Trotters should always be ridden with a double-reined bridle, moderately curbed: and with respect to a jockey, I would advise a preference to be given to one who belongs to the running stables, and that not entirely on the consideration of weight. Supposing one of this description to be rather unaccustomed to trotting, he will train on sufficiently in the course of exercise; and will have, at his fingers' ends, certain important points, of which the common trotting jockey will always be ignorant. The reason usually assigned for setting a huge thundering fellow upon a trotter, rolling from side to side, sawing his jaws, and beating him out of his stroke, is, forsooth, that the weight may steady the horse, and the jockey be strong enough to hold him; as if it did not require pulling with infinitely more effect and judgment, to make a waiting race with a hot and powerful horse, which is so often and so well performed over the Beacon course, by a rider of eight stone.

In trotting matches, no attention is usually paid to weight, unless

it be to set up a sufficient lump, for the sage reasons aforesaid ; and I have actually known twelve stone chosen in preference to nine. But I submit it to sporting men, whether it consist with reason to exclude the general principle in this case, or whether weight can possibly be without its exact share of consequence, in a pace which sometimes equals the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied on this head, not only from theory, but repeated experience ; and can assure those, who wish to profit by trotting matches that they will find their account, in paying due attention to the weight they put on horseback. Let the sportsman beware, how he makes his match in the winter season, when the roads are deep and heavy ; and, if made in summer, the proper time for a trotting race is early in the morning, when the least impediment will be experienced from traffic.

Colt-breaking has not that attention among us, which its importance demands. There is a general want of well qualified men in this way, as well as of good farriers. Our chance-medley breeders either break their horses themselves, or commit it to persons equally ignorant ; whence the number of our *Garroons*, the breed and education of which are so well matched.

I have already given divers hints on this part of the subject, and once more repeat my advice of teaching the colt a good canter. If it should be held proper to learn him to leap the bar, the utmost care must be taken that he be not suffered to do it with a heavy weight, which may, in an instant, let down his tender sinews. It by no means injures a colt of size and bone, to put a collar upon him, provided the draft be light and easy : for instance, ploughing light sands ; his knowing how to draw, may be of after use and profit.

The utmost care should be used to teach a colt his paces distinctly. You will observe a number of horses trained and ridden by little farmers and countrymen, which confuse and jumble the paces one into the other, shuffling between walk and trot, and trot and gallop, till they acquire a kind of racking pace, from which it is no easy task to reclaim them ; or they will, perhaps, do one pace only. If the colt be unfavourably made forward, and it appear from the mal-conformation of his neck, and the ill-setting on of his head, that he can never have a handsome carriage, double care must be taken to give him a well-tempered mouth, the only thing which can possibly render a horse, of this unfortunate description, tolerable,

Such as shew much blood, or stoop forward, and lounge in their gait, in the usual manner of bred cattle, ought to be well set upon their haunches.

The future goodness and value of the nag materially depend upon early tuition. If he be defective in bending his knees, let him be ridden daily in rough and stony roads ; or if that fail, cause him to be ridden every day, for a month, or more, with blinds. Being blinded, he will naturally lift up his feet. I have experienced the use of it.

When a colt is refractory, it is usual to tame him, by riding him immoderately over deep earth. It is a silly custom, and often productive of great mischiefs, by weakening the tender joints of a young

horse, breaking his spirit, or rendering it totally desperate. Coolness and perseverance are here the requisites ; there is no horse with a stomach so proud, which a level course will not bring down.

The most proper period for breaking a saddle-colt, is the usual one, when three years old. In the common mode of performing this premier act of horsemanship, there is very little variation, since Baret's days ; or rather, it may be said, we have universally adopted his improved method. A head-stall is put upon the colt, and a caversane over his nose (from the old Italian word, *cavazana*, Englished, by Blundeville, cavetsan, or head-strain) with reins. He is saddled, then led forth with a long rein, and, in due time, lunged, or led around a ring, upon some soft ground. As soon as he has become tolerably quiet, he is mounted, a proper mouth and carriage given, and his paces taught. When sufficiently instructed, he ought (in general) to be dismissed, until the following spring ; an early period for serious business.

There are some, who choose to defer breaking their colts until four years old, for which they often find just cause of repentance, in the strength and stubbornness of the horse ; such practice would, however, be at least somewhat more safe, if a favorite method of mine were adopted, which is, to accustom colts to handling, to the halter and the bit, immediately upon their weaning.

On the subject of riding on horseback, it is rather a hazardous task for an author to say any thing serious, after the immortal Bunbury's exquisite burlesque of Geoffrey Gambado, which has convulsed all those of the present time, who have any tolerable portion of the *animal risibile* in their composition. One would also wonder how there could be any unskilful or barbarous horsemen among us, since such judicious and humane rules have been long since attainable, for the moderate sum of one shilling, in the truly excellent pamphlet of my old acquaintance, Professor Charles Hughes. But thus it is ; neither the light but poignant shafts of ridicule, nor the sage admonitions of us pains-taking authors, are able to prevail upon the bulk of people to become good jockies. Hear old Blundeville upon this affair ;—

“ Of which knowledge, what lacke we English haue had, and speciallie haue at this present, is best scene at a muster, when the queen's majestie hath need of horses and horsemen, where often-times you shall see some that sit on their horses like wind-shaken reeds, handling their hands and legs like weauers ; or if the horsemen be good, then the horse, for his part, shal be so broken, as when he is spurred to go forward, he will go backward : and when his rider would haue him to turne on the right hand, he will turne cleane contrarie : and when he should stop, he will arme himselfe, and run awaie, or else stop sooner than his rider would haue him, or use such like toies.”

Hear farther the warm-headed, but well-meaning Michael Baret :—

“ Also, hee must carry his body upright, neither yeelding too farre hacke, as if hee were pulling at a great tree, nor too forward, as if he were asleepe, for these two motions serve to other ends, (as hereafter

shall be showne) neither to sit on one side, like a crab, or to hang his body over as if he were drunken, as I have seen some horsemen doe. Neither ought he to carry his legs so close to his horse's sides, that hee cannot give any motion therewith, except hee first thrust them forth. —Neither must he carry his legs (out) staring like stilts, (without ioyns, as Saint George painted on horse-backe) before his horse's fore-shoulder," &c. I have been as correct as possible in the orthography of the above quotations, for the use of that worthy gentleman, who lately published certain genuine Shakespearian MSS. and who, no doubt, has more in petto, for the farther amusement of the public.

The present times, mature however they ought to be in the science are far enough from deficient in caricatures of horsemanship. Observe that tall, thin figure, riding up Rotten-row, bolt-upright upon his horse, as though he were impaled, his stirrup-leathers of an excessive length, the extremity of his toe barely touching the stirrups, as if afraid of it; his lily hands adorned with ruffles volant, and his head with a three-cocked hat, as sharp as a north-easter; the head of his steed decked out with extraordinary trappings, and the stern secured by a crupper. This is a toe-jockey, or a taylor on horse-back. But let not my readers misunderstand me. I here speak not of actual, but virtual taylors; such, by virtue of a figure. Far be it from me, to speak with the least disrespect of a profession, which has produced so many heroes, in the ninth degree superior to ordinary men. To go no farther, witness that noble English taylor, to whose memory one of the chief cities of Italy erected a statue, on account of his military virtues—those gallant taylors, who in the war before the last, plunged with their horses into the Thames, and swimming across, hastened to gather laurels in the bloody fields of Germany—and that Hercules, in fields of more pleasant description, the celebrated taylor of Brighton.—Let it be remembered also, that every profession which conduces to public and private benefit, is honourable; and, moreover, that it would ill-become a poor author to write contumeliously of taylors, who are, in general, such creditable men.

Some you will see, who, under the mistaken notion, that it is the go, to lean forward, because they have seen something like it at a race, hang quite over their horses' necks: these equestrians make a small mistake, by bending at the hip-joint, instead of the middle of the spine, which, by protruding their postic parts, gives them the semblance of being just in the act of offering an oblation to the necessary goddess. Others thrust their legs out from the horse's sides, in defiance of all ordinary gateways. Behold that knowing dog from Romford, or the interior of Essex, with a quid in his mouth, an *Indiaman* waving from his *squeeze*, his horse shuffling along, dot and go one, or budging forward in that delightful *rack*, between trot and gallop; the rider's whole foot, and part of his leg, thrust through the stirrup, and his toe projecting downward, as if he meant to dig a hole in the road; he rows the living engine along, by alternately striking the flank and shoulders with his heel and toe, whilst his arms, in unison, beat the devil's tattoo against his own sides.

The modern seat on horse-back, and it seems to have owed its establishment to reason, confirmed by experience, is, to set naturally and easily upright upon your saddle, as you would in your chair; your knees about as much bent, and turned inward, your toes somewhat out, and upward, your leg falling nearly straight, and your foot home in the stirrup; your back-bone prepared to bend in the middle, upon occasion, your elbows held close to your sides, your hands rather above the horse's withers, or the pommel of the saddle, and your view directed between his ears. This is the true turf, or Newmarket seat, and the best exemplification of it that I am able to give, is the portrait of Samuel Chifney, the jockey, upon a horse named Baronet, once the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Our present extract will relate solely to the art of riding, on which the author thus expresses himself—

The decline of riding-house forms in this country, and the universal preference given to expedition, fully confirm the superior use and propriety of a jockey-seat. Indeed, our riding schools are now considerably reformed from the stiffness of ancient practice, in all respects. But the reader, on a reference to Hughes's publication, will find we do not entirely agree in all points. It was the practice formerly in the schools, and, indeed, pretty generally upon the road, to ride with the tip of the toe only in the stirrup; as if it were of more consequence to prepare for falling with safety, than to endeavour to sit securely. Those who preserve a partiality for this venerable custom, I would advise to suspend a final judgment, until they have made a few more essays upon a huge, cock-tail half-bred; of that kind, I mean, which "cannot go, and yet won't stand still;" and will dart from one side of the road to the other, as if they really desired to get rid of their burden. Nor is the ball of the foot a proper rest; chiefly, because inconvenient to that erect, or rather almost kneeling posture, which is required in speedy riding. The riding-house seat is preserved, by the balance or equipoise of the body, solely; that recommended here by the firm hold of knee, which is obviously strengthened by the opposite directions of the knee and toe, the one in, the other outward. The use of a fixed seat is to enable the rider to give his horse the proper pulls, without which every experienced jockey knows he can neither go steadily and well nor last his time. It is not the custom of the schools to spur the horse with a kick; but spurring is always so performed, upon the road and field; as the military mode of giving that correction would quite de-range a jockey-seat, and would be on other accounts inconvenient.

There are many persons unaccustomed to riding on horseback, who, when they occasionally mount, are very justly anxious both for their personal safety, and their appearance. It is for the benefit of these I write. If they will immediately adopt my rules, they will not only make a respectable horseman-like appearance, but will place themselves in the line of improvement, and in a situation the best calculated to insure their safety. Instead of being unable to keep their spurs from the horse's sides, they would, with a proper seat, experience considerable difficulty in reaching them. It is often neglected,

even by people who are fond of horses, to teach their children a good seat, thinking it probably quite sufficient if they can but stick fast; and I have seen young gentlemen riding with their fathers, in a very vulgar and unbecoming style.

I cannot speak to the antiquity of the English fashion of rising in the stirrups during a trot, and of preserving time with the motion of the body, in unison with those of the horse; but I think the knowledge of it is discoverable in Baret, and in no author before him. It would be superfluous to give directions on this practice, which will be instantly acquired by observation and use. The same may be said of the gallop, which is performed, on the rider's part, like certain other pleasant actions, kneeling; the pulling of the horse helping to keep the rider steady. In the canter, the rider sets upon his seat, as in an easy chair. The method of giving the wriggling helps with the bridle, either in the gallop, or swift trot, to encourage a horse forward must be acquired by practice. The first-rate English horses, and the best examples of horsemanship, are to be seen in Rotten Row, Hyde Park; where for many years past, it has been the prevailing custom to take the morning ride, and where no person of decent habit and demeanour is refused admittance.

The following directions for a just seat on horseback, are transcribed from Blundeville—"And see that you do not only sit him boldlie, and without feare, but also conceive with yourself, that he and you do make as it were but one bodie: and that you both have but one sense and one will. And accompanie him with your bodie in any mouing that he maketh, always beholding his head right betwixt his eares, so as your nose maie direct lie answer his foretop. Which shall be a signe unto you to know therebie, whether you sit right in your saddle or not. And let the ridgebone of your back be euen with his. And let your left hand, holding the reanes of the bridle, be euen with his creast, and in anie wise keep your thighes, and knees close to the saddle, holding downe your legs straight, like as you do when you are on foote. And let your feete rest upon the stirrups in their due places, both heele and toe standing in such sort, as when you shall turne your head, as farre as you can on the one side, without mouing your body, and looking downward to your stirrup: you shall perceiue that your toe doth directlie answer the tip of your nose: and according as the saddle is made, so shall you ride long or short. But alwaies let your right stirrup be shorter than the other by half a hole."—*Page 5, First Book of the Art of Riding.*

"Likewise his legs must be pendant of an equal distance from the horse's sides, his feete so leuill in the stirrups, as they are when he walketh on the ground, neither must his stirrup leathers be so long, that his chiefe labour shall be to keepe his feet in them (for so a man shall loose his true seat by stretching his legges, as if they were on the tenters) nor so short that he shall be raysed from his true seate (the pitch of his knees being dislocated from the points of the saddle) nor ought one stirrup to be longer than the other (in my judgment) although many worthy men haue set that order downe, My reason is,

in regard the man must have a true and vpright seate, and nature hath made his legges (which are the supporters thereof) one not longer than another, but of an equal length ; therefore I cannot see how the body should be kept direct, the legges one of them hanging sider than another."—*Baret, chap. xiii.*

Before I resume the thread of my own discourse, I shall present the reader with a few useful hints from Mr Hughes.

"If you would mount with ease and safety, stand rather before the stirrup than behind it ; then with left hand, take the bridle short, and the mane together, help yourself into the stirrup with your right, so that in mounting, your toe do not touch the horse. Your foot being in the stirrup, raise yourself till you face the side of the horse, and look directly across the saddle, then with your right hand, lay hold of the hinder part of the saddle, and with your left, lift yourself into it.

"On getting off the horse's back, hold the bridle and mane in the same manner as when you mounted, hold the pommel of the saddle with your right hand ; to raise yourself, bring your right leg over the horse's back, let your right hand hold the hind part of the saddle, and stand a moment on your stirrup, just as when you mounted. But beware that in dismounting, you bend not your right knee, lest the horse should be touched by the spur. Grasp the reins with your hand, putting your little finger between them. Your hand must be perpendicular, and your thumb uppermost upon the bridle.

"Suffer him not to finger the reins (the groom, in holding the horse) but only to meddle with that part of the headstall, which comes down the horse's cheek : to hold a horse by the curb, when he is to stand still, is very wrong, because it puts him to needless pain.

"When you are troubled with a horse that is vicious, which stops short, or by rising or kicking endeavours to throw you off, you must not bend your body forward, as is commonly practised in such cases ; because that motion throws the breech backward, and moves you from your fork or twist, and casts you out of your seat ; but the right way to keep your seat, or to recover it when lost, is, to advance the lower part of your body, and to bend back your shoulders and upper part. In flying or standing leaps, a horseman's best security is, the bending back of the body.

"The rising of the horse does not affect the rider's seat ; he is chiefly to guard against the lash of the animal's hind legs ; which is best done, by inclining the body backward. Observe farther, that your legs and thighs are not to be stiffened, and, as it were, braced up, but your loins should be lax and pliable, like the coachman's on his box. By sitting thus loosely, every rough motion of the horse will be eluded ; but the usual method of fixing the knees, only serves, in great shocks, to assist the violence of the fall. To save yourself from being hurt, in this case, you must yield a little to the horse's motion ; by which means you will recover your seat, when an unskilful horseman would be dismounted.

"Take, likewise, particular care not to stretch out your legs before you, because, in so doing, you are pushed on the back of the

saddle ; nor must you gather up your knees, as if riding upon a pack, for then your thighs are thrown upwards. Let your legs hang perpendicular, and sit not on the thickest part of your thighs, but let them bear inwards, that your knees and toes may incline inwards likewise."

I have before assigned a reason for the present practice of riding with the knee somewhat bent, and the toe turned in a small degree outward and upward : and this small deviation will, by no means, affect the general utility of Hughes' system. He proceeds—

" If you find your thighs are thrown upwards, open your knees, whereby your fork will come lower on the horse. Let the hollow, or inner part of the thighs, grasp the saddle, yet so as to keep your body in a right poise. Let your heels hang strait down, for while your heels are in this position, there is no danger of falling."

The following is an excellent rule—

" If your horse grows unruly, take the reins separately, one in each hand, put your arms forward, and hold him short ; but pull him not hard with your arms low ; for, by lowering his head, he has the more liberty to throw out his heels ; but if you raise his head as high as you can, this will prevent him from rising before or behind ; nor, while his head is in this position, can he make either of these motions."

" Is it not reasonable to imagine, that if a horse is forced towards a carriage which he has started at, he will think he is obliged to attack or run against it ? Can it be imagined that the rider's spurring him on, with his face directly to it, he should understand as a sign to pass it ?"

These rational queries, I submit to the serious consideration of such as are fond of always obliging their horses to touch those objects at which they are, or affect to be, frightened.

It may be remarked that most of the riding-school gentlemen, are very fond of horses carrying their heads high ; a form much more suitable for state and parade, than real business. Almost all the Arabians which come over hither, and which have been worked in their own country, go in that manner. Work indeed will bring the head down, but, perhaps, with the nose pushed straight out. Horses, of this form, are ridiculed by Baret, under the name of astronomers and stargazers.

Indifferent horsemen should venture on horseback without spurs. Let them reflect upon the predicament of being placed between a deep ditch, and a carriage, at which their horse shies.

There is a circumspection to be adopted advantageously by the unskilful, which will, at first, give them the semblance, afterwards the reality, of good riding. The method of taking a rein in each hand, occasionally (much in use of late years) gives the rider great command over the mouth, neck, and fore-quarters of a horse.

A good horseman, without pressing too much upon the mouth of his horse, is always prepared to assist him, in case of a blunder, with the united exertions of his arm, chest, shoulders, and loins ; and, from the force of constant habit, this comes instinctively, as it were, for the occasion ; even if the accident be unnoticed, or the mind otherwise

engaged. Both hands upon the bridle are necessary and becoming, in riding fast down steep descents, or stoney ways ; and it is extreme folly to commit the reins to the neck of the presumed safest horse.

Some speedy and jadish horses will, after " they have got their gruel," by being travelled briskly, thirty or forty miles ; at the next stage, fall into a slow trot, bend their necks, foam at the mouth, refuse to bear an ounce upon the bit, and keep perpetually upon the curvet, as if they longed to be upon the parade. Whenever this happens, the best way of concluding the business, is to walk them the remainder of the journey, and then give them a week's rest : you may choose whether you will ride them another.

I have no apprehension at all of ridicule, for writing a treatise upon sore backsides ; since I am sure it will not proceed from the afflicted, and my observations are not addressed to the class of sound bottoms. Seriously, that dreadful manner in which some people chafe, deters them entirely from the most pleasant and healthy exercise in the world ; and, in fact, makes a journey on horse-back, of any length totally impracticable. Bracken's directions, in this case, are excellent, and, I should think (for, happily, I have no experience herein) if attended to, fully sufficient. Timely precaution is the chief dependence. The means, a good saddle, with proper room in the seat, and the same for the knees ; and a back, which does not go too high, or step too short. A good stock of diachylon plaister ought to be at hand, a large piece of which must be applied, as soon as the skin begins to be fretted ; but to prevent which nothing will so much contribute, as frequent immersion of the thighs and hinder parts in cold spring water.

Previous to further proceeding on the art of riding on horse-back I shall say a few words on the modern horse-furniture, in use, either for road or field.

I have already adverted to the variety of bits and bridles, in use in former times, when, as we are informed by Madox, in his History of the Exchequer, they even bestowed names upon their saddles.

Our bridles, at present, are either curbs, double and single, or snaffles, either single, or accompanied with a check-cord and rein ; the reins either brown or black leather, quite plain, the headstall without a nose-band, or any ornament of ribband in front.

The curb-chain, and its application, is well known. The double-bridle has two bits, snaffle and curb ; the latter with checks moderately long, light, and thin, and with a joint, like the snaffle, or whole, and known by several names, according to its form and effect.

The use of a curb-bridle, which, indeed, is generally the most proper for road service, is to bring the horse's head in, to lift up his fore-quarters, and set him sufficiently on his haunches. This, of course, contributes to his going light in hand, and safely above the ground. The curb is to be used in those two paces, where stride is to be repressed, to wit, the trot and canter : in the walk and gallop where a horse cannot lunge out too far, the snaffle is ever the most fitting.

The proper way to ride with the curb-bridle, is to hold both reins

together, at discretion, curbing the horse no more than is absolutely necessary ; for which reason, the single curb-rein, with which the horse's mouth finds no favour, is an unfair and foolish contrivance. By being constantly curbed, his mouth becomes so case-hardened, that you are e'en where you set out, if you intend an improvement ; relieved, indeed, it is true, from the mighty trouble of holding two reins.

It is necessary to observe carefully that the curb-chain be not fastened above the snaffle-rein, and that it be hooked sufficiently loose not to press too severely upon the horse's mouth.

The snaffle, it is remarkable, used to be formerly reckoned one of their severest bits ; at present, it generally signifies a mild one ; although, it is true, we have hard and sharp ones for some horses, the benefit of which is very problematical. The check, is a cord in the place of the curb-chain, which compresses the under-jaw, and is intended for a hard-pulling horse. This is chiefly in use upon the course. In swift action, whether indeed it be gallop or trot, the horse must have the free use and extension of his neck and head. In a gallop, the curb lifts a horse up too much, and besides, he cannot pull fairly and well against it.

We shall go on with the Author, without interruption, in that part of his amusing and instructive work, which relates to the art of riding.

" Our general practice of breaking colts with large and mild bits, is highly rational : and if sharp bits, of all kinds, were entirely excluded from our equestrian system, the change, in my opinion, would be full as much in favour of our own convenience, as of the feelings of the animal. If the mouth of a horse be already too hard, such rigorous means will surely never contribute to soften it.

" The martingale was invented two or three centuries past, by Evangelista, a celebrated Professor of Horsemanship, at Milan. Its utility, in colt-breaking, is unquestionable. The running martingale, only, is safe to ride with upon the road, and many people even hunt, and take their leaps with them. It is scarce possible to ride those horses without martingales (particularly in the summer season,) which have acquired the troublesome habit of tossing up the head ; nor do I know of any other means to reclaim them.

" The English saddle (I speak of those made by capital artists) is highly improved within the last twenty or thirty years ; not only in respect of symmetry, fitness, and beauty, but of ease, both to the rider and the horse. But nothing has contributed so much, in the modern saddle, to the ease and convenience of the rider, as the forward projection of the pads, where the knees rest, and the situation of the skirts, or flaps, above and below the knee. It is true, the knees are apt to be galled in a long journey, by the stirrup-leathers, which are now placed without the long flap ; but they may be occasionally drawn beneath it. The saddle is secured by two girths only, and those placed exactly one over the other, appearing as if single. The circingle is out of fashionable use, except upon the turf, and saddle-cloths are, at present, laid aside. As for the crupper, nothing is deemed more unsportsman-like and

awkward ; and whether from prejudice or not, I cannot help conceiving, it always detracts from the figure of the horse. Where a horse has a good shoulder, and the saddle fits him, a crupper is totally unnecessary ; but I cannot commend the taste or prudence of those, who, to avoid the unfashionable appearance of a crupper, will submit to the risk of riding upon their horse's neck, or to the trouble of dismounting every four miles, to replace their saddle—if a martingale also subsist in this case, it is truly a pitiable one. When it is absolutely necessary to submit to be cruppered, observe that the strap be very broad and soft, that it may not chafe the horse's rump, and that a candle be sewed up within that part which goes beneath the tail. For horses that are in danger of slipping through the girths, it is necessary to provide a breast-plate, which is fastened to the saddle.

"We have had several late inventions respecting saddles, for which patents have been obtained ; such as Kelly's, whose saddles are constructed, I believe, of whalebone ; and those of another person, living in Tottenham-court-road, which are contrived by means of a screw, to contract or dilate, so as to fit any horse ; but of the merits of these inventions, I am unable to speak, from my own experience.

"Let me here endeavour to press it upon the recollection of all persons, how cruel it is, from carelessness or indifference, to suffer the furniture of an animal, which is cheerfully wearing out his life in their service, to wound or bruise his flesh, and so keep him in a constant state of torture. How often do we see silly or insensible people, who, from an idea of supposed convenience, or the still more contemptible one of inflicting punishment upon misfortune, with their horses curbed to such a degree as to fill their mouths with blood. The natives of Barbary, and even the Arabs there, totally degenerate from the mild virtue of humanity to beasts, practised in their parent country, are the most cruel to their horses of any people in the world. The ride with long and sharp spikes affixed to their stirrups by way of spurs, with which they are constantly goading and wounding the bellies of their horses, in a long line, as far as the flank ; whilst their awkward, ponderous, and cutting bits, lacerate the mouth, till it streams with blood. Is it not almost enough to make an humane man curse the system of nature, which hath thus permitted one brute to insult the feelings, and riot in the misery of another ?

"Previous to mounting, every gentleman will find his account in examining the state of both horse and furniture, with his own eyes and hands ; for however good and careful his groom may generally be, it is a maxim, that too much ought not to be expected from the head of him who labours with his hands. Besides, all such sedulously avoid trouble, particularly in nice matters. For example, see that your curb is right, that your reins are not twisted, that your girths, one over the other, still bear exactly alike ; that the pad be not rucked up ; but above all, that your saddle stands exactly level upon the horse's back. I have known capital grooms, in the service of sporting gentlemen, so careless in placing a saddle, that it has absolutely worn awry, and would never stand even afterwards.

“ In journey-riding, every person ought to know, that no great performances are to be expected from a hack, which is not in thorough condition. If he has been lately from grass, or straw-yard, or has been kept within, upon the saving plan of abridging his food in proportion to his work, (a favourite measure with some people,) he will receive damage from a long journey, however good he may be in nature : in such case, from thirty to five-and-forty miles, is a sufficient day's work. If his journies are to be continued, from twenty to thirty-five miles per day, will be found enough ; and in such moderate work, with good keep, that is to say, at least a peck and a quarter of corn every day, the horse may improve in condition.

“ With respect to the capital performances of our first-rate English hacknies, I have, I believe, known some few, capable of travelling one hundred and twenty miles in twelve hours ; but such excessive trespasses upon the vital powers of the animal, are cruel and unjust ; and never ought to be attempted but upon the impulse of uncontrollable necessity. These murderous feats should be ever excluded from the sporting system, which, in no sense, needs them. I have often observed, that our best horses, when in the highest condition, lose their chearfulness, and their stomach, if ridden more than four-score miles in a day ; but that distance they will travel, and even continue it for three or four successive days, if they are skilfully ridden, and well attended. Every body knows that a good nag will go fifty or sixty miles in a day, with pleasure, and even continue it a while, if need be.

“ There is a frequent deception in horses, which, for the sake of humanity, I must not omit to mention. Many of them, apparently well-shaped, with good action, and in perfect health and condition, are yet unable to endure any severe service. Thirty or forty miles, if they are obliged to travel it expeditiously usually puts an end to their appetite and their ability. The defect lies in their loins, and is visible in their thinness, and faulty conformation. Such horses should never be travelled at a quicker rate, than about seven miles per hour, for a continuance ; whereas, a good one, will perform eleven, the stage through, without inconvenience ; but in such expeditious travelling, the stage ought never to exceed two or three and twenty miles.

“ In a long day's journey, it is preferable to feed moderately during work, and more largely in the evening and morning.

“ For common occasions, precise rules are superfluous ; but if you wish to “ go along ” with your nag, through the piece ; at no rate get upon his back until a full hour after he has finished his bait, with which, in my opinion, water should be allowed him. Does any man doubt the utility of this observation ? Let him eat a hearty English dinner, drink part of a bottle of port, rise immediately from table, and run two miles at his rate : at pulling up, he and I will argue the case *seriatim*, previous to his proceeding two miles farther.

“ Our elders have taught us not to give a horse cold water, whilst he is in a state of perspiration : and it is of almost equal consequence, that we remember, never to suffer one in that state, to remain any

considerable time with his feet in cold water, either in winter or summer. Baret records a case of a hunter, spoiled by this practice; and I have known several horses irrecoverably foundered by it; the last instance, within my observation, was of a bay gelding, the property of a gentleman in my neighbourhood. He was driven hard in a chaise, and, whilst very hot, suffered to stand some six or seven minutes in a brook, and has been foot-foundered, and incapable of quick draft ever since. Let the adventurous reader know, this practice may be often used with impunity, and yet once too often.

The beginning, and the end of the stage, should ever be performed as slowly, as convenience will admit; if possible, water within three miles of the end. Your horse being cool, no danger need be apprehended from his discretion; if moderately warm, apportion his drink accordingly, and ride him gently forward. In this favourable state, a horse will be ready for his corn in a quarter of an hour; and his legs may be washed, up to the knee (but no higher) in cold water, either in the stable, or out.

"The hostlers, at all considerable inns, are generally intelligent enough as to the proper stable treatment in common cases; but a horse with the effects of violent exertion upon him, demands extraordinary care. If cold or damp weather, lead instantly to the stable, choosing a situation therein free from any current of air. Litter up to the hocks with fresh dry straw. Loosen the girths, without moving the saddle, and throw a dry cloth over the loins. Let the face, ear-roots, throat and neck, be gently rubbed, and then proceed (whilst the horse is eating a mouthful of sweet, well-shaken hay) to wash his feet and legs up to the hock, with warm water. Nothing can be more beneficial than the warm water, in cooling and refreshing a horse, under these circumstances, and in abating the excessive and painful tension about the muscles; but no person must expect that an hostler will have recourse thereto, unless it be positively ordered; it being a standing maxim with all labouring people, *to avoid trouble, and discountenance novelty*. After the above operation, and that the belly be pretty well cleaned, it will be probably time to strip the horse, and rub him gently down. Supposing the time to approach for the commencement of the next stage, the feed of oats, with which about one-third of dry beans has been mixed, should be offered, as soon as the horse is tolerable dry. Half a pail of blood-warm water should be allowed at twice. The inside of the saddle should be made dry and comfortable (a thing scarce ever thought of) but if that be impracticable, from the excessive quantity of sweat, a dry, fresh saddle-cloth, I have often found, to be a great refreshment to the horse. Every stage the horse's back ought to be examined with the greatest attention, by way of guarding against any warble or chafe.

"If it be the summer season, the horse may be dried abroad, by being walked about in the shade, with his saddle on, a light cloth being thrown over his loins, or not, according to his condition and the temperature of the air. I say, the shade, because all hostlers are fond of hanging a horse, (already faint and oppressed with heat) in the

blazing sun, to dry ; for the same reason they would their shirt ; and I believe horses are frequently rendered sick, and lose their appetite thereby. At night, feed as early as possible, that the horse may the sooner take his rest ; the usual allowance, or double feed, at this period is, eight pints of oats, and two or three of beans. Suffer not the stable-doctors to exhibit any of their nostrums by way of stopping your horse's feet, but cause them to be washed with either cold water or warm, according to circumstances ; if hard and hot, of course warm water is indicated, and the feet should be soaked in it a considerable time.

"In very hot weather, and upon hard roads it is exceedingly comfortable to the horse, to have his feet just cooled, in any water which may lie in the way ; the friction upon the iron shoe, in a swift pace, must render it nearly burning hot.

"If a horse, which is known to be kind, stops short, in the manner of a restive one, it is extreme cruelty to spur him on, or correct him for it ; because it is merely a petition from him, to gain attention to some latent complaint. His curb may be a hole too tight, or his girths ; or he may be suddenly seized with the cholic or strangury, or with some natural want. In case of the strangury, with which I have often known aged hacknies to be troubled on a journey, the rider ought to alight, and walk the horse gently, or stop with him, until he can void his urine. There is a cruel folly, of which some of your knowing blades are guilty ; that of placing the saddle quite back upon the horse's loins, with the girths strained bursting-tight, immediately upon the paunch. I have seen horses, which chanced to have more wit than their jockies, rear up, and refuse to proceed in that painful state.

"It would be of considerable utility, upon a journey, or in the field, if gentlemen's grooms were taught enough of the smith's art, to fix a shoe, or drive a nail upon occasion."

We shall next proceed with our Author on the subject of Ladies Riding on Horseback.

"I must first of all," he says, "make a quotation from Mr Hughes, whose authority will be acknowledged unquestionable."

METHOD OF MOUNTING.

"A person should stand before the head of the horse, holding with each hand the upper part of the check of the bridle. Then the lady must lay her right-hand on the near side of the pommel, and her left-hand on the left-shoulder of a gentleman (or a servant) who will place both his hands together, the fingers and thumbs being interwoven with each other. This being done, let the lady put her left-foot firm in the gentleman's hands ; and giving a little spring, she will be vaulted into the saddle in a moment. When she is thus seated, let her rest the ball of her left-foot firm in the stirrup ; and, to prevent accidents, she should wear Italian shoes, with very long quarters, and the heel of the shoe coming forward to the middle of the foot. Ladies' shoes made in the common fashion are dangerous, because the foot

rests in the hollow between the toes and the heel.—Remember that the pommel of the saddle should be made very low, that the lady's knee may not be thrown too high; and the stirrup should hang low; both which circumstance will help to give her a graceful figure, and add greatly to those charms which nature has bestowed on her. When she is thus placed, let her take her whip in her right-hand, near the head, with her thumb upon it, and the four fingers under it, holding it obliquely, so that the small end of it may be some inches above the middle of the horse's hind-leg. The arm that supports the whip is always to hang strait; but with a kind of negligent ease; nothing looks more awkward than a lady's holding the whip with her arm crooked at the elbow. A lady should hold her bridle moderately slack, with her little finger under the rein, and the other three fingers passing between the rein, on the top of which her thumb must be placed. Being thus seated, she will please to walk her horse off gently, and put him into his other paces at her pleasure.

'The pommel of a lady's saddle should be always made with a turn-again screw, to take off in case the rain, wind, or sun, is troublesome—when a lady may ride on the contrary side of the horse.'

"Queen Elizabeth, it seems, first of all introduced the practice of ladies riding sideways on horseback, in England. Much has been said against it as inconvenient and dangerous; but on consulting an experienced lady on the subject, she remarked, that scarce any accident ever occurred from the practice, even in hunting; that it was not only more decorous, but much more convenient for women, in several respects, which she was ingenious enough particularly to state. The first requisites for a lady's horse are, that he goes perfectly safe above his ground, and neither shies nor starts; and bred cattle are the most adapted to this purpose, provided they are well upon their haunches. The custom of ladies rising in their stirrup, in a trot, has been, I believe, introduced within these few years.

"It would be as unnecessary for me to write a panegyric upon the pleasure and profit to be derived from exercise on horseback, as I hope it will be excusable, to make a few concluding remarks.

"The salubrious exercise, by which the air can be so amply varied, is peculiarly adapted to debilitated and consumptive habits, and the lax fibre; for it tends to the increase of substance, which the labour of walking has, in general, the effect to abrade. The slow trot is the pace of health; and one grand mean of the prolongation of human life. It is, perhaps, the only effectual remedy for habitual costiveness and winds, all medical ones, in my small experience, having the invariable effect of increasing and perpetuating the cause of those complaints; it should ever be taken with the stomach empty, where the viscera are found. I have read in a strange performance, in which the doctor recommends the constant use of the warm bath for strained sinews, and laxations of the joints, that it is dangerous to trot with long stirrup leathers, where any apprehension may be entertained of a rupture; and I think it an excellent caution to valetudinarians. Those who ride for their health, will find much instruction in an old book,

called *Medecina Gymnastica*, written by Dr. Fuller, a physician of high repute, in the days of good Queen Anne. Sydenham warmly recommends this exercise to asthmatic patients; and Dr. Darwin, in his celebrated *Zoonomia*, relates a case of *Phthisis pulmonalis* perfectly cured by perseverance in exercise on horse-back. It is an excellent bracer, and should ever be joined with the cold-bath, in cases of debility derived from excesses of a certain kind. If I wanted any illustration here, I should refer my reader to the records of *crim. con.* where he will find blazoned the wonderful and attractive powers of grooms and jockies. Had that inspired maniac, Jean Jaques, been as good a jockey as he was an eloquent scribe, it is probable, the Venetian *bona roba*, had not insultingly advised him to study the mathematics; nor had *chere Mamma* been driven to the sad and expensive-necessity of providing him a substitute. The motion of the horse, and fresh draughts of pure, elastic air, are the best, perhaps, the only means, to recruit and exhilarate the exhausted spirits, relieve the aching heads, and enliven the imaginations of studious and sedentary men; but how much is it to be lamented, that under our profuse, and, I am sorry to add, dishonest and ruinous political system, these comforts are now totally out of the reach of moderate incomes. What a speculation, that the natives of the most plentiful and the richest country in the world, must be compelled to emigrate in search of the conveniences of life! but how much more lamentable still, that many must be driven to the same extremity in quest of its necessities!

"I have heard, and read, the complaints of many, stating, that they would willingly mount on horseback, for their health's sake, but are at loss for objects of amusement in the practice. To these, I would recommend to learn horsemanship, and in time, probably, the management of their horse might become interesting; to accustom themselves to study and contemplation on horseback; or to find companions in their own predicament; by which means, society might, in time, induce a salutary habit."

ON DRAUGHT CATTLE, AND THEIR USE AND MANAGEMENT, BOTH IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Horses, applied to the purpose of quick draught, are distinguished by the various appellations of coach-horses, chariot and phaeton horses, chaise and gig-horses, machiners, mail-coach and post-horses: those appertaining to slow-draught are called, cart, dray, or plough-horses.

Respecting the highest form, of the species of coach-horses in this country, I have scarce any thing to add to the few remarks made before. The true horse for quick draught must be from fifteen to sixteen hands high, with a lofty forehead, substance somewhat obliquely placed, and sufficient racing blood to give him a good action, and a fine coat. Mr Culley's favourite form of shoulder, before noticed, is, no doubt, admirably adapted to this purpose.

"The few foreign coach-horses, in use among us at this time, such as, the Frieseland, Hanoverian, and Neapolitan, if they make a

more stately and superb appearance, and have more lofty action, are neither so useful, nor so speedy, as the English.

"I have often remarked, and leave to others to determine the justness of it, that a small horse, in single harness, looks very mean and contemptible; but if there be a pair, or more, the case is altered; also, that a pair of horses, galloping, have an unseemly appearance; but if there be four of them in the carriage, they make a very gallant figure in the gallop.

"The superiority of the English, in the construction and elegance of wheel-carriages, of all denominations, has long been universally acknowledged. Our improvements therein, of late years, have held equal pace and analogy with those made in our breeds of horses; we have discarded useless and cumbrous weight, to make way for lightness, elegance, and convenience. Within the last fifteen years, mechanic invention has laboured, and brought forth many useful discoveries in this line; among which, the most important is, that of the power gained by the multiplication of wheels. Of this discovery, although not yet brought to maturity, or into general use, many of the keepers of stage coaches have availed themselves, and we now see caterpillars and millepedes upon every road leading to the metropolis, carrying, with the utmost convenience, double and treble the number contained by an ordinary coach. There are some few instances of these *sociables* being introduced into the service of private families. A plan is said to be under consideration, for an improved form of a mail coach, to carry twelve insides, with the accommodation of a light; which will save eighty horses in the distance of one hundred miles; also another, for an eight-wheeled waggon, which, it is hoped, will be attended with proportional advantages.

"The proud and lofty phaeton has, for some time, given place to the less slightly, but more convenient, curricule. This is a low two-wheeled phaeton. This carriage was said, at first, to be attended with certain disadvantages, and even dangers, which are now, it seems, in a fair train to be remedied.

"The introduction of these light carriages has, of course, brought into use the lighter species of horses; and even full-bred ones are frequently employed in the service; a custom to which I am by no means partial, who love to sit behind a good trotter. The delicate skins of bred horses are, besides, too apt to be chafed by the harness, and their legs to be knocked together upon the road, when distressed in their trot. I cannot altogether agree in opinion with those who assert that bred horses are the toughest post-hacks. It is asserted, there is an elasticity in their hoofs, which eludes the concussion of the hard road, and that their sinews recover a strain sooner than those of other horses. Perhaps they may endure their misery longer, but I think they become lame in the legs and feet, sooner than horses less delicately bred.

"The present taste, of driving horses of different colours, in light carriages, and where great state is not required, is, in my opinion, altogether rational, and attended with obvious convenience. But this

practice has helped to introduce a laxity of equestrian discipline, alarming at first sight, and which has been really attended with very serious mischiefs. Gentlemen have been more adventurous than formerly, in putting raw and unbroke horses into harness, and driving them immediately upon the public roads, or in the streets of the metropolis. The numerous accidents which have happened from this incautious, and, I must add, unjust practice, within the last two years are almost incredible. I say unjust, because, however little store a man may set by his own neck, he can yet have no shadow of right to expose that of another to a wanton risk, which he most probably does, whenever his horse breaks away with him. It is not two months, since a hunter, apparently unbroke to harness, ran away with a chair, beat a poor man down, and broke both his thighs. The dreadful accident which happened some time since, at Bath, ought to be a striking lesson to those who have so little reflexion or feeling, as to misapply the curb, by making it an instrument of torture. Every body has heard the fate of the unfortunate gentleman, who was dashed to pieces, by being thrown in his curricule down a precipice, the horses rearing up, and running backwards, from being over-curbed. I know there are too many in the world who scorn, in any case, to be deterred, either by precept or example: it is, however, a duty performed, to give the needful warning: without admiring either their boldness or their apathy, I heartily wish they may experience no painful occasions of repentance.

“ I shall, in this place, finish what I had to say upon the subject of those too numerous accidents which happen upon the road, to our hired carriages. It is well known these were, more particularly, frequent with the mail-coaches, on their first establishment: and, on enquiry, it then appeared, that they were justly attributable to the ignorance and folly of raw and improper drivers, and not in the smallest degree to the new institution itself, which experience has since proved was rationally founded.—Good horses are well able to go through this severe and expeditious service; the only thing to be lamented is, that improper ones will, perhaps, be too often applied to it, which indeed, as the case stands, belongs to the class of unavoidable evils; and unless government, from a regard to the interests of humanity, and the glory of the country, were to provide their own horses, under the care of an able inspector.

“ A frequent and fertile source of mischief is, the suffering horses to stand without any person to hold them, whilst the coachman is absent from his box; and this, I am sorry to be authorised to say, is too often the case, even at this instant, notwithstanding the number of accidents which have arisen from it.”

I have been informed, that mail-coach guards, have sometimes been very deficient in blowing the horn, a part of their duty of the utmost consequence to the safety of other travellers, and carriages, in dark and foggy nights. Many reports have been abroad of drivers proceeding slowly along that part of a street in London which was free of carriages, and of setting off, at the rate of fourteen or fifteen

miles per hour, the instant they approached an embarrassed part. Of others, who were in the absurd and dangerous habit of setting off upon the gallop, and with the whip, their horses accustomed to it, standing trembling, whilst they expected the coachman; and this along dangerous and narrow ways. I repeat not these observations, with the view of criminating, or casting an odium upon any man, or body of men, but merely as cautionary hints to such, on both sides the question, as they may concern. The truth is, the remedy for these grievances can only be found in the exertions of travellers, whose duty to themselves and the public, is rigidly to inspect the conduct of those with whom they intrust their lives; and to punish, with the full severity of the law, all trespasses arising from inebriety, wantonness, or neglect.

No coach-master ought ever to be permitted to drive a restive horse; and one who knows his own interest, never will purchase one at any price; for even when apparently broke, they are always dishonest drawers, and rob the other horses of their labour, and, besides, are never safe. A certain coach, last year, was driven with a wheel-horse, which was at times restive; on going down a steep hill, this horse thought proper to lie down; by which freak of his, the coach was overthrown, one man had his back broke, another was killed outright, and several maimed in a miserable manner.

It would be to little purpose to say much relative to the sorts, or shapes of horses, destined to this public service, since, generally speaking, they are chosen on the score of cheapness, from the refuse of private stables. One remark will suffice; that action is of the first consequence, as nothing can be more obvious, than that a horse must be soon torn to pieces, which is obliged to run distressed every mile of his stage; supposing him a trifle too light, the error is not so great, because, if he possess a readiness and facility of action, he will occasionally borrow a little weight of his fellows, and maintain his ground a long time.

It is well known, that there is no labour so severe and destructive to horses as quick draft, and it is a miserable consideration, that the system of human interest, requires it to be performed chiefly by cripples, and those already nearly worn out; and that we must derive our comforts and conveniences from racked feelings, and painfully extorted labour. Strange ideas have rushed upon my mind, on observing passengers impatient under the tortures of the gout and rheumatism, urge, and even see the coachman to whip his horses on the last pitch of exertion, when, from spavins, lameness, or wounds, every step to them must be an operation of the rack. I have already hinted, that reason, and our moral duties, lay us under a strict obligation of diligently seeking the remedy in all possible cases, and of not indolently and falsely swelling the list of unavoidable evils. There appears to be no other remedy for the evil of bad post-horses, than a general determination, among persons of property and consequence, to encourage those innkeepers who drive none but able ones. If the difficulty of getting rid of cripples was enhanced, it might possibly be a

general inducement to treat horses with more provident care and humanity.

But amongst these complaints, it is with the utmost pleasure that I can record the liberality and sound discretion of many of our keepers of stage-horses, who not only purchase excellent cattle, at very considerable prices, but keep them in the highest order, and work them fairly. As a pleasing instance, amongst many, I have formerly seen the Colchester coach-horses in such high condition, and so much above their work, that they were ready to bound out of their harness at starting; and what was infinitely to the credit of the proprietors, I have known horses last a great number of years in their service. I should think that a nag, entirely fresh, must be cheaper to a coach-master, at double the price, than a second-hand one, the sinews of which, most probably, have started; at the same time, I am fully aware of the difficulty of procuring a sufficient number of the former.

There can be no doubt but that extraordinary care would amend the condition of poor post-horses, and also contribute highly to the interest of proprietors; these should always make it their business to understand horses thoroughly, in all their concerns, and to trust as little as possible to their servants. I am now speaking to the men of property in that line, who have the ability and convenience for carrying any plans of improvement into execution.

No horse should be put upon, merely because he is rough and lasting; but every opportunity seized of giving him a few hours, or a few days respite. In these intervals of rest, if possible, every horse should stand loose in his stall; or what would be far better still (the weather permitting) be turned into a yard or adjoining field. The advantages derived to their poor battered feet, contracted sinews, and wearied limbs, by this practice, are inexpressible. Every horse's legs should be watched with the most anxious care, for fresh strains; because, if a few days only be allowed at first, and proper remedies applied, the strains may probably be cured, which, if neglected until the sinews become materially injured, would admit only of a partial cure, and even that cannot be obtained under a considerable length of time. Horses on their resting days, should have their legs and feet well soaked and supled in warm water, in the morning and at night; their sinews should be embrocated with the mixture which will be hereafter prescribed.

Good warm mashes should be allowed, when apparently necessary; and in cases of wasting and decay, I should suppose benefit might accrue from mashes made of boiled rice, with an addition of bran or fine pollard, to prevent its too astringent effect. I do not understand the usual routine of management for horses of this description, but suppose that some few of them have the benefit of being occasionally turned off to grass. It is certain that a good horse might be made to last many years, by such treatment, and to earn more money, than three or four bad or ill-managed ones.

It would be perhaps better, if all post-horses wore round or barshoes, merely by way of obtaining a rest for the frog which

supports the tendon, since these horses are so liable to strains in the sinews.

All considerable proprietors of horses should make a point of giving encouragement to those gentlemen of the faculty, who have the good sense and humanity, not to be above veterinary practice. Surely their interests must be much more safe in such hands, than in those of ignorant blacksmiths. The mischiefs done by these last throughout the country, in the single article of firing post-horses, is immense.

I have often thought it would be advantageous for a coach-master to agree with an able surgeon to attend his stock of horses by the year; the bare advice of such a person would, I am confident, if well attended to, occasion a considerable annual saving, in the prevention of mischiefs.

These horses are not only too often very badly fired, but are worked much too soon after the operation; the consequence is, they reap only a slight benefit, or are even perhaps injured by it. But there is nothing from which they suffer more, or from which it is fairer to date the origin of their numerous ailments, than from their constant sudden transitions from heat to cold, from obstructed and repelled perspiration. Much of this is an unavoidable concomitant of their business; however, it behoves the master to give the strictest charge that his horses suffer no more of this than needs must; that they are not loaded with water while hot, or upon any consideration, or any excuse whatever, washed with cold water when in a high state of perspiration. I know this is not only practised, and with pretended success, but that I have in this case two very celebrated medical authorities against me. I must of course speak farther on this subject in my second volume.

By the little attention paid in general to the weight of postillions, one must conclude that it is held to be an object of no consequence; but for my own part, I am clearly convinced' of the contrary; and could as easily be prevailed upon to believe that fourteen stone is no heavier than ten, as that it would not be a great saving of strength to the horse, to have the latter weight to carry instead of the former. In the enumeration of the various means of improvement, every item ought to have its due share of attention; and, without a pun, reflection will prove the present to be of great weight. The difficulty of obtaining men of light weights subsist only in the improvident indolence of masters. Nature has spontaneously furnished fitting instruments for all the various possible operations; among the rest, men of bulk and weight for ploughmen and porters, and little natty nine and ten stone fellows for grooms, jockies, and postillions—witness the old ditty, written in the days of gospel sunshine, by that precious saint, Adoniram Byfield, and to be found in one of his sermons:—

God made a great man to plough and to sow,
 God made a little man to scare away the crow,
 God made the world, as round as a ball,
 In came the devil, and spoiled it all.

Now this was the devil of misapplication.

Were it but once known that the postmasters had determined to give good encouragement to light weights they would soon have their choice from twelve stone down to a feather. In return and empty chaises, the lads generally choose either to sit upon the splinter bar, or within, but they should be enjoined always so to do, it being a great help to the saddle-horse.

I have made these few observations, in the behalf of miserable and neglected objects, by way of stimulating and directing the attention of those who are more versant in the subject.

Sporting Magazine.

RACING.—MOUNTING.

It is a singular occurrence in the history of mankind, a meritorious trait of character in the people of this country, that the British, of all modern nations, have adopted that heroic and classical sport of antiquity—Horse Racing. It is a no less remarkable coincidence that the birth of literature and of the diversion of the Turf, bear a nearly equal date in England: that the latter, however it may have been by philosophers, unphilosophically condemned, really had its origin in the expansion and improvement of the human intellect. The annals of the Turf were, nevertheless, most strangely and unaccountably neglected, or, rather, suffered to fall into almost total oblivion, until towards the middle of the eighteenth century; for which neglect, the only possible atonement has been made, in the very correct and ample Racing Calendar, annually published by the elder and present Mr Weatherby, of London, the successors of Cheney and Heber; subsequently to which, another calendar has been published at York, by the late Mr Pick, the meritorious compiler also of the Turf Register, which traces the pedigrees and performances, with anecdotes, of all the racing stallions and brood mares of repute in Britain and Ireland, from the earliest accounts to be obtained. A third volume of this valuable work, continuing the above sporting historical information to the present time, is either, in progress, or actually in the press. In addition to these, a Book of Pedigrees has been published and republished, by Mr Weatherby, under the title of The General Stud Book.

A strange neglect, likewise, was formerly shown at Newmarket, the head quarters of the British Turf, in respect to the *portraits* of the celebrated race-horses of former days, the originals and progenitors of our present race. Obscure accounts and traditions of these may be traced, perhaps, to the early part of the reign of Charles I.

when, or somewhat earlier, Newmarket first became the theatre of this national sport. These precious relics were utterly neglected by the first sportsmen in the land, and suffered to mould and rot in garrets and damp cellars. Such was the tenor of the information given twenty years since, by Mr Sandiver, the surgeon, at Newmarket, a gentleman well known in the sporting world, to his correspondent, Mr John Lawrence. This surely evinced a strange want of curiosity and of sensibility towards the memory of the prime instruments of their sport, in the amateurs of the turf. The fragments of these pictures, among which were the portraits of *Bay Bolton*, and of poor *Dragon*, the sacrifice to old Frampton's avarice, savage cunning, and cruelty, against the authenticity of which all the late attempts have been unavailing and futile, were formerly said to be among those destroyed as above. It is true, those old portraits were rude and unscientific, evincing the low and immature state of the imitative art in their days; but the ideas of curiosity and enthusiasm excluded, they, no doubt, generally afforded, at least, a tolerably faithful outline of the form of the animals which they represented. The living likenesses of the immortal Stubbs, and his ingenious successors, it may be hoped, have put an end to this disgraceful neglect.

See! the jockies neatly and lightly attired, in the chosen and regular colours of their masters, or employers, and nicely weighed, are mounting their high-bred and well-trained racers. The horses themselves are either patient, or impatiently curvetting, according to their disposition, or experience of the course on which they are about to contend; but all of them are instinctively informed of its nature and intent. They well know they are about to contest the palm of speed and stoutness of heart; and many of them, in consequence, exhibit symptoms of the highest degree of anxiety and irritability. An interval of anxious suspense now takes place. During this period, perhaps, some steady horses take a short canter; others of a different and warmer nature are obliged to be led in hand. The riders appear full of thought, big with a commission perhaps of mighty consequence, intrusted to their honour and ability, and meditating how to execute it in the ablest manner. The pulse of the betters beats high, in proportion to their risk, the event of which may verify the old quotation. "Some to undo, and some to be undone." The mind of the unprincipled *Black-leg* is agitated and divided between hope and fear, by an anticipation of the joys of possession in case of winning, and the horrors, loss of *cast*, and the infamy of a *levant*, in case he should be lurchd by fortune, the goddess of his adoration, and his sole dependence.

Amongst the knowing *manœuvres* of the turf, of which the aspirant has not a few to learn, the *false start* ought not to be forgotten. When the horses are started, a fair and reasonable indulgence is allowed, in case any one from fright, awkwardness, or other accidental circumstance, should fail to get off with the rest. In such a case they are called back, and a fresh signal for the start is given; now a handle has been made of this indulgence, immemorially, but of late years to

such excess, that the clerks of the course have found a strong necessity to check it. When there have been young or hot and impatient horses to start, the jockies mounted on steady horses, which they could manage in any way, would go off at the signal, and immediately pulling up, call out a false start! by which *four* they got them all called back again; and this has been practised to the third, even the fourth time. By such means, the hot horses were so flurried and harassed, that at last it was difficult to make them start, at all; and the experienced who know the delicacy of temperament and constitution in the running horse, and on what seemingly trifling circumstances both his speed and stoutness depend, are well convinced of the ill effect of such treatment on those which are delicate and irritable.

Now and then, excessive caution in the jockey has overshot its mark, and completely changed its nature. When several capital horses have started, together with others, without the least right or prospect of winning, the former, each afraid of his equal competitor, or bound by orders, have deferred their run, and waited such a length of time, that they have suffered the inferior horses to gain so much ground, that the capital ones, with all their superiority of speed or goodness, were unable to overtake them; and so the race has been won by the slowest and the worst! The race is thus not always to the swift. The late Lord Grosvenor once won a heavy stake, in this way, at Newmarket; which, however, might be much reduced by the bets he had in all probability made against his own horse.

Annals of Sporting.

KNAPSACK WANDERINGS.*

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

On the 28th of May, I again strapped on my knapsack, and bade adieu to Matlock Bath and my most obliging and attentive landlady, whose skill in frying trout and parsley I did not find equalled throughout the whole of my trip. She was likewise an adept in the art of bread-making. Talking of the culinary art reminds me, that having caught a barbel, between four and five pounds, which I gave to Mrs Jones, she prepared this fish, which is generally little esteemed, for the table, in a manner that proved it to be an exceedingly good dish; to which I can bear testimony, as she kindly brought me a sample of it for my dinner. The first process, I recollect, was well scraping and salting, as soon as he was turned out of my fish-bag.

* Continued from No. 18, of the *India Sporting Review*.

Mr Jones accompanied me as far as Mappleton, fifteen miles north of Matlock. In the course of the walk we passed through the villages of Crompton, Middleton, Hopton, Neighton, and Carson, arriving at Mappleton about 3 p. m. My intention was immediately to have called on a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who preserved a mile or more of the river Dove, and requested permission to fish that beautiful stream; for I made a point of never wetting a line in any water that was at all reserved, without first obtaining permission, which upon no one occasion was denied me throughout the whole of my wanderings in the north. Upon enquiry, I found he was from home; but fortunately a friend of Mr Jones', residing at Mappleton owned some land bordering upon the river, through which, of course, he had the right of fishing; and it turned out, he had so arranged matters with the larger proprietor, that by applying to the water-bailiff, he could secure a few days sport for a friend. So, about five o'clock, I repaired to the river, accompanied by Mr Jones, who was now about to use my landing-net for the last time, I am sorry to say, and from whom I parted with regret; for never did I see any man who more thoroughly enjoyed the sport; and the lively degree of satisfaction he evinced, as he dexterously transferred the trout and grayling from their native element to *terra firma* did one's very heart good to witness. And this reminds me of one instance in particular. Fishing, one evening, in the Derwent, I had just come up to a favourite hole, where I generally made sure of sport: splash went a fine fish at the tail of the stickle. "All right, sir; there he is waiting for us," said my companion. There was a high, adverse wind blowing at the time, and the very first throw, which I made quick and short, to clear the bushes, bang went my rod at the ferrule of the second joint. I quickly made a temporary repair; but the top joints of the rod falling in the water had scared my friend the grayling, and all my endeavours could not coax him again even to look at my fly. I felt annoyed; but I believe my landlord was by far the most disconcerted of the two. However, we consoled ourselves with the bag we had got,

And the thought

That the fish was yet to be caught.

The evening was spent in repairing my rod, which I always did myself when anything was wrong. The next day was very wet; but we were not to be deterred by a trifle from paying our respects to our friend the grayling. So, accordingly, in the afternoon away we went, direct for the field of battle of the previous evening. The rain came down so fast that we scarcely dared venture to hope for success. As I approached the well-known hole to make the first throw, the interest depicted on our countenances was doubtless, laughable enough. Well—swish went the line; the bob-flies danced, and the tail-fly hopped and jumped, rose and sunk, but all to no purpose; and as I brought the unsuccessful flies up for another cast, the face of my companion, and, doubtless, my own also, became vastly elongated. Swish went the line again; the flies had scarcely touched the water, when

whiz went the reel, an exclamation of joy from my companion, and a fine grayling was leaping and spinning at the end of fifteen yards of line. He was a strong fish, and the water deep and rapid. I kept in mind the delicate hold that the hook has of these gentlemen, but was obliged, in spite of my dislike, to give him line, and away he went, spinning and splashing into the very roughest of the stream. "Look out! take care of him! he'll break his hold!" shouted my companion, making a convulsive gesture with the ever-ready landing-net. Fortune favoured me, and I presently reeled my finny friend nearer the point of my rod, which he now and then bent nearly to my hand. But there is nothing like letting a fish, when he tires a little, feel the spring of the rod. "Now, sir," again shouted my friend with the net. "Ah! no, it won't do yet." "Upon my word, he's a fine fish. Now then, try him again;" and the next moment a dexterous turn of the land-net, and a splendid grayling flounced and kicked, some ten yards inland. Mr Jones fairly laughed with delight. He was, doubtless, a chip of the old block; for he told me, that his father was once out trolling with him, when presently he killed a fine jack, at which the old gentleman was so pleased that, upon the spur of the moment, he sewed him up in a flag basket which he carried. But, to return to Mappleton and the river Dove.

In a short time I killed a couple of brace of very pretty trout, which I begged Mr Jones (who was just starting on his return to Matlock Bath) would convey to his wife. Since the period of which I write, these worthy people have removed from Matlock Bath to Findern Cottage, Burton-road, near Derby, from whence Mr Jones wrote to me some time back, acknowledging some Limerick hooks, which sort of piscatorial weapons I knew him to be a great admirer of; and happening to meet with a few exceedingly good ones, I had much pleasure in sending them to him, especially as I knew him to be so well able to use them. He mentioned that they could give me accommodation, if I felt inclined to try the fishing in the river Trent, which is within half an hour's walk of their cottage, and, to use his own words, "abounds with grayling and all descriptions of fish, your favourite trout excepted, and is free to every angler; also, permission can easily be obtained to fish in the river Dove." He also mentions that excellent flies are to be purchased in Burton, of Mr Hanson, fishing tackle maker and hair dresser; a few of which Mr Jones was good enough to send me, and with which I was well pleased. I could with safety recommend any sportsman, desirous of fishing the Dove and Trent, to Mr Jones' lodgings, where I am certain he would receive every civility and attention from these highly respectable individuals.

I found but indifferent accommodation in the little *auberge* at Mappleton. However, the people were very civil, and fried my trout as well as they could; but, in the cooking department, they were sadly behind Rose Cottage. I remained at the little village of Mappleton three days, and had very good sport. One evening in particular, when I did not get to the river till after six o'clock, it was raining fast; but, before dark, I bagged six brace and a-half of trout, varying

from about half a pound to a pound, or over. The only instance of incivility I met with during my twelve weeks' fishing was at this place, where, be it remembered, I had a written permission from the water-bailiff. For, in a note to the friend of Mr Jones, of whom I have spoken before, he says: "I shall be very happy to see your friend on the water every day he remains here." I was in the act of landing a trout, the last evening I was at Mappleton, when a person came up, and after some vague questions, asked me if I had "leave to fish." The fellow's manner was impertinent, so I quietly asked him to have the goodness to stand on one side, and when I had landed my fish I would talk to him. The trout in my bag, I reeled up my line, and requested to know who he was and what he wanted. In reply, he said, "You have no business to fish here." I explained to him that I had permission from the water-bailiff; but if his authority was pre-eminent during his master's absence, I would desist from fishing. In fact, I was about to put up my rod, when I hooked the fish I had hold of when he came down. As already mentioned, I had reeled up my line, after landing my fish, when I commenced speaking to this impudent fellow, and held the rod quietly in my hand, when he presently said—"If you throw in your line again, I'll take away your rod." Now, this was so wholly uncalled for by any word or action of mine, that I confess I felt my blood begin to boil. "Will you?" said I. "No man in England shall take away my rod, and attempt it at your peril." My rod had been the companion of my boyhood—the gift of a friend; was one of old Higginbotham's make, and an especial favourite; and being in no mind to have it broken in a vulgar scuffle, I quickly drew out a large pocket-knife, telling him if he touched my rod he should presently be minus his fingers. I then unreeled my line, and, in defiance, whipped the stream up for a short distance, he walking quietly by my side, until I came to the road which led to my quarters. The fellow soon found he had caught a Tartar. Perhaps he at first mistook his man, by reason of my quiet manner, and the readiness with which I ceased fishing. I have ever made it a rule, if warned off land where I may have unknowingly trespassed, either with rod or gun, to behave with civility upon such occasions; as I consider it highly reprehensible to bluster and swear because we are told we have "no business here." But, at the same time, I think *civility* equally incumbent on both sides; and if a man cannot quietly warn off a stranger, but begins with threats that he will take away his rod, then he must expect to be met on his own grounds. I am of opinion that a keeper, or owner of land, has no more right to rob a man of his gun or rod, than he has take the coat off his back, or the purse out of his pocket; and I would always defend the one with as much determination as the other. I remember once getting off my ground whilst partridge shooting in Norfolk. The farmer came up and said I had no right to shoot there. "Am I not on Mr May's land?" said I. "No, sir, you are on my land." I told him I regretted having trespassed, and was retracing my steps, when he called out, "Well, after next week, you may come over the land if you like, sir."

I had very fair sport at Mappleton, killing twenty brace of trout and a grayling, in the three days I was there. These fish weighed from about half a pound to a pound and a-half.

Friday, June 1st, from Mappleton to the little hamlet of Thorpe, which is about two miles distant from the former place, and lies between the hills, about half a mile south of Dove Dale, at the entrance of which there is an hotel, where, I doubt not, those who visit it pay hotel prices, and no mistake. I preferred the humble little inn at Thorpe, where the honest-looking landlady bundled some dozens of cheeses out of a good-sized upper chamber, which served me for parlour and bedroom; where I spent ten days, or rather nights, for I was within very little during the day time. It was by far the nicest and quietest little place I was at throughout the whole of my rambles. Everything was beautifully clean and comfortable, and the charges exceedingly moderate. I remember one item in my bill—"dinah" (dinner), 9d. In travelling, both at home and abroad, I generally adopt, so far as the *cuisine* is concerned, the customs of the people I am amongst. Thus, the Germans taught me to eat sour-kROUT, the Portuguese to take oil with salt fish, the Dutch to eat cheese for breakfast, the Irish to roast eggs and potatoes in turf ashes, while my pony was welcomed into the same cabin with his master; and at the little *venta* at Thorpe I ate oatmeal porridge and milk out of a pie-dish for breakfast, and generally tea, bread and butter, and eggs to boot. There is nothing like laying in a good substantial breakfast when a man has a long day's work before him; be it fishing, and wading in the river for nine or ten hours together, or carrying a double-barrelled gun in September, over the Spanish hills, from sunrise, to sunset, which I have done for four days consecutively.

Whilst at Thorpe, within a short distance of which flows the silvery stream of the Dove, I had, when the water was not too brown for the fly (for it rained a good deal), very tolerable sport; and having one day been particularly successful, I resolved on sending a dish of trout from the Dove to some friends of mine residing in the neighbourhood of Sloane-street and Brompton; and accordingly consulted with mine hostess, as to the best place of repose during the night, for nine brace of beautiful trout. The cellar was fixed upon, and the fish deposited accordingly; she having assured me that neither cat, dog, nor rat would molest them there. This affair settled, the next thing to be done was to get a basket—not always an easy matter in such places as my present quarters. The basket, however, after some little research, was forthcoming "for the *vallie* of four pence;" and a strong lad, a son of the good dame of the public-house, was to receive a silver shilling for transporting the said basket of trout from Thorpe, about four miles, to meet the London mail next morning, at ten o'clock. This momentous question settled, I took my flies off my hat, unreeled my line to dry (which precaution no fisherman ought ever to neglect), and with hearty good-will sat down to the admirable *thé à la fourchette*, which daily occupied a prominent place in my bill of fare; wrote a note to my friend, and turned into

my clean, comfortable bed, resolving, if all were well on the morrow, to be at the river by 7 A. M., and try to make up the dozen brace of fish. With this laudable intention, I was just about to quit my room next morning, a little after six o'clock, when rap, tap, tap, came at the door, and in walked my hostess with a rueful countenance. "Oh! sir, here's a bad job, then." "What's the matter?" said I, thinking of anything but the nine brace of trout in the cellar. "Why, so sure as I do live, sir, them nasty rats ha eat the fish." "What do ye say, woman—the rats eaten my trout?" Alas! alas! what a death-blow to my hopes of sending a dish of Dove trout to No. —, Hans-place, and No. —, Brompton! Only picture my vexation, on finding my nine brace of trout dwindled to something less than a dozen fish, and these all eaten and gnawed to pieces, with the head of one and the tail of another, all that remained to tell of the goodly numbers which had, on the previous evening, made as handsome a dish of trout as any followers of old Izaak would wish to send from Dove Dale to his friends in London. At first, I was inclined to suspect the good dame's honesty; but not a bit of it; the rats, the confounded rats (for no other vile varmint would have burrowed such great round holes to the very back bone of the fish), they, and they only, were the thieves; and I have ever since entertained an especial horror of these whiskered, long-tailed, ugly villains; and upon shooting two of the hated race, not long since, out of an upper window of my cottage, which commands a little mixen—a favourite resort, of all the rats about the premises—I thought, "Ah! my friends, you'll never eat a dish of trout which may, perchance, be waiting for an outside place by the London mail." Well, I endeavoured to repair my loss, but the Fates were against me; and I actually fished the whole day, and waded in the water for seven or eight hours, and for what? why, five and a-half brace of trout, and some of those mere eprats; and throughout the whole of my trip I did not again catch a dish of fish that I thought worth sending from so far north to the modern Babylon.

Dove Dale, which lies about three miles from Ashborne, is a most romantic and rocky chasm, through which the river of the same name threads its winding course, rushing and dashing over huge masses of rock, which have in the course of time become detached, and fallen from the adjoining heights; in some places nearly filling the bed of the river. As we advance up this extraordinary ravine, the scenery is wild and grand in the extreme; the magnificent limestone rocks, rising in some places perpendicularly from the bed of the torrent to a height of 120 or 130 feet, partially clothed with hanging underwood and ivy, have a majestic and startling effect. There is one immense detached portion of rock, about midway up the glen, called Dove Dale Church, which rears its hoary head to a height of about eighty feet, and forms a grand characteristic feature of the scene; and nearly opposite to this, is Reynard's Hole, a magnificent natural arch. There are likewise other curious caverns, known as Reynard's Hall, Reynard's Kitchen, &c.; and at the northern extremity of the dale is a large cavern named the Fox-holes. In some places, the path

which winds along the margin of the river becomes so narrow that it is with difficulty the passenger can round the fantastic projections of rock which here and there threaten to impede his onward progress. So enchanted was I with Dove Dale, that I spent whole days in rambling about its wild scenery and fishing in its eddying streams, where I killed a fair number of trout. On two occasions, I was so fortunate as to witness a thunder-storm in the deep solitude of the dale, when the lurid glare of the forked lightning, the crashing and rattling of the thunder, as it boomed and echoed amongst the gigantic rocks, had a sublimity of effect which makes man indeed feel what an atom he is—his very nothingness.

June 11th: I again shouldered my pack, and walked from Thorpe to Bakewell—seventeen miles—over a hilly and, in some parts barren country. On entering the town, my attention was arrested by the fine old church, which has the appearance of great antiquity. Arrived at this noted place for trout and fishermen—where, by the way, I have an idea there is a due proportion of Cockney sportsmen to be met with; for I saw within a distance of two hundred yards about fifteen anglers whipping the river (which was clear as crystal), with a bright sun at their backs, that displayed to great advantage their lengthened figures upon the glassy stream; and hungry indeed must be the trout of the Wye, if he is caught after this fashion. About two-thirds of these indefatigable brothers of the angle were attended in a manner, which I presume is peculiar to Bakewell fishermen; viz. by a boy, with a landing-net in one hand and an umbrella in the other. I could not help regretting it did not rain at this critical juncture; as it must, I conceive, be very interesting to witness fly-fishing from under fifteen umbrellas in a row.* Having made a hasty repast and ordered my bed, I walked over to Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire, distant from Bakewell about three miles. It is a princely mansion, but too well known to need any description from my pen. By the time I got back to my inn, and after the ever-refreshing cup of tea, and a short stroll round the old town, I retired early, to prepare for the fatigues of the morrow, having had a long day of it.

About six o'clock next morning I quitted Bakewell, in a drizzling rain, *en route* for Glossop, on the borders of Yorkshire, through Ashford, Bradlow (at which place I halted to breakfast), Bradlow Mires, Castleton (where I visited the celebrated Peak Cavern), Wash, New Smithy, Hayfield, Charles Town, and Glossop Dale—twenty-

* The best sport I ever knew with a fly, under a *bright sun and no wind*, was in the first river between Gibraltar and Algeziras, where a brother officer and myself killed one day (if my memory serves me) three-and-twenty brace of fish, of the dace kind. But they showed poor sport; neither could we tell if they were good for the table, every fish being bad the morning following. Whether it was the heat of the sun (a thing more than probable), or the bumping against "Bully's" sides, as my friend and I jogged towards the rock on the pugnacious little grey, I cannot pretend to determine.

eight miles. This was rather a hard day's walking, and over a very hilly and uninteresting country the greater part of the distance. It was about 8 p. m. when I came to an anchor at a small, but comfortable inn at this town of manufacturers.

13th: started from Glossop, about five o'clock in the morning, for Holm-forth, through Wood-head and Holm—thirteen miles. During this day's walk, which was a short one, I halted for some hours at Wood-head, where I also breakfasted, in order to try a small stream, where I heard there were a good many trout. The day was wet and the brook (for such it was) in rather a disturbed state; so, after fishing for three or four hours in a smart rain (but with a good Macintosh I defied the weather), I returned to my breakfasting quarter with only two or three brace of small fish in my bag; and again strapping on my knapsack, pursued my road to Holmsforth, stopping at a little public-house to cook my trout for dinner; which, however, I had at first some little difficulty in coaxing the old woman to do, or rather, I should say, to allow *me* to do (for, after all, I did it myself); and while she set to work, after a dismal fashion, to "make a bit of fire," I went to the pump and busied myself in cleaning and preparing my fish, being hungry, and in no mind to wait till night-fall for this little bit of a friz; and had them bubbling in the enormous frying-pan (which, by the way, was nearly big enough to have fried a young whale) in double quick time, much to the amusement, I believe, of some half dozen by-standers, who doubtless took me for a discharged cook, travelling in search of a place. The trout and bad ale despatched, I paid my eightpence, and commenced the ascent of a desperately steep hill, nearly two miles in length, with a cold wind right ahead, and, Scotch mist; in other words, such a rain as will pretty soon wet you to the skin.

Holmsforth, which I reached soon after 6 p. m. is a dirty manufacturing town. I got in cold, and wet from "the knees downwards; and finding no fire in any room in the house, save one of enormous dimensions in the kitchen, I took up a position "on the extreme right" (as a certain functionary used to say at guard mounting, in Dublin) of the high screen; and after a thorough good warming within and without, I turned into a bed that was none of the cleanest and certainly not the most comfortable that I could have desired. I forget the name of the inn, but it was the largest (their charges included), and, by the same rule, the most uncomfortable I was in during the three months I travelled.

14th: Fine morning. From Holmsforth, which I quitted with right good will about 6 a. m., to Denham Gate—twenty-five miles and a-half—by way of Meltham Chapel, Slangthwait Chapel, Stainland, Salterable, Halifax, and Hillingford, reaching the Bull, at Denham Gate, about five o'clock in the evening. Soon after quitting Holmsforth in the morning, I met a weaver, with a roll of blue cloth, tied up in a handkerchief, under his arm. He stopped, and eyeing my pack, asked "what kind of wares I dealt in." "Oh! different things," I replied. "I carry *tae* sometimes; and I've got a little left now that I did not

find sale for at Holm" (I had a quarter of a pound in my knapsack.) "No?" said he; "why, did you try Mrs Mathews, and Jacob Smalls and Isaac Martins?" naming in the same breath half a dozen other little shopkeepers in the town I had just quitted. "Why, no, I didn't try them all, friend." "Well, but ye say, lad, ye ha' got a little tae left. Now, I'm thinking I should somehow like to swap a bit of this here cloth, of my own weaving, for some tae;" at the same time displaying some capital broad-cloth, and descanting in lively terms on its excellence. I pretended to examine it within and without; holding it up to the light, and rubbing it between my thumb and finger; telling him that I should have liked very well to swap with him, but I just recollected I had only a small bit of tae left—not above a quarter of a pound—which I must keep as a sample for my customers where I was going to take orders; but when I came that road again, I should be glad to deal for some of his cloth, and enquired where he was to be heard of; and with a "Good day, friend," we parted: he wishing me "good luck with my tae," and I hoping he would find a customer for his broad-cloth. At the Bull, at Denham Gate, the good housewife was very anxious to know "if I was not a land-measurer; because a many of them gentlemen (meaning railroad surveyors, I presume) had been round lately." I told her I was something in that line. "Well now, you know, I thought you was, by them sticks that you do carry with you." I found a very good billet at this place, and had an exceedingly clean and comfortable bed.

Left Denham Gate next morning at five o'clock, passing through Keighley, Steeton, Kildwick, Skipton, Gargrave, Conniston, and Hellifield, to Long Preston, where I arrived a little before 8 P.M.—twenty-seven miles—and some half dozen more than I felt inclined to walk; for there had been a good deal of rain in the course of the day which made the roads very heavy; independent of which, the country I passed over was excessively hilly, which is the case throughout the whole West Riding of Yorkshire. I tried at two villages short of Long Preston to get a bed, but none to be had; and on my arrival at the last-named place, tolerably well tired, there appeared at first some little doubt as to whether or not I should be accommodated for the night. There was evidently something going on in the house, for they were all dressed in their best; but whether a wedding or a christening I can't pretend to determine. But whilst they were debating the matter of my having a bed, I chanced to hear that one of the fat landlady's fair daughters "was very bad with a dreadful bad tooth-ache." I begged to be allowed to prescribe for the young lady. This was a lucky hit; for I scarce had time to feel her pulse and order laudanum on cotton to be applied to the tooth affected, a fomentation of hot camomile flowers, and a small dose of salts and senna in the morning, before a smart young lady received her mamma's directions to "put the gentleman in the parlour;" and in a trice, tea, coffee, eggs, cakes, and half a dozen *et-ceteras* were at my command, on the little round table with a green baize cover; and they were all as civil as if I had been a gentleman's flunkey, come to order

three gallons of strong beer, "to be sent up to the hall *immegently*," something having happened to the tap in the cellar. The evening meal despatched, I made particular enquiries after my patient; and with strict injunctions not to forget the salts and senna in the morning, I wished the party (who were loud in their thanks "for my great kindness") a "Good night," and presently turned into a comfortable bed, for once in my life thinking it a fortunate thing to have had the tooth-ache. During this day's walk I halted at "The Duke of Wellington," and breakfasted for sixpence; and whilst the good woman of the house was preparing my coffee, the following dialogue took place:—

"Well, mistress, and what do you charge for breakfast?"

"Why, I don't quite know: what is it your a' going to have?"

"Coffee, and as much bread and butter as I can eat, and a couple of eggs.,,"

"Oh! why, sixpence, I suppose, if you do have two eggs."

"Sixpence! then you must let me have another egg."

"Well, there, I don't much care if I do; but eggs is very dear."

This was the first and last sixpenny breakfast that came in my way throughout my rambles; and I cannot conscientiously say that I quite agreed with mine hostess about the price of the eggs.

June 16th: Cloudy morning. Left Long Preston at 6 A. M. for Horton—ten miles—stopping to breakfast at the town of Settle, where the river Ribble is crossed by a handsome stone bridge. Before breakfast was concluded, the rain, which had threatened all the morning, began to fall, and before I reached my journey's end, came down in right earnest. At the little hostelry at Horton (which was, I fancy the only house of entertainment for man and beast in the place, and where I was not sorry to halt for a while, having in the last six days walked 120½ miles, in rainy weather, over one of the hardest countries in England, carrying—including my rods, which weighed 3½lbs—altogether 25½lbs.; my morning's fishing at Woodhead not taken into the account; and that might tell for about eight more) I found a good billet, being provided with two rooms and a capital turf fire, in the management of which I was quite at home; and if the fuel is good, I am fond of turf. It makes a cheerful and powerful fire, when properly built and attended; but light spongy turf is a great nuisance, for it not only requires everlasting replenishing, but every time your door is opened or shut, you are half smothered with white ashes; harmless enough, no doubt, but vastly disagreeable. There is one great advantage to the traveller, should he chance to arrive, as I did, on a wet day where turf is the fuel; for if he can only get a bit of fire the size of his hand, and a cloth or newspaper to stretch across the chimney, to act as a blower for a few minutes, he may have a splendid fire presently; and if a saucepan is not at hand, wherein to boil his eggs and potatoes, they are readily cooked in the ashes on the hearth. The Ribble, which is a fine stream, where good trout fishing is to be had, runs hard by the village of Horton (where I passed the Sunday, attending the little parish church), and halted three days, hoping to get a little sport;

for, on my arrival, the water was the colour of porter, by reason of the late rains. The landlord of the public-house told me, that the river about Horton was partially preserved; but he could give permission to angle. The weather, however, continued so wet that fly-fishing was almost out of the question; though I made more than one attempt, but only took three brace of trout. I hooked one heavy fish, but lost him and my fly to boot. I had to do a little bit of doctor also at Horton; but, in this instance, it was to use the knife (don't be alarmed my reader, 'twas only a penknife), instead of prescribing for the tooth-ache. The master of the inn having walked down the water with me, to see a cast of the fly, placed himself in rather an awkward position; viz. at too great a distance from me, and yet within the sweep of my line. I had more than once cautioned him, either to stand nearer to me, or well out of range of the flies. Presently, as I anticipated, the tail-fly was fast in his face up to the bent. Fortunately the hook was a small one, but of the Kirby make, which rendered it particularly difficult to extract; and there was nothing for it but to cut it out, which the poor fellow bore uncommonly well. Luckily my knife was sharp; but before the operation was over, he turned very pale, and begged to be allowed to sit down on the grass. I always carried some sticking-plaister about me, and was thus enabled to patch up his countenance tolerably well. On the barren hills around Horton, my landlord informed me, there were a few grouse to be found, and offered me a little shooting, should I be in that part of the world in the grouse season.

Tuesday, 19th: From Horton to Kirby Lonsdale, through Clapham and Ingleton, where I halted to lunch; and my attention was attracted by the large blue flag-stones in the kitchen of the wayside inn, and which the landlord informed me had been a matter of curiosity to many travellers. I took the trouble to measure two of them, whose dimensions were severally nine feet one inch by six feet six and-a-half inches, and nine feet six inches by six feet. I was heartily glad in this day's walk to leave behind me the high, ugly stone walls of Yorkshire, between which I had been wending my weary way for the last hundred miles, and once more enjoy the refreshing green hedges on right and left of the road. The evening was fast closing in when I crossed the handsome stone bridge over the river Lon, on entering the old town of Kirby Lonsdale; and I stopped for some minutes to reconnoitre this splendid river; and by the time I got into the town, after a seventeen miles' walk, it was nearly dark. My pocket being but slenderly lined, I always avoided hotels as I would contagion; and it was not until I had enquired at three inns that I found a bed disengaged; and even at the third house "they were not quite sure I could have a bed; for a lady in the house was ill." I began by this time to think I must be rather a suspicious-looking character; and here again I verily believe it was only my ready offer of *medical aid* that gained me admittance. "lady in the house ill? I hope she has had medical advice; but if not, pray allow me to see her immediately, as I shall be most happy to prescribe for her in any manner her case may demand;

and if the attack should be of an inflammatory nature, any delay may prove of serious consequence." After this professional commencement, I duly enquired the nature of her disease, and was well pleased to find she was under the doctor's care and "much better." By this time I found myself in a small, but comfortable sitting-room, with a light in the door, duly shaded by a muslin blind, through which, I doubt not, the portly landlady reconnoitred all doubtful visitors, let they should perchance, by mistake, pocket any of the old-fashioned silver spoons. As was my custom, I ordered a substantial tea, and desired to see my bedroom, which proved to be an exceedingly good one, well and amply furnished.

The following morning was wet, as had been the previous night; however, after breakfast I took my rod and went in quest of a celebrated old fly-fisher. I knew only too well that circumstances were against me; nevertheless, I was very unwilling to leave Kirby Lonsdale behind, without even wetting a line in its large and beautiful water. Having found this renowned brother of the angle, and purchased a few of his salmon-flies, I prevailed on the old boy (though rather against his inclination) to get his rod and come with me to the Lon, which, as already remarked, is a noble river, where both salmon and abundance of trout are to be met with. But, in this instance also, I was doomed to disappointment. The water was very high and much discoloured, as my old friend had fore-told; so, to keep him in good humour, and observe him in the use of his long double-handed rod, thinking I might thereby "get a wrinkle" (for, in fishing, as in other things, I am always glad of a hint), I made him take the lead down the river, following pretty close behind him. He seemed to look rather with contempt on my old Higginbotham, which certainly was a miniature weapon, compared with that he fished with; as also my landing-net, with its two foot handle and small jointed iron hoop (at which he laughed in great contempt), when it came by the side of the enormous machine with a six-foot staff, surmounted by a hoop at least thirty inches diameter, and a net to match, which he carried in his hand. After fishing for about half an hour, my old friend cried, "Hold! enough." He had risen two or three fish, but bagged none. I killed a brace, which I made him put in his pocket. My companion now seemed to have rather a better opinion of my little rod than when first we started. I learned one thing during the half hour spent on the banks of the Lon; that a foot-line, placed between the reel-line and gut collar, *made in links*, about nine feet long, each link composed of a number of horse-hairs, *only* just sufficiently twisted to keep them together, is of infinite service in rough weather, if fishing a wide stream, as it enables you to throw a great length of line with tolerable precision, even in the eye of the wind.* The method of attaching the bob-

* Some of these foot-lines are made very large—at least three times the size of the reel-line at the point. I have two, a heavy and a lighter one; and am, of course, guided in the choice of them by the state of the weather. The links *must*

flies, which was shown me at Matlock Bath, I found likewise in use at Kirby Lonsdale, and, in fact, throughout the North of England. As far as I could ascertain all the fishermen on the Lon use double-handed rods and immense landing-nets, such as I have described.

On the 21st, I again shouldered my knapsack, and walk from Kirby Lonsdale by way of Spittle, Nook, Preston Patrick, Levens Bridge, Sedgwick, Brigg Steer, Croasthwaite, and Winster, to the pretty village of Bowness, on Windermere—twenty-two miles—where I engaged a couple of rooms in a private lodging-house for three days ; as at this place they let lodgings by the day, a custom I do not remember to have met with before, but a great accommodation to visitors. I arrived between 3 and 4 p. m. The morning had been showery, and the afternoon was damp and dull ; and I must confess my first impressions of the beautiful Windermere Water (of which everybody has heard so much) were certainly those of disappointment ; but, by the time I returned from a long ramble in the evening, I had changed my too hastily formed opinion, and began to think it would be difficult to assign too much beauty to this far and justly famed lake, which is the largest in England, being about ten miles in length, but does not exceed one in breadth. The hills at the south end of the lake are rather low, but rise gradually on either side ; and the head of Windermere is embosomed in grand and beautiful mountain scenery ; and the gaily-painted boats, with their white and variously striped awnings, as they skim the surface of this lovely lake, have an exceedingly picturesque effect ; the sail from Bowness to Ambleside is very delightful. I did not try the fishing in this water, but it is said to “abound with char, trout, pike, perch, and eel.” I am, however, rather disposed to think that writers may have been a little too bountiful, in thus storing it with such an “*abundance*” of trout and pike as they generally assign to it—two fish which are seldom or never found in any *numbers* together ; the shark of the fresh water being a most deadly enemy to the more delicate and beautifully-spotted trout. I saw a pike, or rather a jack (for he was under twenty-one inches in length ; and until these fish attain that measure they are more properly called jack), that had been taken on a night-line, but did not hear much about trout, either at Bowness or Ambleside ; though doubtless there are many large fish of this description.

I spent a Sunday at Bowness, and was much pleased with its church. There being no afternoon service, I took my little glass (which was one of Cary's, and an exceedingly good one, though small enough to be carried in my waistcoat pocket) and walking-stick, and

not be knotted together in the manner of link-lines in general ; but attached only by means of loops, which must be served close up to the bent with waxed silk, in such a manner as to ensure there being no play at the joint, which must stand perfectly straight and stiff. The heaviest of my link foot-lines is eighteen hairs at the top and eleven at the point. It is obvious that, in fishing small streams incommoded with bushes, which oblige the angler constantly to reel up his flies close to the point of his rod, these foot-lines would be inconvenient.

crossed the lake at the ferry below Bowness, with the intention of ascending Conniston Old Man, a rugged and rocky mountain, about eight or nine miles west of Windermere. I had scarcely reached the base of the mountain, about four o'clock, when the day, which had hitherto been bright and clear, became rather overcast; and in an astonishingly short space of time, Conniston Old Man "put on his nightcap," and became veiled in thick mist. To proceed were worse than useless; for having no guide, it would have been dangerous; therefore, I was obliged to put up with traveller's fare, and retrace my steps homeward, rather chagrined, I confess, at being thus foiled in my undertaking. However, I could not regret having made the attempt; for the walk was a charming one. I learned that Conniston Old Man was a most capricious old fellow, seeming to take great delight in enticing the lover of the sublime and beautiful to attempt the ascent of his rocky sides, and then, at the very moment he thinks his labour is about to be repaid, by the magnificent view obtainable in clear weather from his lofty summit, he will "put on his night-cap" (as it is locally termed,) and leave the disappointed traveller to picture in imagination, heightened by defeat, the beauties he has lost.

Monday, 25th June.—After breakfast I engaged a light boat, to convey myself, knapsack, and fishing-rods to Ambleside. The day was remarkably fine, and anything more exquisitely beautiful than the sail from Bowness to Ambleside I can scarcely conceive. I quartered myself in an inn at the last-named little town, and for three days rambled with undiminished pleasure amongst the grand mountain scenery which surrounds the head of the lake, and along its beautifully wooded shores. I observed, at this place, almost every lady I met was provided with a fishing-rod. During my stay at Ambleside, I again put my gear together, and tried a little mountain-stream, named Trout Beck, but with small success, only killing a couple of brace of small fish. The trout of mountain streams in the north are generally small, as is also the case in Ireland. Now and then you may get hold of a good fish, but it is seldom.

About six miles from Ambleside lies the small lake of Conniston, famous for pike, and situated at no great distance from my old friend of the night-cap. I walked over to Conniston one morning and breakfasted at the village inn, and a capital breakfast I had. The bill of fare ran something like the following:—Coffee and cream, cakes and butter, toast and ditto, ditto dry, potted trout, fried ham, bread, butter, eggs, and honeycomb; and all excellent of their kind; the charge for which, and a neat and clean little *salle à manger*, and much civility, amounted to the large sum of *one shilling*—yes, reader, a shilling, for one of the best and most plentiful breakfasts it was ever my good fortune to sit down to, after a hungry walk of six miles! I confess I was astonished at this really nothing of a charge for such a *déjeuner à la fourchette*; and for which, when I had somewhat blunted the edge of a fisherman's appetite, and began to look around the table, I thought a half-crown would never get me out of the scrape; therefore, you may readily imagine my surprise at the charge of one

shilling. Talking of cheap breakfasts, I remember many years ago landing at Plymouth, one fine morning, in company with some dozen more hungry fellows, and getting a capital beef-steak breakfast for eighteen-pence; at which we were all so well pleased that we carried off nearly a whole pack of cards of the house, for the benefit of our friends who might perchance, like ourselves, be fated to come on shore at Plymouth to breakfast, after plunging about for three days and nights in a gale of wind, in a great beast of a steamer, laden to the bends, where the heat of the ship, though late in September, was so excessive, that a pot of bear's-grease in my portmanteau was thereby emptied of the greater portion of its contents; and myself, amongst others, turned out of my state-room and lay under the main cabin table; and the stink of the bilge water so intolerable, that a silver hunting watch, which hung at the head of my berth, and the buttons of my cloak, were turned as black as my boots, only not quite so well polished*. At this moment I forget even the name of the inn; but I recollect that, on the morning in question, I breakfasted in my shirt sleeves, and afterwards walked about the town in my cloak, having sent my coat to a confounded tailor for repair, and was within an ace of leaving with him altogether; for we were actually in the boat, on our return to the steamer, when this valiant son of the thimble, breathless, and without a hat, jumped into the stern sheets with my coat under his arm. If we had had a worse breakfast, this ninth part of a man might, perchance, have had to swim ashore again. And this reminds me of an oyster supper in the north of Ireland—which certainly had no connexion with either Plymouth or the little inn at Conniston—where a certain M.D., noted for his regular habits and early hours, and the father of a very pretty Irish girl, fearing to be detained beyond his accustomed hour, slipped from the table, and in his haste to be off, substituted the mess-waiter's gold-laced hat for his own less attractive top-hamper. However, a hat's a hat; and as the Doctor only discovered his mistake on entering his own drawing-room, I doubt not he walked home beneath the gold lace and cockade with as much composure as was his wont.

But to return to the little inn at Conniston. Breakfast over, the landlord showed me his pike tackle, which certainly was the coarsest I ever saw, and fitted with five or six hooks, after the manner of minnow tackle for trout. I took the hint, and presently rigged some spinning tackle of a similar kind, though somewhat finer. Everything in order, the word was given, and away we went to the boat, which belonged to mine host, and was in waiting, with bait, &c., already for the attack. The method of trolling here was rather novel to me. Having fitted two rods, one on either side of the boat, with the lines so adjusted as to pay out when the bait is taken, away they row, until a fish is hooked, when they make short work of him: out he comes, *volens volens*. I think the superiority of fine tackle (even for pike)

* I afterwards saw some gold lace, which, although packed up, was totally spoiled by the same cause.

over-coarse was proved beyond a doubt this day. We fished for about four hours. My companion only killed one jack; I took two pike and and two jack; three of which I left with the gude housewife who prepared me such a sumptuous repast in the morning; the fourth figured on my table next day. But I can't say I much esteem these fish; the pudding sewed up in their jackets being, in my humble opinion, the best part, as the port wine sauce assuredly is of stewed carp.

The morning of the 28th rose calm and bright, as if smiling on the auspicious event of her Majesty's coronation; in honour of which I observed, on quitting Ambleside at 4 A. M., various designs of flowers, very tastefully displayed; and also a triumphal arch, elegantly decorated in a similar manner. It was not without regret that I bade adieu to this interesting spot, with its enchanting lake, whose deep blue waters, at the close of a summer's day, when the sun is just sinking behind the western mountains, throwing out their dark and rugged outline against the burning sky, and the numerous small boats which lie mirrored on its glassy surface, present an aspect of peaceful repose which imperceptibly steals over the soul of the beholder, and for a while induces a forgetfulness of all else besides. But such scenes must be felt to be duly appreciated.

" Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within."

In this day's walk I took my bearings by a small pocket compass, which I always carried (and by the aid of which I sometimes found my way about the handsome city of Berlin, when a lazy Pole I had in attendance used to get out of the way), and took a tolerably straight course across the country, and such stone walls as here and there presented themselves (for which, by the way, I had like to have paid rather dear: having mounted one of these walls, about six or seven feet high, I found it begin to totter under me, and had only time to spring off, when down came about a ton of it rattling about my ears: it was a very near thing that I got clear; and I am not quite sure I did not step to examine my shins, to see if all were right and tight, even after the clatter had subsided, and I was well out of reach of the fallen stones: crossing these walls is rather a dangerous game, unless you are very cautious), to Mardale, at the base of High Street, along whose lofty summit may still be traced the weary way of the ancient pack-horse: having, in days of yore, been the high road to the north. At Mardale I halted to breakfast; and then, by the advice of the people at the little *venta*, took a guide over (or rather to the top of) High Street, where more than one traveller has been lost in the fogs which are so prevalent in mountain districts. Embosomed in a deep hollow, about midway up this mountain, is a small lake, or tarn (large pond), called Hays Water, where I lingered awhile, and killed four of the handsomest trout I ever beheld, and which I learned were peculiar to this water. The largest of these fish was rather under three quarters of a pound. They were remarkably well shaped, and marked with unusually large

bright scarlet spots, each set in a star of dusky black. Towards the shoulders these spots increased in size: the belly of a bright golden colour.

Having fished about an hour, I put up my rod, and pursued my route up High Street, which here rises so abruptly, that, in some places, I was obliged to use my hands in the ascent. Arrived at the top, I gave my guide (who had shouldered my knapsack whilst I fished, and carried it from thence to the top of the mountain) a shilling and a brace of trout; and having received his instructions, and again taken the bearings by my compass, I commenced the descent to Low Heartshope, a valley on the south side of this bold mountain, and at the entrance of which stands the Red Cow, a farm-house and inn, where I was glad to refresh with beer and bread and cheese, for which they did not forget to charge; partly, I believe, on account of my having invited two miserable half-starved dogs to tiffin, at which the old woman looked daggers; but had it been the last bit of bread to the south of Penrith, I was determined that, for once, these poor beasts should have something like a belly full, though I daresay the old hag did not give them a bit for a month afterwards. One of them testified his gratitude by endeavouring to follow me when I quitted the house. On first arriving at the Red Cow, it had been my intention to remain there for the night, but was disgusted with the people. After resting awhile, I proceeded; for the descent from the summit of High Street, over the large rough stones which cover the south side, with two-and-twenty pounds on my back, had rather tried my knees, which became so painful that I was occasionally compelled to seek relief by ascending for a few yards, and thereby make a zigzag route of it—a long leg and a short one, as the sailors say when beating to windward.

About a mile to the N. E. of the valley of the Red Cow, the traveller comes to the foot of Haws Water, a pretty lake, about three miles in length and half a mile in breadth. Immediately bordering the northern shore, runs the high road to Penrith. * It was about half-past five o'clock when I reached this point; and as a nice little breeze was stirring on the water, I put my rod together and fished from the road, as I walked towards Bampton, a small hamlet, a few miles nearer Penrith, where I now had thoughts of halting for the night if I could find a billet. In about an hour I had secured a dish of trout for supper, at all events, having bagged five brace and a-half of nice little fish; and as the evening was now fast closing in, I thought it prudent to go forward, being uncertain how far I might yet have to walk for a bed; so, replacing my old Higginbotham in its case, and winding my flies round my four-and-nine-penny hat I took up my travelling pace. After another mile along the margin of the lake, the road branched off to the left, and in less than an hour brought me to the village of Bampton—seventeen miles—where I arrived about eight o'clock. On entering the public, and enquiring if I could have a bed, the woman, who was employed about something, scarcely deigning to look off her work, said, "We got no beds here." "Well, where can I get one, then?"

"I'm sure I can't tell'e: not in Bampton, as I know; for everybody's gone to Penrith, to see all the doings that's a going on there. They been a crowning of the Queen to-day, and a firing the cannon, and got 'luminations, and all sorts I done a what." "Well, but I must have a bed, and some tea too," said I; "or, if you have not a bed, I'll sleep on a couple of these wooden chairs; for I've walked a long way to-day, and am tired and hungry, and further I won't go to-night." The dame stared at me for a minute, as if she would have said, "You are a pretty impudent sort of a chap, with your pack on your back, and all smothered with dust." But by this time I had unstrapped my knapsack; and seeing a great pair of bellows in the chimney corner, beside the dying embers of a turf fire, I made no more ado, but laid hold of them and began to blow away, telling the good body to be so kind as to look sharp and get the kettle on, as I was half starved. What came o'er the spirit of her dream I can't pretend to say; but in a trice the kettle *was* over, the fire heaped with turf and furze; and, to my astonishment, her whole manner altered. "She was sure she had'n't got anything for a gentleman like me; she could not make sitch a gentleman as me comfortable," and twenty similar speeches and apologies. "Oh! as to that, don't make yourself at all uneasy. I never told you I was a gentleman. Only please to clean these trout, and bring me the frying-pan, and you will make me comfortable enough." In a few minutes, the kettle was singing and the fish bubbling away; and while I superintended the fry, my altered hostess, with the skirt of her blue cotton gown drawn through the pocket-hole behind, bustled about and presently had the tea equipage, with pink and gilt tea-pot, cream jug, &c., to match, duly set out, in an adjoining little room with a red brick floor. However, I preferred my seat by the fire, and the round table was accordingly transferred to the chimney corner. The trout were no sooner on the table than some slices out of a noble ham were hissing and squeaking in the pan, and tea-cakes, toasted and buttered, figured on the hearth; and a better supper I never had in my life. Presently the latch was raised, and a couple of fellows wanted "a pint of beer." The landlady hastened to the door, and in an under tone, not intended for my ear, began—"Well, but there's a gentleman here, and I can't let nobody come in here to-night." "Not a bit of it," said I. "Never mind me, my lads, there's room for us all." However, they seemed in no mind to stop, but drank their pint and were off. Doubtless they were some of her Majesty's loyal subjects, on their return home from Penrith, who had walked themselves dry. In a short time the gude man of the house came home, for he also had been with the gay world that day; and after a little talk with him about the fishing in the neighbourhood, I was shown up stairs to a good sized room, carpetted from end to end, and with clean white bed. A couple of looking-glasses, in antique gilt frames, adorned the walls; and everything about the chamber looked beautifully nice.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT MAY MEETINGS.

BY CRAVEN.

"Not

One friehd to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him."

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The accounts published in the London newspapers, of Chatter races, contained the following comment upon the last anniversary of those celebrated revels:—"The attendance on the course was beyond question the largest ever seen; *the falling off of fashionable company however, was too palpable to be overlooked.*" The reader will be good enough to understand that "fashionable company" is a figure of courtesy used by the journalist to express all the social classes, except that called in France the *canaille*. "When things come to the worst they mend." This is a popular proposition, I know; but as far as my personal experience has gone, it is more remarkable for the benevolence of its philosophy than the soundness of its logic. For my part I have observed that things, when they arrive at such a crisis, straitway go bodily to the devil. The "tide in the affairs" of railways having turned, the ebb was setting twenty knots an hour in this direction. A pilot, however, has come to the rescue, and peradventure they may weather perdition, but not without a close shave. Is there "not one friend" will lend the turf a hand in the like strait? Will no one "take its fortune by the arm?" The myth of railway speculation has been read, and it points a moral—haply not in vain: where is the *Œdipus* shall solve the enigma of the ring? The plague of paltry gambling, and the pestilence of sporting pretence, have given the turf a heavy blow, and done it a great discouragement. Those by whom the mischief was accomplished, however, brought forth the fleece for others to shear—there is some comfort in that. "*Sic vos non vobis*," is the burden of their song at last. There is not a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates at which the licensed victualler is not denounced who shall henceforth dare to draw a lottery, or harbour a betting list; let him but venture to countenance a "sweep" beneath his roof, and his license *ipso facto*, is as a thing that was. He has no more property in it; he may not use it himself, nor transfer it to another—his "occupation's gone"—the harvest he has sown another reaps. The advertising columns of the sporting papers no longer teem with the "schemes" of the publican; but in their stead are "Betting Associations," and "National Race Clubs," and "Racing Deposit Bank," and the like, all feeding fat from off the board that he has spread for them Even thus is it with thee, O Boniface!—"To this complexion it has come at last."

When Sir James Graham suppressed play-booths at race-courses,

and scattered the hazard and roulette rogues, Pandemonium rushed into the ring. Those who used to live by the dice now get their bread—to say nothing of the venison and claret—by the odds. I don't blame them for it; if they did not somebody else would—or rather must. Certain gentlemen, and others having their pockets better lined than their heads, affect the turf as dyspeptic patients resort to aperient spas. In this land, which groans with want and difficulty (!), there are hundreds of men, upright and honourable persons—aye, as excellent members of society, though differently biased, as those who subscribe to furnish the side tables of the New Zealanders with “cold missionaries”—that regard the throwing away of so much money annually upon the Derby as a kind of social obligation. They call it “having an interest in the race.” Beside this multitude, there is a goodly company going the round of the various meetings, whereat they “drop” their “score,” or their “pony,” as regularly and methodically as they liquidate their tavern bills. Here are a couple of hundred thousand pounds a year, at the least, for the picking up. Now, what's to be done with this money? My impression is that it may be far better disposed of than in annuities to those who “hammer” horses' shins, ring the changes on nominations by substituting old animals for young, “make safe,” “levant,” and operate generally in that which men call “legging”—and gods, robbery. Why should not the ill-advised but well-meaning people, who supply it, share “the plunder” among themselves? Horse-racing gains nothing as regards exchequer, and less as regards character, by the present practice. The means whereby some hundreds of legs “move and have their being” would help to pay for hay and straw, if divided among the supporters of racing studs, the legitimate lords of the turf who have the best claim to its “flotsom” and “jetsom,” the wrecks of the ring. Individually perhaps there may be no great objection to the industrious and honest professional, who makes a book his merchandise; but what's to be had by patronising him? He is not useful—he is not ornamental (*is he?*) Will anybody say that—or—gives a grace or a charm to the British Olympic games? Order and disposition are distinguishing social elements, adopted from the natural instincts—

“The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox,

Sheep fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;”

while at a race meeting, a body of shrewd capitalists actually throw themselves among a horde of needy adventurers, gathered together, as they are aware, for the especial purpose of putting money in their purses—honestly, it may be, if they can, but up putting money in their purses as a *sine quâ non*. Contemporary with the row about the Rate in Aid, is the fact of a quarter of a million or so to be had upon the condition of spending the best part of the year at the most popular places of pleasure resort in the kingdom. Mr Davis sees this, and with a philosophy which proves that he understands aright the use of his senses, lo! he arises, and girds up his loins—by Jove! it wouldn't be a bad spec to follow his example.

The present spring—or rather the past when these presents shall be published—having been distinguished for its eccentricity, there was fine weather at Chester races. For one who used to attend that ancient turf tryst, one thousand do so now; for every penny formerly sported on its issues, there are now thousands of pounds laid and “hedged;” it is now the most important business meeting of any in the provinces, nevertheless it has not improved in *quality*. In latter years it has been invariably remarkable for some piece of devilry or other the Cup being regularly resorted to by the designers of “shocking bad”—hits. It is the especial handicap for “*dodges* ;” its latest anniversary crowning the confusion, not previously enough confounded, by giving the victory to an animal that not a dozen of the talents probably knew to be among the nominations, and which the wise lumped among the lot that couldn’t win any more for starting than staying in the stable. The fortunate courser was one that was not even hinted at in the lists put forth as the anticipated field, with this N. B. by one of the notabilities—“It is probable I may omit a name or two that may prove to be starters on the day of the race; but in that case I have not the slightest notion that the result of the race will be affected by their advent.” I will not, however, take things out of their order; but reserve the episodes of “caw me, caw thee,” till the cup shall be, in its turn, on the carpet. . . . In keeping with the speculative progress was the advance in the ordering of the details. There were novelties in the telegraphic department, and the like in the arena of action. All was done that could be done in the way of improvement; but unless they can make the Roodee elastic, and stretch it to at least double its present diameter, there will never be “verge enough” for a ruck of thirty horses to race in. I spare repetition of the rigs at Tattersall’s on the preceding Sunday—“save the mark;” and we may pass Monday with the observation that those who visited the antique city found its quaint architecture in full dress for the nonce, and everywhere tokens that a gala was at hand. A cathedral town is the dullest of the abodes of men, and on the occasion of such saturnalia as a race-week, its “deep solitudes,” in their holyday bedizening, look like gilding on a coffin. The venerable borough with whose festivities we are dealing is by no means an exception to this rule. The pleasure parade in the Rows, despite the pomp and circumstance with which the races invest them, wears at best the semblance of a grim gait, and imitates hilarity “most abominably.” . . . May-day fell upon Tuesday, and so did the first act of the Chester meeting in 1849. It was not, so far, a very exciting performance. The starting was bad—unfortunate, if the expression be deemed more courteous—in the majority of the attempts. In this difficult department of the turf Mr Hibburd, of Ascot, is of himself his own parallel. There’s that “downright dowlas” in his style which won’t be denied—like George Hudson’s, in time past, at a railway board. I cannot, however, avoid thinking the same manner in any other man would produce the same result. Your youthful jockey is a self-sufficient hobbledohoy, that wants a fast hand on him; “hit him” with a few forfeits, and never fear but

you'll hold him afterwards easily enough. The opening race was The Grosvenor Stakes—of the four subscribers a match came to the post—which Flatcatcher won from Sponge in a canter. The Palatine Stakes, with thirteen nominations, mustered five for the tug of war; out of these but four got off, as Cigarette cut it just as the flag fell, but that was not the starter's fault, but Mr B. Green's misfortune: the Duke of Richmond's courser, with the queer name, Jelly-fish, won easily; the field, however, was very moderate. The Mostyn Stakes, a two-year-old race, had fifteen subscriptions, and half a score of starters, the stake being £10, "all the money." Of these Shilmalier West, another cacophonic nomenclature, didn't go; so the nine ran together to the Castle turn, where Wilmont "bolted," and the Countess of Albemarle going to the front, there continued till the chair was past, and the race won by Mr B. Green—by half a length. It may perhaps be needless to remark that this ruck of young ones did not make very orderly work of it, over such a course as the last three quarters of a mile of the Roodee. The Chesterfield Stakes, a three years old handicap, twenty subscribers, induced another half-score to show; but a brace of these made a "mull" of the start, so that the brunt of the fight lay between eight: Post-tempore, carrying 7st. 10lbs., won by a neck, Miss Bunney, the crack of the ring (weight 6st. 6lbs.), who was "left" at the start, being the second; the rear rank was an unsymmetrical sight. A Fifty Pound Plate, also handicap five nominations, Miss Bunney won, beating three others, and this finished the fun.

Wednesday, the Cup day.—It is the festival of Deva's side, and the skiey influences are "in a concatenation accordingly."... Now that there exists in England a confederation of philanthropists for the promotion of travelling a hundred *per cent.* under prime cost, it is easy to understand that the million suffers itself to be put in motion "at the price" as often as any pretext can be had for leaving home. By sunrise, wildernesses of salvage men were hastening by third-class trains to the scene of attraction: later, the second classes were *en route*: and then came the quality—"few," it must be confessed, "and far between." But, whatever the social grade, Great Britain was amply represented—

With Saxon fair was mingled there
The ruddy Scot, and eke
Swart Paddy, of the shamrock rare;
And Taffy, of the leek.

Long before noon, 'Change was thronged with dealers and chapmen of all sorts, from the *millionaires* who bought excitement, to "those who sold *doves*." And here is the place to discuss the nature of the traffic on the staple of the market. From the publication of the weights for the great handicap up to that hour, there had been, of course, all manner of industrious dealing. I can't tell how many *first* favourites had flourished and faded at Tattersall's, nor why, nor wherefore. A few days before the race, Blucher, an Irish "great

unknown," had been promoted to a place among the "fancies." Well on Wednesday forenoon he was "scratched." For this the press pitched into Murphy "like a thousand of bricks." Wherefore? Is it inconsistent with the letter of racing, or with its spirit, or with its honour? Was not Canadian "scratched" for the Derby? Did anybody offer to present Murphy with ten thousand pounds if he would allow his horse to stand, and was not twelve thousand pounds demanded and accepted, to prevent Elis being "scratched" for the St. Leger? Either the cases cited are to be regarded as precedents, or they suggest a comment not flattering to the Themis of the Jockey Club. Now besides the Blucher "rig," there was a panic about Lady Wildair, her price, as the hour drew nigh, being 5 to 1, in lieu of ten times those odds. In short, people's hearts were in their mouths, to say nothing of more ignoble localities; and so they descended to the Water Gate, and drew up on the field of battle—a mighty multitude they were, as aforesaid; the newspapers estimated them at a hundred thousand, but on what *data* I know not. The sports commenced with the Roodee Produce Stakes; eleven subscribers, and three to go. They laid 2 to 1 on one, which explains the selectness of the field; that one, Mr Mostyn's Stanton, won with all ease; and the Corinthian Stakes, being a walk over for Subduer, we arrived at the great event of the afternoon. Of 201 animals originally named for the Chester Cup, 94 "declared," and there was consequently considerable *materiel* for manœuvring—and you may believe that the opportunity was not neglected. The ring, it is true, had not its usual lion's share; but then there was one man doing more than any one hundred men used, which balanced the business, or rather kicked the beam eminently in favour of present speculation. The latest prices were as follows, but according to what scale, or gamut, or gammon, Mercury only knows:—5 to 1 against Lady Wildair, 11 to 2 against Halo, 7 to 1 against Loup Garou, 9 to 1 against Cossack, ditto Fernhill, 11 to 1 against Joc-o'-Sot, 12 to 1 against Malton, ditto Inheritress, 15 to 1 against Dacia, 100 to 6 against Chanticleer, 20 to 1 against Dulcet, 40 to 1 against Cast-off, 50 to 1 against Melody, and 1,000 to 15 against Ada Mary. These quotations are from the returns given in the lists. Malton, backed at a dozen to one, only "came" a day or two before. His achievement in 1848 was running second (beaten by a head) to Athelstane for the Chesterfield Stakes on this same Roodee. His weight was then 7st. 12lb.; the race is for three-year-olds. For the Cup, at four years old he carried 6st. 10lbs.

Certain of the anticipated lot having "cut it," as Swallow, Blucher and Mr Green's division—eight-and-twenty were telegraphed—and these being divided into three ranks, the array was martialled at the post. I don't suppose it was expected that eight-and-twenty race-horses—the majority of them ridden by "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," desperate in devilment—were to get off like a troop of the Blues on a field day. At all events, if such a miracle was looked for, it did not take place. However, start they did at last, some of them with their

tails where their heads ought to have been, and straightway the charge began. The race was led by Sponge, the rest all well up for the first round. How they *pirouetted*, however, is of little matter now, though it was all very pretty at the time. They got over the circuits tolerably safe, but at the last turn for the finish there was some rough work. In the *mêlée*, Eagle's Plume, Fernhill, and Jock-o'-Sot came in for the hardest knocks, and here the issue was as open as before the starter's flag fell; it was any body's race, with luck and good guidance, barring the extreme *scabies*, which nobody ever imagined to have a chance. The run up, from the jostling about at the Castle turn, lay with Malton, Cossack (who showed in front at the distance), Loup-Garou, and Chanticleer, the former winning by half a neck. The four were well clear of the others; notwithstanding, the pace was poor, and never definite till the last quarter of a mile. The result, of course, was a stunner, as it left the trade winners upon all the "pots," and put those "in the hole" who never dreamt of a nag, that by no subtlety of surmise, suggestion, hint, or innuendo, had been touched upon in the scientific analysis of the event. The whole was of a piece. A—professional gentleman won a great many thousand pounds, they say, because, having begun a book, and lacking credit to fill it, he couldn't get on against Malton. "The d—l's children have their father's luck." *Apropos* of the pace, which I have spoken of as only being good at the finish, I find there was no time kept, or at least reported, at this meeting, which is the more extraordinary as the Roodee is the best course in England for the purpose.

The tree of knowledge had been plucked, and then came reaction. The multitudes do not fall upon their lobster-salads and champagne at the conclusion of the Cup at Chester, as on the *finale* of the Derby at Epsom. They yawn over the rest of the day's amusement, and are not sorry when the general move sanctions their adjournment to the feast of—the best that is to be got. The Queen's Plate, won by Flat-catcher easily, though the journey was long, and the City Members' Plate (heats), to give a just idea of what d—nable devices they are, won by Ada Mary, closed the list, and the company hastened home to dine "with what appetite they may."

Sunshine was again the order of the day on Thursday—at least in the natural world. The yokels were content, and the clouds that prevailed in the market chiefly affected the accounts of the great capitalists, especially those of the metropolis. Altogether the settling was not satisfactory, in a professional point of view. It left the bulk of the book-makers where it found them (where Mr Davis is likely to lodge them is the worst end of "Queer Street.") The recreations began with the race for the Dee Stand Cup—seven nominations and three to go. Athelstane, not in the betting, was an easy winner. Had this happened on Tuesday, it might have affected Malton; but it's hard to test handicap policy. The Marquis of Westminster's Plate also brought out three, and also was won by one of Mr Benjamin Green's lot Maid of my Soul. There was a technical debate concerning the weights, but the mover took nothing by being "critical."

Now came the Dee Stakes, generally an event which "casts its shadows before" the anticipations of Epsom. There were twenty-one subscriptions, and but four runners, despite the conditions of *all* forfeit. The betting was even on Elthron; who won in a canter by three lengths. This diary of the turf for May will record the issue of the Derby; therefore am I silent upon the reflections which this issue begat. Lord Eglinton is a lucky man; there can be no harm in setting that down in my memoir. The Cheshire Welter Cup—how shall it be dealt with here? This passage of modern chivalry I cannot but think would be more honoured if postponed or transferred to some other occasion. Seven cavaliers appeared in the lists, and did their *devoirs* becomingly. Mr Benjamin Green had another slice of his Benjamin's portion; Captain Williams was his champion, and Sylvan was the name of the steed. One gentleman fell into an error about the course: his ideas seemed to sympathise with those of Sir Lucius O'Trigger as to "a gentlemanly distance:" "a long shot" is not befitting your man of honour. A Selling Stakes, in heats, we won't demean our page by detailing. Maynooth was the winner. The race fund contributed £30 to this race. The winner, according to the articles, was claimed by the committee at £50; they then sold him for £115, thereby clearing £65, which seems about as business-like a way of "contributing" as may be.

Friday presented its "bumper at parting." The list was a capital one, and the sport excellent. The Wirrall Stakes opened the racing; three of the six nominations being starters. The odds were 3 to 1 on the Countess of Albemarle, who, however, ran last; Lady Barbara winning by half a length, in a canter. The Countess's discomfiture was, probably, owing to her having run against a post, which her jock was skinning rather too fine. The Cestrian Stakes, for three years old (11b. below the Derby weights for colts, and the same above them for fillies), with thirty-one subscribers, mustered half-a-dozen at the post. The finish was a fine game struggle between Stanton and The Fellow-commoner; the former winning by a short neck. The observations which the form of the three-year-old stock suggests are omitted, because they can do no good here, and may be more usefully employed elsewhere. The Cheshire Stakes came off a match between Maid-of-my-Soul, 6st. 10lb., and ancient Inheritress, 8st. 6lb. It was a slashing "who shall" won on the post by the Maid by a head. Mr Green again! A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. a piece, with 50 added, twenty-five subscribers, produced a field of a baker's dozen. There was a considerable rumpus before they could be got off: and when they did go about their business it was in a slovenly style: the *ensemble* being rather *Billy Buttonish*. Post-tempore won—mayhap because he was one of those that were the least post-temper—y. Oh! O crikey-Punch. The Grand Stand Cup, 100 sovs. in specie (people may say this-and-that about trophies and the like, but that's the *species* of cup that suits the general taste) had twelve subscribers, and all of them went; and why shouldn't they, seeing their money was paid at the door? The lot, however, was not first chop by many degrees. As

may be supposed, there was a regular shindy for it. Gaffer Green having the best of the fray; to be sure, as Byron says of "Mary"—

"There is a magic in the name."

The Eaton Stakes, five subscribers and three runners, were won in a fine race by Cigarette, the property of Mr Green—"There you go again, John Thomas!" The Ladies' Purse, the value of which is always fifty sovereigns (although I can remember being the happy winner of one whose contents were limited to eighteen pieces) "wound up" the meeting. It was the dregs of the sport; and consequently (?) consisted of two heats, won by Licentio.....Such are the *memorabilia* of the recent pastimes—"down by Deva's side." May their anniversaries go on rejoicing "*to the end of eternity.*" The antique see stands in sore need of a little merriment.... "It's little laughing there is in that same place, and what there's of it is at the wrong of the mouth.".... So spake an Irish corporal that Providence for his sins had condemned to a couple of years' garrison duty in the capital of the county palatine of Chester.

The title of this treatise purports that it will deal only with the cream of the May Olympics. Therefore, passing Plymouth and Durham and Shrewsbury, and other provincial races, we start for the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting. Shall we have a gossip by the way? It's hard if the journey does not furnish matter for discourse.... It is the Shoreditch terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway—"Siste, Victor!"....

Where are those martyr'd saints, the paid-up shares?

And where the devil are the "pulls" and "bears"?

Reader! Didst ever happen in thy youthful days to lapse into a row, or haply did any accident ever discover to thee the accommodation provided by the law as temporary lodgings for the riotous? At all events you have read of a watch-house. Fielding, Dickens—all that school of novelists, have done it over and over again. Select the grimmest, dirtiest, dreariest; and you have before you the *beau ideal* of the rendezvous in question. You may have seen a scavenger's cart: if not, look at that second-class carriage. We're off at last; and this is Chesterford. You remember Chesterford and Owen Edwards, and his waiter that never wore a hat, and all the old familiar items. It was the great posting-house; and in its ample stable-yard you saw half-a-dozen of the nattiest yellow post-chaises in merry England. But they are no more. Neither, gliding over the most peerless of turnpike-roads are now the Mail and "Telegraph" and "Fakenham," which once constituted the service of equipages that did duty between London and Newmarket. And how, think you, provision was made for substitutes? On the eighteen miles of rail between Chesterford and Newmarket the committee of that "branch" placed a train of carriages, ~~whereof~~ *whereof* the cost was upwards of eighty-nine thousand pounds! If that was not doing the thing handsome, what would you have? And the ungrateful subscribers now ask for dividends, and grumble that they

don't get any! Dividends, quotha! and ninety thousand pounds' worth of coaches with six wheels! As the parish beadle said of the paupers in the stocks, "Perhaps they want rose-water and a band of music."

Now in face of this repudiation of dissatisfaction, how shall I introduce the Second Spring Meeting of this year of—grace, I had almost said? When I tell you the three days were as cold and as comfortless, and as wet and as windy as they could be, will that convey my feelings—without giving them too emphatic expression? It was a beast of a meeting—that's a fact; and therefore we'll scamper over the details of it, as the officials did over its operations. All that was said and sung about the Derby is now "leather and prunella." Tuesday, the 8th of May, with the temperature at zero, and their hearts in their—boots, men went forth to the Betting-post of the T.Y.C. There was a Handicap Sweepstakes under discussion, which Lord Strathmore won with *Philosopher*; followed by a match over the same course, wherein *Retail* beat *Seraph*—the former receiving 5lbs. The Rowley Mile Plate—once upon a time a sort of Derby touchstone—brought out a dozen, "small deer;" *Vasa* won by a couple of lengths—and that was all. Fifty Sovereigns for all ages, except two years old, brought out a field of eight, of a very so-so class; the winner, Lord Orford's colt by *Cotherstone*, out of *Mandane*. Two matches paid; and men returned to their fire-sides blowing their fingers, and meditating on "more matter for a May morning"—in the shape of rheumatism and a doctor's bill. Wednesday tried its hand at the shower-bath. Water parties are fertile subjects for jokes; but you can't make fun of them on Newmarket Heath—"no how you fix it." The Jockey Club Plate, over the Beacon Course, was anything but a joke. *Glutton* won; and it is fair to conclude he had enough for once in his life. A Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each, for three years old, had five runners; *Cayenne* the winner. The very name of the animal was omitted in the ring: how could they think of such a thing at such a time? The Suffolk Stakes, the "sop" which the Second Spring prepares for the ring, had two-and-thirty nominations; whereof fifteen "declared" and half a score ran. The favourite was *Essedarius*, at 3 to 1 against him: he won in a canter, by two lengths. Newmarket will henceforth number Sir Robert Pigott among its resident patrons; both the turf and the town will benefit by the accession. *Saddle*, 8st. 8lbs., beat the Bishop of Romford's Cob, 8st. 2lb., the T. Y. C., in a canter, by three lengths. Alas! poor Cob of the quaint *et ceteras*, thy occupation's o'er! A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for three years old, A. F., had another half-score of starters. I really can't remember how it was run: *Lola Montes* won by a length. The Champion Stakes, of the twenty-four animals named, had half-a-dozen at the post. The course finishing at the Duke's Stand, is one of the most characteristic at Newmarket. This race, however, did not exhibit it to advantage. *St. Rosalia*, backed within a point of even, won very cleverly by a length, and thereupon we went home; while *Nat* cantered off to the Ditch, to walk over with *Sotterley* for the Fifty

Sovereigns Sweepstakes for three years old, four subscribers, the last three miles of the B.C.!

Thursday, in respect of weather, was like its two predecessors rolled into one. It began, on the heath, with a match between Saddle, 8st. 11lb., and St. Ann, 7st. The young one made her own running, and won very cleverly. Over the same course (the T.Y.C.) Retail, 8st. 4lb., then beat Czarina, 8st. 7lb., a length; and they put the Fifty Pounds Handicap Plate on the scene—like a performance at Sadler's Well! It was also the T.Y.C., and Sagacity was the winner, after a race so full of life that it warmed one into interest: eleven ran. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 50 added, for two years old, T.Y.C., sixteen subscribers, and half the lot runners, Impression won in a canter; and a Sweepstakes for a like subscription, for two and three years old, the first half of the Abingdon Mile, Lord Enfield's Slashing Alice won, beating a brace, also in a canter. She was claimed for £80, which is not dear for a good female of the family she descends from. This over, the hour not three P.M., the visitors rushed off the course and out of the town as if Death on the Pale Horse had been at their heels. Nothing can equal the earnestness with which John Bull makes his way into a place, except the eagerness with which he escapes out of it.

EPSOM RACES.

The great Metropolitan Saturnalia, celebrated on the Surrey Downs, like all that is sublunary, has felt the popular movement—*Troja fuit*. Times may be none the worse for the change, but they are certainly less picturesque. A brougham conveys a lady to the opera quite as comfortably as a *vis-à-vis*, but it don't look so well by a great deal. Thirst is to be slaked from the well; but when drought affects me, I own a preference for "hock and soda-water."—this however, is matter of taste. We will pass the question of the pageant, by admitting that still it is "of itself its own parallel." In the business of the course, however, there is that which claims note and comment at the hands of those who treat professionally of the turf: in a work of this nature the present position of racing speculation calls for a wary analysis. An immense amount of public money is invested annually on certain events—upon what principle and guarantee? The ring is the Olympic 'Change: by whom are its operations effected—how are they ordered and influenced?

We are not about to inquire whether the practice of betting on horse races is wholesome or convenient; we are dealing with a system as we find it. Let us suppose an imaginary security (railway shares for instance), subject to certain rateable fluctuations, no matter how brought about. These are known as "the odds;" and those who traffic in them (technically speaking, who "lay" them) are the book-makers. Like other persons that embark in business, their object is profit; but herein is the difference (and the difficulty)—they invariably commence without capital. In my experience of the ring, although I have known many members of it retire on handsome fortunes, I can-

not call to mind one who began with any reputation for ready money ; the scheme was essentially a credit project. You bought a promise to pay with an undertaking of a similar kind, though intrinsically there might be very little resemblance between the obligations. I say " was " because a change has been recently introduced (in keeping with the spirit of the age), which may indeed be pronounced a revolution in " tick." It involves payment of the account long in anticipation of the possible supply of the article—think of that, under-graduates of the good old times. Until the last year or two the better round and the backer were so far on terms that it was at least in the nature of things, the former might be " done " as well as the latter, which was fair play as far as the " set to " went, at all events. The new plan requires that the sum for which a horse is backed shall be deposited, when the bet is booked with the layer of the odds. What is the nature of such trading ?

An individual possessed of a good head for business, in the fall of the year, opens three several books, on the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, the Chester Cup, and the Derby—three examples will illustrate the system as well as three hundred. The favourite for the Two Thousand wins, and the better round loses, we will assume. Having commenced trade without capital (which is a matter of course), what is he to do to support his credit ? He follows the principle adopted by Mr Hudson in the case of the railway dividends : he pays his losses on the one event out of the deposits on the three. He becomes the cynosure of Tattersall's, and custom pours its purses into his lap. The Chester Cup comes off, and lo ! he is again unfortunate. Behold him at the settling laden with fair paper of the Bank of England, with virgin notes, each of itself a fortune, and all claims upon him are liquidated before demand. Confidence has now become the fulness of assurance. He coquettes with those who aspire to the honour of giving him cash for credit, and with becoming coyness accepts their money as a favour. He wins upon the third event—it is well—and " on we go again." He loses ! What's to be done in that case ? The Derby deposits have already been applied to meet his losings on the Chester Handicap, and the dreary interval between Epsom and Doncaster leaves him without an advance sinking fund to fall back upon. He tries his luck, perhaps, on the Oaks ; and if he should be lucky enough to realize a thousand or so, he goes up the Rhine for the summer. " All the world's a stage." The last sporting farce that has been produced is the New Rig of the Ring."

So much for the principle of betting on the turf, and the security upon which such investments are made. Now as to the *data* that direct its operations, and the influence which orders the quotations of the odds.

From the Autumn of '48 till the Derby Day of '49, the Flying Dutchman was first favourite for the great Southern Three-year-old Stakes. His performances entitled him to the position, as did the declaration of his stable that he was able to give Elthron 10lbs. and beat him. The talents, indeed, insinuated for this reason it was most

probable that "Elthron would be the horse on the day." It did not, however, so befall; but it came to pass that the authorities of the ring decreed the race to Nunnykirk. Men of undoubted sagacity and long experience in the craft and subtility of horse-racing, men by whose opinions tens of thousands are led, recorded this to be their belief, founded on sound and safe principles. What was the fact? At the point of time when these views were put forth, Nunnykirk—as regarded the Derby—was as safe as if he was dead and buried or "boiled." When my eye alighted on him in the paddock, previous to saddling for the race, I said as much to a well-known trainer who stood beside me. It is true the horse had, at this time, gone back several points in the betting; but it was some days before that Nunnykirk was announced as the anticipated winner of the Derby, when as a friend of mine resident at Newmarket since informed me, "it was known all over the town that he was lame, and confined to walking exercise." At Epsom he looked as if he had been shut up in a band-box from the First Spring Meeting. There was not a single property of the race-horse when "fit" about him. He was "spiritless and woe-begone," fat, lazy, and lack-lustre all over. On the Monday before Epsom the returns from Tattersall's stated that "Nunnykirk had a vast number of friends; and so few were disposed to lay against him, that the little hedging money which could be got at 7 to 2 was quickly absorbed: several parties were glad to get on at 3 to 1." This is the stuff whereof the odds are made: these are means whereby those having the reputation of being the sharpest and sheerest in their generation are circumvented—"taken in and done for." Anon, the details of the great issue will be set down: the reader will haply read, mark, and learn from thence the moral of the foregoing observations.

The fashion in which Tuesday rose upon the Metropolis was ominous for a pleasure-week. However, all the mischief of the meeting was confined to the first day—a deluge of rain, accompanied by mud, in which the "flies" stuck, like their entomological namesakes in tar or treacle. It's hard to say what brings people to Epsom Races on the first day, unless it be the fidgets: "To be, or not to be?" is a proposition that few like to canvass in solitude. In the carriage which conveyed me from London-bridge there was a man interested in a wager that might take the cobwebs out of any pair of eyes—*ten thousand* to two hundred laid by Mr Davis that Robert de Brus didn't win the Derby—after, it was said, a stunning trial with honest old Inheritress! Of course gossip was the order of the journey down. Two "gents" were vehemently denouncing "the rascality of preventing Frank Butler from riding Nunnykirk," though I dare say they would not have acceded to the request of any stranger who at the moment had asked for the accommodation of their "paletots" and "over shoes." The especial talk on the downs was of Chatterer—"Sweet's to the sweet!" I asked my old acquaintance, Watts, "Was he going to win the Derby?" to which he replied, "He would if he could"—than which there need not have been a more reasonable

response. Presently we shall come to the philosophy of this and other speculations: let us first dispose of Tuesday's sport.

The *mise en scene* was the Craven. It brought out a quartette, and ended in a dead heat between Swordplayer and Black Eagle. Subsequently, Eagle walked over, and thereby his backers had the gain without the pain. The Woodcote Stakes, for two years old, out of two-and-twenty nominations, sent nine to the post. A filly out of the Goodwood stable was backed at only 7 to 4; and she won with all ease by three lengths: the Swede second. The Manor Stakes, a "selling" race produced four heats: won by Antagonist. For the Hooton Stakes there were also four heats, Pillage winner, and then there was a match said to be for £200 aside, won by The Old Commodore, and the list was gone through. Enough, in all conscience, as to quantity; the quality we'll say nothing about. . . .

"Dum tacet, clamat."

CICERO. (H-m!)

. The auspicious Derby-day broke "heavily with clouds, but by noon it was goodly summer time. The sun shone out and the breeze breathed soft, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." The road was itself again. There—from the Elephant to Baunstead—once more might be seen a "cavalcade of coaches," equestrians of every order and of no order at all; the Barbary courser, and eke "the donkey wot wouldn't go"—haply because he couldn't, poor "moke!" How shall I speak of the excellence of the arrangements? Everywhere you saw the perfection of method and refined pains-taking. Newmarket furnished the official department: honest John Clerk, stalwart Hibburd, earnest Manning. There is an army of constables in attendance, each as courteous as a master of the ceremonies. Enter the Grand Stand; is it not Paradise in shape of a pavilion? Is there an item at which fastidiousness can cavil: light, shade, viands, ventilation; or aught in a liquid form, from soda to champagne? (Perhaps you may as well not observe those bills stuck against the walls, which King James would have called "counterblasts against tabacco") Do you desire to revise your toilette? a dozen valets are at your bidding. In short, do you stand in need of anything that another can do for you? speak, and it is done. . . . The ring is a mighty maelstrom; be careful how you approach it, and do not slip into Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. Listen to the voices of the tempters! The Dutchman has gone back—no, he has come again; they take 2 to 1 about him. But Tadmor, though nominally at the same odds, is first in popularity. The price of Nunnykirk is 6 to 1. Somebody has found out at last that he is as fat as breakfast bacon. Chatterer is fourth favourite, at 10 to 1.; they *did* take six points less about him. What's Chatterer? A horse from the Land of the West; from Patland, whence came Murphy ("devil a doubt iv it") and Lanesboro' and Rathmines and Dan O'Connell. And Chatterer is a Colossus of a "coult," sixteen hands two inches and a half high by the standard of his owner, who knows what a horse is as well as any man from——

to Connaught. You never saw such a pair of fore-legs; the shin bones of a nigger are symmetry to them. Watts, Watts! if that's your notion of a Derby nag you're not the coon you used to was! And here ends the catalogue of the nominations in the market. Vatican was at 20 to 1, Honeycomb at 25 to 1, Elthron the same, The Knout 30 to 1, Uriel the same, Old Dan Tucker and Robert de Brus were at 40 to 1 each, and Hotspur and Montague at 50 to 1 each. Such was the latest state of the odds—in reference to the outsiders little more than nominally. In a stroll through the sadling paddock, you became aware that the public had backed animals to win the greatest race in the world, as little likely to accomplish a feat of the kind as so many of their Tunbridge warehouse effigies. . . . They talk of the skill and astuteness of those who occupy their business on the turf: Mr Jolly Green, in the pantomime, never came within a hemisphere of the verdancy that took 9 to 2 Chatterer won the Derby. The great fact is put upon its trial: the charge is prepared—the panel is struck. As they say in the story books, “See, here it is!”—

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts 8st. 7 lb., fillies 8st. 2 lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulations of the course; the last mile and a half on the New Course; 237 subs.

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| Lord Eglinton's br. c. The Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton out of Barbelle. | Marlow | 1 |
| Mr Godwins br. c Hotspur, by Sir Hercules. | Whitehouse | 2 |
| Col. Peel's b. c. Tadmor, by Ion. | Flatman | 3 |
| Lord Clifden's b. c Honeycomb, by Bay Middleton. | J. Robinson | 4 |
| Twenty-two others started. | | |

A slight outline of the race will serve as the best commentary on the policy by which it was preceded. The start was perfection—all abreast like Guido's horses, and quite as “eager for the fray.” Lord Eglinton having declared to win with the Flying Dutchman, the Elthron “gag” was of course “all busted up,” as they say in Kentucky. The lead up the hill was taken by Westow; and at the tip of the tail was The Knout: the body of horses of a ruck. At the mile-post Vatican was in front—the pace over the hill being very indifferent. As they swept round the turn it became better, and therefore Nunn-kirk was dished, as Chatterer had already been served. Tattenham Corner, as usual, did—“a tail unfold”—here Vatican began to yield to the pace; the Dutchman going up, hugging the rails; with Hotspur, the half-bred'un, next; Tadmor handy; and Jim Robinson making his demonstration with Honeycomb. At the road the race lay with these four; Vatican falling off here. As they passed the distance the Dutchman and Hotspur were running a dead heat; Tadmor was obviously beaten for speed; and Honeycomb was in unmitigable difficulty. Opposite the Grand Stand the two first were at it, stride for stride, and stripe for stripe; a most severe and punishing finish terminating on the Post in favour of the Dutchmen. Neither

of the jockeys knew which had won; and very few of the lookers-on could guess which of the horses had the best of the struggle. It is stated to have been won by half a length—it must have been a short moiety. Tadmor, was a better third than could have been expected; he faced the hill better than he fancied the fall. Honeycomb was a bad fourth; he was “disappointed” once or twice—miscarriage has been the badge of his career. The remainder of the field were “nowhere.” The race is said to have been run in three minutes, which, on the average, is bad time; but the ground was bad.—Q.E.D. The stakes amounted to £5,320: the market money to a much more considerable sum. Marlow, who “steered” the first, is reported to have had £500 for his ride; George Whitehouse, who rode the second, is understood to have been offered three sovereigns for his feat of horsemanship: only half a length” from the sublime to the ridiculous! Hotspur, beaten by half a length, is a cocktail; he had a fortnight or three weeks’ training, then a journey of several miles up to his middle in mud to the post, and then opposite the astounded ring, with the whip hand—in the words of the newspapers, “looked amazingly like a winner.” How far was that “ridiculous” from “the sublime”? Will the lessons of ’48 and ’49 teach the public that it is no longer “safe” to back stables in lieu of horses? With such modern instances before their eyes as Nunnykirk, Chatterer—to say nothing of Coldenick will their cry still be “Nil Desperandum”? Have a little patience—the moral has yet to be crowned.... The Carew Stakes Bokhara carried off; and the Burgh Stakes Hind of the Forest won in *two heats* (on a Derby Day!); and so the list closed.

There could not have been a more lovely day than Thursday, nor one more weary and flat as regarded the affairs of the turf. The sport was, and is, easily disposed of. The Epsom Four-year-old Stakes, Mr Tubb walked over for with his horse Comet; the Durdans, with its string of conditions, had a good field—Sylvia the winner; Lord Exeter won the Grand Stand Plate with that queer-tempered animal Swordplayer; Ploughboy won the Nonsuch; and Sir Gilbert Heathcote’s filly, out of Miss Wilfred, the Cobham Stakes in three heats!—and—*voilà tout!*—except the Oaks betting.

Friday was another peerless summer’s day. It drew its tens of thousands to the Surrey downs, and crowned our gracious carnival with “living light.” The great event, however, is far below its immediate predecessor in mercantile interest: for one speculator on the Oaks there are one hundred on the Derby. The business done on the Oaks day is chiefly in gloves, and hearts, and such like *baguettes*. Can any one inform me if a pretty woman was seen in the cities of London or Westminster on the 25th of last May?

“I hate inconstancy: I loathe, detest,

“Condemn, abhor, abjure the mortal made

“Of such quicksilver clay, that in his breast

“No permanent foundation can be laid,”—

And therefore wish—You will excuse the rest?—

My visit to the Oaks had been delayed.—

That eyes of azure, shot from a blue Brougham,
Should pierce men's souls and bodies, through and through 'em !

Suppose we leave the ladies, and stroll down to the saddling paddock. I have one of Mr Dorling's "open sesames" at your service—a piece of oblong pasteboard of the colour called brickdust—on seeing which the doors of the stand fly open, and the hats of the A division leap from their heads, What say you to the array? That's Lady Superior, with the best jockey in the world on her back. You think she looks very like one of Hansom's cab horses? Well, certainly your comparison is not *a-miss* !

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. ; three year old fillies 8st. 7lb. each ; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes ; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police and regulation of the Course ; mile and a half ; 172 subs.

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|---|-----------|---|
| Lord Chesterfield's b.f. Lady Evelyn, sister to Arkwright, by Don John..... | F. Butler | 1 |
| Mr B. Green's b. f. Lady Superior, by Melbourne..... | Robinson | 2 |
| Mr Wreford's b. f. Woodlark, by Venison..... | A. Day | 3 |
| Lord Strathmore's b. f. Eva, by Harkaway..... | J Marson | 4 |

Eleven others started.

"We lunch as soon as the race is over?" Beautiful start! That's Robinson "waiting" with Lady Superior, and Alfred Day making running with Woodlark. At the turn there is a collision, and Emmadonna gets the worst of it. They close the distance, and Lady Superior leads. But anon comes the pick of the ring ; she runs the strongest, and wins cleverly by a length ! St. George to the rescue ! again the gentles have it. Derby and Oaks—" *detur propriori*." So be it. You don't care to know that Miss Bunney wins the Member's Plate and Blacklock "The Derby and Oaks"? "*Ohe jam satis*"—all has, indeed, been satisfactory.

Sporting Review for June.

THE LATE GROUSE AND SHOOTING SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

BY HAWTHORN.

The rose through many a garden land
 May shed its rich perfume ;
 But I would rather wander 'mong
 The bonnie, bonnie broom.
 Let me behold the mountains steep,
 And wild deer roaming free,
 The heathy glen, the ravine deep,
 Auld Scotland's hills for me.

All true "knights of the trigger" are aware that the grouse shooting ends on the 10th of December, and other game, such as partridges and pheasants, on the 1st of February.

The grouse season for 1848 opened rather gloomily on the front range of the Grampians, but not so bad as on the previous 12th of August, 1847, when most of the wild birds of the mountains were in a diseased state, and many of them not fit for use. August 1848 found what birds there were in a healthy state, and many of the moors had made rapid strides towards recovery, and in a few more years we hope to see the red feathery-footed denizen of the mountains in all his pride and glory again ; indeed at this present writing we know of many grouse shootings that have such a fine healthy stock of birds left on their grounds, that with a fair and moderate breeding season, by August 1849, they will again be found in great abundance on these favoured moors. We are happy to add that a more propitious winter could not have been wished, for the health of the "wild red bird of the north;" and, what is most gratifying, the birds are all in a fine healthy state : where anything like a stock of birds has been left, the grouse shooter may look for glorious sport when the merry 12th of August comes again.

Much has been written of late on the subject ; but our advise to all good sportsmen, - whoever they may be, if in want of a grouse shooting in the Highlands, is to send a trustworthy keeper to look at the shootings in April, and let him have a brace of good pointers or setters, and after a proper survey of the moors, if a sufficient stock of birds be found on the ground, let a bargain be struck for a *lease* of some years ; and by properly protecting your shooting grounds, keeping down all kinds of vermin, you may expect some good sport. There is nothing like a *lease* of three, five, or seven years : it gives both landlord and tenant a fair chance ; indeed most of the large proprietors in this county have given up letting their grouse shootings to

yearly tenants ; the reason was obvious. What will "Anti-Humbag" and "Sassenach" say when I mention that, a few years ago, I knew a party of four English gents, who rented a moor for *one* season in this country (Perth) ; rent of moor for that season £150 ; and what do you think was the the slaughter in the first two months of the season ? —upwards of *six thousand brace of grouse* ! with a fair sprinkling of other mountain game, and some halfscore of wild red knights of the forest, which had strayed from the wilds of Ben-y-glo—this is a *fact*. And when I mentioned to one of the party, and a right good fellow he was, why he was killing all his grouse the first season of his shooting ; his answer was, "Oh, we have only taken the moor for *one* season, and wish to make the *most* of it." Now what was the consequence of this slaughter ? The moor was not worth shooting over for many years after. On the following year after this party left it, the moor found a tenant ; but he left it, in disgust after the first ten days of the season. On the following year *no* tenant could be found to rent those famous shootings. Shortly after that period a worthy sportsman in this county rented this same moor on *lease* of ten years, and at a very moderate rent, and with light shooting, and I think preserving, had some famous sport up to the very end of the term. Many of our best shootings in the north have been used in this way ; and my advice to my brother sportsmen in the south, who may have a mind to visit the Highlands next grouse season, is to be cautious how they meddle with grouse shootings which have been let from *year* to *year*. On this subject I could say much, but must draw this long preface to a close, and begin to tell what the wild mountains have furnished to the sportsman for the past season of 1848.

But now for the foray ; and I must again place that thorough sportsman, His Grace the Duke of Atholl, at the top of the list.

In the Atholl forest the Duke had most magnificent sport, the wilds of Ben-y-glo, and the deep, deep corries of Glentilt, furnishing some noble red knights. His Grace's book at the close of the season numbered one hundred and forty red deer, twelve of which number fell to the Duke's deadly rifle in *one* day.

The Marquis of Breadalbane and party had fair sport in his lordship's Blackmount forest, and brought many a noble hart to book. As regards grouse the noble marquis was again very careful of them, and with a good breeding season will reap his reward ; all who know the Breadalbane moors being aware that they are among the best for grouse in the north of Scotland.

In the Glenartney forest Lord Willoughby's party, comprising his Lordship's son-in-law, Lord Carrington, &c., had good sport at deer, and some good wood shooting. Lord Carrington remained at the castle till a late period of the season, and enjoyed sport right merrilie among the mountains.

Alexander Campbell, Esq., of Monzie, had not such good sport as he was wont at the wild red harts in his ancient forest of Dallness, but we hear that he did not preserve as he used to do in days gone by ; still some very heavy deer were brought down. This worthy sports-

man gave his grouse shooting in this county (Perth) a jubilee for the past season, and he will reap his reward in so doing.

The Earl of Mansfield had some good sport at his shooting box in Rannoch, and did not leave the moors till the first week in October. His Lordship and party were still very sparing with the grouse, but had some famous sport at black game, roe deer, and the Alpine or blue hare. The slaughter of the latter animal was immense, and many thousands were bagged. The poor Highlanders in that district of country were greatly benefited by his Lordship's liberality in distributing the greater part of the Alpine hares among them—this is just as it ought to be. His Lordship is a great favourite with the Highlanders, and indeed with every one who knows him, as a better man does not traverse the Grampians.

At Rohillion our worthy friend Mr Candie had very good sport; his grouse shooting is still a little indifferent to what it was in former years; but his party marked three hundred brace in their book, besides a large quantity of all other kinds of wild mountain game. His roe-deer shooting on the far-famed Birnam Hill is not to be surpassed in Scotland; the scenery of this mountain is magnificent, and to form anything like an idea of its grandeur it must be seen; Rohillion is one of the prettiest shooting boxes in all the north country, and, what is better, tenanted by a warm and kind-hearted sportsman.

Mr Ramsay, of Bamton, and party, had rather indifferent sport among the grouse at Auchnafree last season, his birds having suffered terribly from disease for the past two years; but what birds remain on these once famous moors are in a healthy state. Matters are expected to mend ere another season dawns on us. I have just heard that Mr Ramsay has given up his Auchnafree shootings, and wishes to take another shooting lodge in some more favoured part of this county.

The Honourable Fox Maule, and Colonel Philip Dundas had very good sport at grouse and black game, at their shooting box, Drumore, in Strathbraan, and in the first four weeks of the season killed four hundred brace of birds, and left a fair show on their moors for all breeding purposes. The Hon. Secretary at War is one of our crack shots in this county. I may also mention that the Hon. Fox Maule, Lord Mansfield, and Sir Thomas Moncrieff had three famous days' shooting at Murthley Castle, Sir W. D. Stewart's seat in this county: the total of the whole was six hundred and fifty head, sixty-four of which were woodcocks and roe-deer.

On the Ochills the grouse turned out better last season than was anticipated: but the disease, which has been so destructive to the grouse family, visited the Ochills one full year previous to crossing the vale and penetrating the Grampians, and by that means the birds are a year in advance of us poor "knights of the trigger" situated on the other side of the valley.

Lord Duncan and party at Glen-eagles (on the Ochills) had good sport, and bagged sixty brace of birds on the first day of the season, and while the party remained on these moors they had good sport. And at Carim shooting lodge, on the Ochills, Messrs. Padwick and

Hitchcock had very fair sport, considering the advanced period of the year before they reached their shooting grounds. This is the first season of these gentlemen on the Ochills, and like good men and true, they shot their moor *light*, and no doubt will reap their reward hereafter. A few days previous to the close of the grouse season, I passed a few merry days at this snug shooting box, and had some good sport, considering how near the close; their game larder, at that period (December 5th) contained grouse, blackcock, partridge, pheasant, wild duck, woodcock, snipe, teal, plover, hare, rabbit, and roe deer—there's variety for you; nothing like the wild winter shootings in the Highlands. The two above-named gentlemen are strangers in this county, but from what I have seen of them they are good sportsmen; they have taken a long lease of the Carim shootings, and I wish them all happiness and good sport in their new quarters.

Lord Dupplin, Lord Charles Kerr, and Sir Thomas Moncrieff and some good covert shooting at Dupplin Castle, Trinity Gask, and Moncrieff House; and in ten days' shooting in October killed two thousand five hundred head of game, sixty-six of which were woodcocks.

Lord Strathallan and party, at Strathallan Castle, have had good sport, and killed a large quantity of game of all sorts. The old veteran lord (age 82) is still able to take the field, and a few weeks ago I saw him knock over a roe-buck in grand style.

Major Moray and party had good sport at his shooting cottage on the Grampians, called Conachan; and, although the grouse are not so plentiful on these moors as they have been, his party had good fair sport. Killed two hundred and fifty brace of grouse, and fifty-two gallant old blackcocks.

Woodcocks have been very plentiful in this county, some good sport being obtained in many parts: and, if the weather keeps open, in March we expect to have some good cock shooting (a sport I am particularly fond of), in some of our large *finé* woods. Wild ducks are also very plentiful; but the open and unsettled state of the weather has made the blue-mottled mallard very wild, yet I have had some good sport at them, and on one day last January bagged seven couple of beautiful birds.

Having got to the end of my paper, I will bid farewell to the season, and hope that the next will be better than the past.

Grampians, 9th Feb., 1849.

Sporting Review for June.

EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

1688. Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth, won two thousand pounds, in bets, by walking from London to Berwick, 339½ miles, in twelve days.

1702, May 29. John Morgan, a Welchman, for a wager of one hundred guineas, undertook to walk from London to the Land's End in Cornwall, and back again, 612 miles, in fourteen days, which he accomplished within nine hours of the time allowed him.

1720, July. A man ran thirty miles in three hours and a half, for a considerable wager, on Knutsford-leath, in Cheshire.

1725, July 14. A person of the name of Miller, for a bet of fifty pounds, walked across the Thames, just above Putney-Bridge, in sight of above 300 persons. He made his passage in sixty-one minutes, though he stopt three or four times when he was in the middle of the river. He had on his feet a sort of cork buskins, and did not sink lower in the water than up to his mid-leg.

1732. The celebrated beau Nash had in his service a running footman of the name of Bryan, a native of Ireland, who was remarkable for his skill and agility in his profession, having frequently run from London to Bath in one day.

1738. At the races of Malden, in Essex, three horses, (and no more than three) started for a ten pound plate, and they were all three distanced the first heat, according to the common rules in horse-racing without any quibble or equivocation. The first run on the inside the post, the second wanted weight, and the third fell and broke a foreleg.

1747, August. Jonatham Baxter, a waterman, took a bet of twenty pounds to five that he did not cross the Thames, in a butcher's tray, from Blackfriars to the opposite shore, in two hours; which he performed in one hour and ten minutes. The tray was of the largest size, and he used his hands as paddles.

1748. One of the London daily papers of that year, relates, that for a wager of 50l. a fellow, who lived near the race course at Kildare, in Ireland, devoured five fox-cubs, and literally begun each while alive? It is, however, to be observed, that the devourer was a natural fool, having been born deaf, dumb, and without a palate. *

1749, Sept. 15. J. Manser, a labouring man for a wager of 50l. run from Peterborough to Lincoln, a distance of fifty miles, in seven hours and a half. He was allowed ten hours to perform it in.

1750, March. A gentleman drove a single-horse chaise fifty miles on the Hertford road, for a considerable wager. He had five hours allowed him, and performed it in four hours and fifty-five minutes.

April 27. Two persons ran for a wager, from Shoreditch to Enfield, which is ten miles, and the winner performed it in an hour and a minute.

May 21. A man in the Artillery-ground, from Warrington, in Lancashire, walked eleven miles in one hour and fifty-five minutes. At the end of every three miles he vaulted over a horse, and at the end of eleven miles he vaulted across the horse four times. He was to perform it in two hours.

The same day a foot-race was run for a prize, by four men, in the same ground. They were to run one six-mile heat, which the winner (a countryman called Carrots) performed in 42 minutes.

June 22. A young man for a wager of twenty-guineas, walked twenty-two miles on the Essex road. He was allowed four hours and five minutes to perform it in, and did it within five minutes of the time.

June 28. The noted runner, Stephen Morris, ran a race of ten miles, in the Artillery-ground, against another famous runner, called the Uxbridge Boy, which was won by Morris in fifty-eight minutes, distancing his competitor only two yards.

July 16. In the Artillery-ground, S. Marsden and Wooley Morris, brother to Stephen Morris, ran four miles, for two hundred guineas, which was performed within twenty-four minutes, and won by the former by a few feet of ground. There was the greatest concourse of people ever known, and the bets ran high on the head of the latter.

July 17. A man, upwards of sixty years of age, for a wager of fifty guineas, ran from Shoreditch-church to the eight-mile stone, beyond Edmonton, which he performed in fifty minutes, having an hour allowed him to do the same.

August 6. The famous Warrington, walker and vaulter, performed a second exhibition at the Artillery-ground. He walked fifty miles in ten hours and fifty-one minutes, and vaulted over a horse at the end of every six miles, and twice at the conclusion. He had eleven hours to perform it in.

Sept. 1. There was a race at Epsom, between Mr Grisewood's horse Crop, and a roan horse of Mr Harris's. Crop was to go one hundred miles before the roan went eighty; the match was for one hundred guineas. They started about half-past six in the morning. Crop ran ten times round the course, which is twenty miles in about an hour and a minute, and going round the eleventh time, was almost knocked up. The other horse was also so tired, as not to be able to make even a trot, so that they walked the course, with their riders on their backs, people going before them with a bowl of oats and a lock of hay, to entice them on; and by that time Mr Harris's horse had gone eighty miles, Crop had gone ninety-four, so that he lost by six miles. Crop was sold immediately after this race, for five guineas, to Mr Skinner, who kept him till he died, which was eight years; during which time he won Mr Skinner five hundred pounds, in different matches.

Sept. 8. Pearson, a taylor, who was to walk three hundred miles in Tothil-fields, Westminster, in six days, finished his journey half an hour within the time allowed him. He won by it three hundred pounds.

Oct. 20. A man rode, for a considerable wager, from the four mile stone, on the Essex road, to Chelmsford, twice, and back again (100 miles.) He had sixteen to do it in, but performed it with apparent ease in fifteen hours and a half

May, 1751. Mr Samuel Bendell, aged 76, of Dursley in Gloucestershire, rode, for a considerable wager, a thousand miles on the same horse in a thousand successive hours, on Sturchcombe-hill, in that county.

June 3. A man, generally known by the name of Pinwire, a noted walker, engaged for a bet of fifty guineas to walk against a horse of Mr Melbourne's, the space of twelve hours, and beat the horse hollow. In several successive years he beat some of the best road horses in the kingdom.

1752, March 30. Mr Arthur Mervin's bay gelding, Skew-Ball, got by the Godolphin Arabian, weight 8st. 7lb. beat Sir Ralph Gore's grey mare, Miss Sportley, got by Victorious, weight 9st. for 300gs. each, four miles in the Curragh of Kildare. Skew-Ball ran the four miles in seven minutes and fifty-one seconds.

April 4. A little mare belonging to Mr Spedding, ran twenty times round the five mile course, at the Curragh of Kildare in twelve hours and a half, for 200gs. half forfeit. She was allowed thirteen hours to do it in. And, the next morning, for another bet of 100gs. she ran the same ground to a minute. She was rode both days by a boy of Lord Antrim's.

The mare was bought by Mr Spedding for two-pence a pound.

1753, May 15. Wooley Morriss, a noted runner, engaged, for a bet of 100gs., to run ten miles in fifty-five minutes, which he performed on Richmond Green, in half a minute less than the time. But owing to the great exertions he made, he broke a blood vessel, and expired in less than an hour.

1754, April 24. At Newmarket, Mr Daniel Corker's road mare, finished her 300 mile match for 100gs. play or pay, within the time allowed her, which was three times twenty successive hours, and to be either rode, led, or drove. She was rode, and had several hours to spare.

Sept. 11. At Swaffham races, a mare of Mr Tutting's beat a horse of Mr Dewing's, a sixty mile match for 100gs. The winner performed the distance in four hours and twenty minutes,

1756, March 31, and the two following days, at Newton in Lancashire, Lord Strange fought William Ratcliffe, Esq. a main of cocks, which consisted of thirty-six battles, every one of which was won by his Lordship.

1759, May 19. Ended the cock-matches between Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. and Hugo Meynell, Esq. These matches were made in the year 1755, to fight ten mains, two in a year, for five years, shewing fifty-one cocks on each side, for 20gs a battle, and 400gs. the odd battle, (and no byes). These mains were accordingly fought, alternately, at the Blackmoor's Head, at Ashbourn, in Derbyshire, and the White Lion Inn, at Nottingham, and every main was won by Sir Charles Sedley.

Jonathan Redfearn was feeder for Sir Charles Sedley, and Merchant Bayley, feeder for Hugo Meynell, Esq.

1763, August 18. The Marquis of Rockingham's horse, Bay Malton, at York, ran four miles in seven minutes, and forty-three and a half seconds, which was seven seconds and a half less time than was ever done before:

1764, August 3. Two gentlemen of fortune walked six miles up and down the Mall in St. James's Park for a wager of 500gs. The gentleman who won, performed it in fifty-five minutes.

August 16. A man, for a considerable wager, walked two miles on Barnet Course, tied in a four bushel sack. He was allowed an hour, but performed it in fifty-six minutes.

1765, July 22. A journeyman baker, for a wager of twenty guineas, ran from Old Street Turnpike, to Shoreditch Turnpike, and back again (a mile and a quarter, in five minutes and a half.) He was allowed seven minutes.

1767, June 4. An old woman belonging to Mr Nevill's manufactory, in the Haymarket, spun three thousand yards of thread in three hours and a quarter, for a considerable wager.

1770, August 15. During the races at Barnet, an elderly man engaged, for a wager of five shillings, to run five times round the course (twenty miles), in two hours, which he performed two minutes within the time, though the last four miles he run with one of his feet cut terribly. A very liberal subscription was made for him by the gentlemen on the course.

1773, July 4. A foot-race for a silver cup, the best of three heats, was run for at the Artillery ground. There were five candidates started for the prize. The first heat was won by Robert Provins, of Birmingham. The second by John Smith, generally known by the name of the Shepherd's boy. The third by a man of the name of Simpson. The fourth by Thomas Siddons and the fifth by Robert Provins, who won the first heat.

Sept. 9. A match at Prison Bars was played, for one hundred guineas, between eleven gentlemen of Warwickshire, against eleven gentlemen of Staffordshire, which was won by seven casts by the former. After which was determined a wager of 50l. John Smith, the shepherd's boy, engaging to run for one hour and a half, without being caught by any of the six men who were coupled by the leg. After a chace of half an hour, he was caught by Provins and Simpson.

1779, Dec. 6. At the parish church of Ashton Under Line, in Staffordshire, was rung, a new musical peal upon eight bells, by John Moss the sexton, and his seven sons.

September 7th, 1780. Capt. Howe undertook, for a considerable wager, to ride three horses 30 miles, and drink three bottles of claret, in three hours; all which he performed with ease within the limited time.

1781, July 4th, a bet of twenty pounds was won, by Mr James Bryan's Pigeon (a blue pouting horseman), flying 40 miles in 12

hours. It was tossed eight times 5 miles from London, and each time a different way. A performance unparalleled.

1782, October 11th, Mr King, horse dealer, in Smithfield, rode his bay hackney, Old Will, for a bet of 100l, from Kirkby Moreside, in Yorkshire, to London, (222 miles) in forty-three hours. He was allowed two days and two hours to perform it in.

1783, July 13th. In a match at cricket, played on Blackheath, between eleven of London and eleven of Kent, Mr John L'ons, of the London Club, got 197 notches, which was 28 runs more than was fetched by the other twenty-one players united.

1784, September, 13th. A poney (11 hands and 1 inch high, carrying 5st.) matched, for 100 guineas to run from Norwich to Yarmouth, and back again, (which is 44 miles) in 4 hours, performed it with considerable ease in 3 hours and 45 minutes, which was thought to be the greatest thing ever done by any horse of his height.

1785, January 6th. John Ashmore, of King's Standal, near Buxton, in Derbyshire, (then in the sixty-fifth year of his age) undertook, for the trifling wager of a pound of tobacco, to walk on the turn-pike road 5 miles in one hour, which he performed with ease in 54 minutes.

1786. In the summer of this year, Mr Scott's (of Bow) famous bay mare, at different times, trotted two miles in six minutes and a half, walked twenty miles in four hours, and trotted fifteen miles in fifty-three minutes, carrying 15st. each time.

1787, January 18th. One of the greatest efforts in walking was performed by a sawyer, of Oxford, in Port Meadow, near that city. He walked fifty miles in nine hours and a half. At eight in the morning, he started, walked till one, when he dined, and at half after five he won his wager. He was allowed ten hours to do it in, but went over his ground with ease, in nine hours and a half, and was so little fatigued with his expedition, that he refused a carriage, and walked into town, two miles from the field, amid the acclamations of numbers who accompanied him.

February 6th. Mr Brown, a farmer, at Speldhurst, in Kent, 70 years of age, undertook, for a wager of ten pounds, to walk 35 miles in twelve hours, which he performed with ease in ten hours and a half. He set off from the Greyhound, on Lannington Green, in the parish of Speldhurst, at six in the morning, and walked to London Bridge, where he arrived about half after four in the evening.

May 13th, a cricket match was played at Alfriston, in Sussex, by four men, whose ages added together, amounted to 297 years. The game was played with great spirit and activity, in the presence of a great number of spectators.

May 31st. At Ascot Heath races, the 50lb plate, for all ages, afforded as much sport, and as great a variety of betting, as was perhaps ever included in the compass of two heats. The plate was won by the Duke of St. Alban's Fox, beating Mr Burton's Wheatsheaf, Mr Tetherington's Marplot, and Mr Hull's Cantator. At starting, Marplot the favourite, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 against Wheatsheaf, and 5 and 6 to 1 current against Fox. Marplot being beat the first heat by half

a length, bets were instantly changed 3 to 1 against, and 5 to 2 taken, that Wheatsheaf won : who being also beat the second heat, by half a length, terminated one of the best races, ever seen upon that course. Immense sums of money were laid upon this race.

October 2d, at Newmarket, the renewed 1400 guineas subscription was won by Lord Darby's Sir Peter, beating Markho, the yellow filly Wheatsheaf, and several others. As Sir Peter was going up to the post, he plunged and threw his rider ; after galloping as far as the Portland stand, he was caught by a boy, galloped back, and won his race in high form.

December 7th. A very extraordinary circumstance happened at Finchington Field, in Essex, where a company of gentlemen were coursing ; when a brace of greyhounds, on turning towards a hare, ran against each other, and were both killed on the spot.

1788, January 22d. A gold-laced hat, given by Capt. Wells, of Holme, was run for in skaits, on Whittlesea Meer, between the gentlemen of Murch, in the isle of Ely, and the gentlemen of Croyland, Lincolnshire. The prize was won with ease by the latter. It was computed, that Godwin and Hicklin, of Croyland, skated at the rate of near a mile a minute.

March 31st. A horse the property of Mr Gardiner, and a mare, the property of Mr Gee, started from Yarmouth to run to Norwich, for a wager of forty guineas, which was won by the horse, by about 100 yards. The distance is twenty-two miles, and they ran it in one hour and twenty minutes. Several hundred pounds were depending on the decision of this match.

April 10th. Was run at Epsom, by a young man, twenty-five miles, for two hundred guineas. The time allowed him to perform it in, was three hours, which he performed in two hours, fifty-five minutes, and thirteen seconds. He ran the last mile in six minutes and a quarter. The bets, on this occasion, were to a considerable amount.

25th. At the annual coursing match for the silver cup, given by the Earl of Oxford, at Houghton Hall, Norfolk, the cup was won by Mr Frost's Greyhound, of Castle Rising, beating ninety-one others.

The hares, for the above coursing match were caught in boxes, when the males were previously selected, and they were let out one by one for the diversion. A limited number of greyhounds started for each course, and the first that turned the hare was deemed the winning dog, although he should not kill. At the conclusion of the day all the winning dogs run together, and that which beat was entitled to the silver cup.

May 1st. The following persons started for the trials on Old Wives Lees, near Canterbury. The first heat between Shrubsole, of Chart-ham, and Lawrence, of Barham, which was won by Shrubsole ; second heat, between Barrett, of Rounden, and Gibbs, of Wingham, won by Barrett ; third heat, between Shrubsole and Barrett, which was a dead one, as was the fourth ; but the fifth heat was won by Shrubsole, who, of course, run at the above place for the annual ten pounds, on the 19th, against Benson, who won the trials at Sheldwich

Lees, and whom he beat with ease, though ten to one was laid in favour of Benson.

The race between the girls at the above place, for the annual ten pounds, was strongly contested, in three heats, between Susan Kemp, of Lower Hardres, and Mary Parker, of Chartham, which was won by Parker, by only two feet.

February 21st. Mr Richard Thompson (horse-dealer of Derby) rode an aged black horse, from Burton-upon-Trent, on the Litchfield road, ten miles, and back again, for a bet of twenty guineas. He was to ride the twenty miles in one hour and three minutes; but, notwithstanding it continued to rain for some time after he started, and that he rode more than 11st. he won the wager, and had near two minutes and a half to spare. The horse lived only four hours and a half after the race, though every effort was used to preserve the animal's life.

28th. A hare was found near Felsted, in Essex, by Mr Barnard's hounds, of Lindsey Hall; they went off with great speed towards Great Leighs, Waltham, &c. and it was at last taken alive from out of a drain in a farm-yard, after running upwards of thirty-three miles in two hours.

March 6th. A trotting match took place on the Romford road, betwixt a horse aged twenty-two, the property of Mr. Johnson, of Bromley in Kent, and a mare five years old, belonging to Mr Read, of London; the sum, fifty guineas a side; the distance ten miles, which the horse performed in thirty-four minutes, and the mare in forty-two. Ten to one before starting was laid on the mare.

10th. Mr Abraham Fenn, of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, ran from the Shoulder-of-Mutton Inn, in that place, to the Fox, in Raydon, and back again, which is upwards of eight miles for a wager of 50l. He was allowed an hour to do it in, but performed it in fifty minutes, with the greatest ease. Mr. Fenn was fifty years of age.

April 12th. Sir Henry St. John's park-keeper, at Dogmersfield Park, near Odiham, for a considerable wager, shot six pigeons out of ten, with a single ball. He afterwards, to decide a bet, hit a cricket-ball, with common shot, twelve times successively, bowled betwixt the wickets, by Harris, one of the quickest bowlers in the Hambledon club.

May 6th. The gentlemen of Maddington, in Wiltshire, with a couple of hounds that were matched moved a hare upon Stokedown which it is supposed, they ran near fifteen miles in three quarters of an hour, when it was killed by one of the dogs, which carried 4lb. weight of shot.

July 9th. William Aspinall, the famous pedestrian of Pontefract at seven o'clock in the morning, set off for a trifling wager, to walk from Stamford, to and from Thorp-arch, four times, (a distance of 144 miles) in the space of forty-eight hours. He performed this extraordinary feat in forty-three hours—Great bets were depending on this exertion, and winners made a collection and presented Aspinall with fifty guineas.

15th. Mr Shadbolt, (known as well by the name of Goliath) a reputable publican at Ware, remarkable for his great muscular strength, undertook for a considerable wager, to run and push his cart, from Ware to Shoreditch church, (the distance of twenty-one miles) in ten hours: which he easily performed within the space of six hours and few seconds, without the least appearance of fatigue. Great sums were won and lost on the occasion.

August 27th. Mr Nightingale, of Braintree, in Essex, for a wager of ten guineas, engaged to drive his horse, in a chaise, forty miles, in four hours and ten minutes, which was performed in three hours, fifty-seven minutes and a half, being twelve minutes and a half less than the given time.

27th and 28th. A very extraordinary single game at cricket was played in the Roebuck field, near Maidstone, between Boorman of Canterbury, and Woolett, of Wrotham, for 100 guineas. Boorman went in first, and had 213 balls; he made 168 hits, and got no less than 126 runs, when he was bowled out. Woolett's first innings was decided by a single ball; he then went in for second, and got seven in the first eight balls; the ninth he was again bowled out; consequently, Boorman won at a single inning, by 119 runs; though the odds at pitching the wickets, were 7 to 4 against him.

September 14th. Col. Ross, for a bet of 800 guineas with Mr. Pigott, undertook to ride on one horse from London to York (202 miles) in forty-eight hours. He performed his journey with ease in forty-six hours and a half.

October 6th. During the meeting at Newmarket, the Duke of Queensberry, and Sir John Lade, mounted on a brace of *mules*, run from the Ditch-in, for 1000l. This ludicrous heat was very anxiously and obstinately contested. The event was in favour of the Duke.

November 9th. A bet of 100 guineas was decided on Ipswich race-ground, by Capt. Hull's horse, who was engaged to run fifty miles in three hours, which he performed with ease in two hours and fifty minutes.

May, 2, 1788. A horse, thirteen years old, ran thirty-three miles on Parsleywood Common, near Ongar, in Essex, for a wager of fifty guineas, which was to be done in two hours, but lost by only two minutes.

14th. Mr Winter, of West-Malling, Kent, undertook, for a wager of twenty pounds to go on foot from Maidstone Bridge to London Bridge and back again, (near seventy miles) in sixteen hours. He performed the journey in fourteen hours and fifteen minutes.

17th. A very extraordinary performance took place on the Bath road; a person undertook, for a considerable wager, to trot his horse from Hounslow to Reading, and back, in six hours; the distance is sixty miles, which was done in thirty-five minutes less than the time allotted, with seemingly great ease. The rider stopped seven minutes at Reading, to refresh himself and his horse.

25th. Richard Groves, for a wager of ten guineas, gave a proof of uncommon agility, by picking up 100 eggs, placed one yard dis-

tance from each other, and returning with each separately to a basket placed at one end; in doing which he run 10,000 yards, or near five miles and three quarters, which he did with ease, in forty-four minutes, which was seventeen minutes within the time allowed him.

July 1st. A young man, footman to — Sands, Esq. of Canterbury undertook, for a wager of ten guineas, to go on foot from Maidstone to Uckfield, which is thirty-two miles, in eight hours, and to stop and drink at every public-house on the road. He accordingly set out a little after five in the morning, and got to Tunbridge Wells (nineteen miles) at eight; where, having over exerted himself, he appeared rather wearied, and the odds, in consequence, were two to one against him; he, however, proceeded on his journey, and performed it with ease half an hour within the given time, arriving at Uckfield thirty minutes after twelve o'clock.

September 17th. A man, at Thorpe, in Norfolk, undertook, for the trifling wager of 2s. 6d. to walk four miles in sixty minutes, with four stone weight on his shoulder, which he performed in fifty-nine minutes.

October 11th. A race of novel kind, was decided on the Flat, near Brighthelmstone. It was between two gentlemen, the one on horse-back, the other on foot; the former giving the latter forty yards in an hundred, which distance they run. In running, the odds were greatly in favour of the pedestrian, till he slipped and nearly fell, which gave the horse great advantage, and occasioned him to win by about half a neck.

November 20th. A tradesman of Lincoln, who had laid a wager that he shot a bullet, or small ball, from a gun through a butcher's cleaver, at three times trying, made the experiment. The first shot shattered the cleaver very much; the second grazed, and turned off; but the third went through it, and made a hole more than an inch square.

December 24th. Lieut. Col. Ross, having laid a bet of one hundred guineas, that he rode a mare one hundred miles in fourteen hours. It was decided on a level road near Bristol, and the Col. won by performing it thirty-five minutes within the time.

January 20th. A man aged upwards of fifty, started from Walmore's, the Prince's Head, at Windsor, to run to Hyde-park-corner, and back, (forty-four miles and a quarter) for a hundred guineas, in seven hours and a quarter, which he completed with much apparent ease. Great bets were depending on this race, and many gentlemen of the turf attended.

February 27th. A very uncommon circumstance occurred, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, during the royal chase. His Majesty was out with the staghounds in pursuit of a stag, Lord Berkeley's foxhounds after a fox, and the King's harriers in chase of a hare. The three packs met together in a field, and the consequence was, that all the sport was put a stop to. The stag, the fox, and hare, each escaped, and the packs all mingled together in confusion.

May 12th. A grand match at cricket for one thousand guineas, was played in Lord's ground, Marybone, by twenty-two picked men of All England; there were eleven right-handed players, against the same number of select left-handed men. It was decided in favour of the left hands, by thirty-nine notches.

14th. Two journeymen shoemakers, in Liverpool, of the names of Griffiths and Wrighten, agreed, for a wager, to try which was the neatest and most expeditious workman; for which purpose, they set-to at five o'clock in the morning, and continued with little intermission until eight in the evening, during which time the former made, in a neat and workman-like manner thirteen pair, and an odd one, of children's pumps; the latter made twelve pair. It is supposed to be the greatest performance ever known, by any of the gentle craft.

June 7th. A common hack horse, the property of Mr Grimshaw, Birmingham, (upon the turnpike-road leading from thence to Hales-Owen,) trotted three miles in twelve minutes and fifteen seconds, walked three miles in thirty-eight minutes and fifteen seconds, and galloped eight minutes and twenty seconds, being in the whole one minute and ten seconds under the hour, in which time it was undertaken he should perform the whole, for a wager of twenty guineas.

July 1st. A very corpulent man ran, for a wager of twenty pounds from a public house at Highgate, to the Horse Guards, which is computed to be six miles. He was allowed forty minutes to perform it in, but did it in thirty-four minutes.

August 7th. A gentleman from Vermont, in America, rode, for a wager of two hundred guineas, (on the road between Prescott and Warrington, in Lancashire,) 110 miles, in seven hours and a half. He was allowed eight hours to perform this equestrian feat, but completed it, with ease, thirty minutes under the time. He had seven horses for the purpose.

September 2d. Mr John Thong and Mr John Jordain, of Bedford, walked from Bedford to Milton and back, for a wager of ten guineas. Notwithstanding Thong carried four stone two pounds, in a pad made for the purpose, in order to make his weight equal to Jordain's, he won the wager. The distance from Bedford to Milton is upwards of four miles; they were about two hours in walking it.

21st. A huntsman, at Chester, for a wager of twenty guineas, ran bare-footed, on the London road, one mile in four minutes, thirty-nine seconds. The pedestrian exertions of this huntsman, were said to be, for eight or ten miles, equal to the best horse that could be brought against him.

29th. A famous sailing-match, for 100 guineas, was decided, round the Isle of Wight, between Captain Lloyd, of the 7th dragoons and Captain Gutteridge, of Bristol. The latter backed his own boat, called the Nonpareil of Bristol, (which had won two or three prizes there,) against a prime sailing-boat from Itchingferry; this vessel was sloop-rigged, decked, and about twelve tons burthen. Captain Gutteridge's was only half-decked, eight tons burthen, and schooner-rigged. They started from Cowes at half past six in the morning, sailing to the

eastward round by Spithead, and St. Helen's. The sloop weathered the Needles at the western extremity of the island seven minutes and a half before the schooner; when the man at the helm, stretching out to the opposite shore to avoid the force of the tide, Captain Guttridge, by keeping snugly along the shore, got a head, and came in exactly *three minutes and a half* before the sloop, to the great mortification and disappointment of the knowing ones. The island is sixty miles round, which they sailed in eleven hours and forty minutes.

(To be continued.)

Sporting Magazine, 1795.

C H E S S.

1. *The Chess-Player's Handbook*. By Howard Staunton, Esq. 1847.
2. *Maxims and Hints for the Angler and Chess-Player*. By Richard Penn, Esq., F. R. S. New edition. 1842.
3. *Le Palamède : Revue Mensuelle*.
4. *The Chess-Player's Chronicle*.

England has not hitherto been the land of arm-chair amusements. The turf and the chace, the rod and the gun, have numbered among their votaries the mass of those whose means allowed them anything beyond the vicissitudes of labour and rest. And these active sports still keep their ground, but with a difference:—the sportsman of Queen Victoria's epoch has his evening as well as his morning to employ—conviviality is chastened, and music or conversation claims the hours formerly resigned to the bottle. A similar change has been wrought among those whose mornings are passed in the more sedentary pursuits of commerce or study. The tradesman and artisan have partaken the movement, and through every rank of society, save the very lowest, there is evinced a preference for intellectual recreation over animal refection. Reading rooms and mechanics' institutes multiply, and their supporters have wisely desired to vary the attractions which they present. To these and similar causes we in great measure attribute the growing popularity of Chess. Others may go deeper, and say that in this anxious period, when all those appliances which seem designed to save time and trouble only leave us a few additional minutes for 'toil and turmoil, care and care' in this age of mental high pressure, men seek in their very diversions something of intellectual discipline for the battle of life; and this view also has probably much of truth. But however we account for it, the fact is certain that the study and practice of Chess are rapidly increasing.

At the beginning of the century the most laborious search for works designed to teach chess would scarce have discovered fifty, and most of these rare, and in foreign languages. The list might now be enlarged tenfold. Chess has truly a literature of its own. To Damiano, Philidor, Lolli, Greco, Ponziani, and the anonymous Modenese are added Petroff, Jaenisch, Szen, Alexandre, Bourdonnais, Calvi, Laza, &c., on the Continent—with our own countrymen, Sarratt, Lewis, Walker, Staunton—and a crowd of less voluminous but ingenious contributors, from the clerical sphynx, the Rev. H. Bolton, to the unmusical though chess-honoured names of Bone and Muff. There are manuals of every price and calibre, and both the openings and terminations of games are analysed with the most industrious accuracy. Of this among the most striking examples are Major Jaenisch's volume on the variations of a single opening (the King's Bishop's Gambit,) and M. Alexandre's quarto, the *Encyclopédie des Echecs*. The latter contains analyses of all the legitimate openings, with the different forms which they may be made to assume by probable variations in the attack or defence. It is a great literary curiosity, but we fear not likely to be often employed except by writers on chess, or by the patient victims of a game by correspondence. Its bulk is alarming, and its notation, though not difficult is less simple and obvious than that in the ordinary treatises. Equally remarkable in another way is a recent publication by the English *Chess-Champion*, Mr Staunton, which compresses in a small 12mo., we will not say all that can, but all that need be learnt from books as to the laws of the game, the best principles for conducting it, the chief openings and their happiest variations, with examples of each from actual play by the masters, and a numerous selection of interesting chess problems. Nor is this all—the Chess-player's Handbook also supplies an explanation of all the different modes of chess-notation, and a very full analysis of those various positions towards the termination of the game where the drawing or winning turns on the nicest points of play. The work is illustrated by 200 neatly executed diagrams, the arrangement perfect, the type clear, and—the price is 6s. 6d. ! As a mere specimen of what printing can do in the nineteenth century, it deserves examination. Another, and a yet more elaborate work of the same comprehensive character, is the *Schach-Spieler's Handbuch* of Bilguer and Von der Laza, the pride of German chess-players. We believe that a curious collector might now make up a library of 1200 volumes on this so recently little-headed subject.

But chess has not only its Handbooks and its Encyclopædias—it has also its own periodical literature. There issues monthly from the Polytechnic press, *The Chess Chronicle*, in 40 neatly printed pages, which are wholly and solely devoted to chess in all its forms—correspondence, challenges, anecdotes, problems, games actually played, and games which might, could, would, or should have been played. Mr Staunton is the editor—the circulation large and continually increasing. Turning to the Continent, we behold a rival periodical, the *Palamède*, by M. St. Amant, also popular and well-conducted, though less exclusively

devoted to chess, other games of skill occasionally finding a corner in its pages. Even the shock of the last tragi-comic Revolution has left it flourishing in republican glory.* The nomenclature may indeed be a little embarrassing, having been long since adapted in France to the ancient *regime*. Instead of the energetic Ferz or Vizier of the Eastern game—or the stately and influential Queen Consort of the English chess-board, our neighbours appropriately installed La Dame, the great lady, the reigning favourite, as head of the court and chief prop of the crown, while the Monarch was supported on the other side by no mitred prelate, but the official Fool with cap and bells. We might moralize this, but we would rather speculate on the future. How will the dignities of the chess-board be treated where the pictures of even a citizen-king have been regarded but as targets for patriot ball-practice? La Dame may indeed be easily replaced by a nude figure of Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity; and for Le Fol, the principal difficulty will be to select the character best entitled to bear the bells. But what name can be found unprofaned which may suit the leader of the mimic state? We shall be sorry to hear 'Barricades to your President' substituted for 'Check to your King,' or 'Mate' revolutionized into 'Abdication.' There is (or lately was) an excellent Journal in Germany, the Berliner Schachzeitung, and we believe two have been set up quite recently, one in the United States and another in British India. Some half-dozen Sunday newspapers, too, 'swell the triumph and partake the gale,' enlivening their columns with subtle problems or well contested games; and, yet singular contrast! but fifteen years ago, Mr G. Walker's 'Philidorian,' though treating of other games as well as of chess, and diversified by much of wit and humour, as well as of technical research, lived but for six numbers,† and then expired, 'a prey to torpid apathy.' We believe that the chess-clubs alone would now suffice to keep the Chronicle going; and this brings us to our last and most decisive piece of evidence.

The clubs are almost a new feature of the case. It is true that ever since the time of Philidor one or more chess-clubs have existed in London, but so ephemeral, that in 1843 only one remained that had told above five years: moreover even at these the attendance was thin, and confined to a particular circle. Now there is a club in almost every considerable provincial town, while those of our great cities nearly vie with the two here, the 'London' and the 'St. George's.' It seems almost invidious to particularize—but Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, and Bristol have produced some of the finest provincial players. Brighton also stands high, as do Halifax, Wakefield, and several other Yorkshire towns. It would be difficult to guess at the aggregate numbers enrolled in all the clubs, but we should con-

* The Journal is continued by M. Kieseritzky under the name (from the well-known Café) of 'La Régence.'

† These six numbers make a charming little volume. There is a tale of Chess Diablerie, better than all the similar attempts since made: and the lucubrations of Mr Rummins on Whist are most entertaining.

lecture that those of Yorkshire alone number 400 members; and, be it remarked, these members are all *bona fide* chess-players. There is not even a well-spread table to attract; coffee and tea are generally the sole refreshments. Let our readers suppose it club-night, and with us take a peep at the proceedings. The room is well lighted—there is a good fire—sundry gentlemen of various ages are sipping coffee, with the addition, perhaps, of a cigar. But observe the business-like air of the meeting; our friends mean chess and nothing else. Look at that stout gentleman with very large shoes—he is a merchant and this his recreation after severe business. Contrast his intense though heavy application of intellect, with the air of nonchalance and assumed superiority on the keener visage of his opponent, a surgeon in small practice, but of much local celebrity as an oracle of Liberalism and spouter at ‘literary societies.’ See—our solid friend has moved at last, and his antagonist, who, has thrice cleared his throat and four times taken snuff, in the vain hope of accelerating the process, plays on the instant. Two or three admirers behind him look approval at each other—but the destinies frown—our ‘man of genius’ has risked all in a premature though brilliant attack, and ere long, will console himself for a lost game by confidential whispers:—‘Oversight—get careless—so very slow—shouldn’t mind the Knight—time him,’ &c. In a corner of the room the Secretary is playing over, for the instruction of some of the rising members, one of Staunton’s games, just reported from the metropolis. Elsewhere a visitor from a distant club is doing battle with the President, who seems fully conscious how much is expected of him. But, look where you will all is chess—a tourney *à l’outrance* maintained, between various pairs of champions, till midnight clears the lists. When it is considered that hundreds of meetings such as these take place weekly throughout England—that they are attended by persons filling a respectable place in society, and of good, perhaps superior average attainments—that they are absolutely divorced from gambling and intemperance, and require no other stimulus than that of innocent rivalry in an intellectual amusement—that they are not only finding supporters in the middle classes, but giving birth to kindred institutions among our intelligent mechanics and artisans—it will, we think be admitted, that there must be something in Chess not wholly unworthy the notice of our readers at large. We propose meantime, without any pretence of deep research, to say a few words to such of them as are not wholly unacquainted with the game, on a few points which we deem interesting in its history, its practice, and its morals.

Its birth-place has been the subject of as much contest as Homer’s. India, Egypt, Arabia, Greece, China—each has its claim. All attempts, however, to trace it to a classical fount are futile. Both Greeks and Romans had games resembling draughts—possibly like backgammon:—but the two distinguishing characteristics of chess—the various values and powers of the pieces, and the independence of the fate of the game on that of the principal piece—are nowhere alluded to. We might add, though in this perhaps we shall be deemed fanci-

ful, that we deem the spirit of game too accurately scientific for the genius of early Greece. The claim of China seems more plausible ; but we cannot be induced, by the ' centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration' prevalent among the Celestials, to believe them either the oldest nation of the East, or generally the reporters doctrinarum atque leporum.' The distinctive chess now possessed by the Chinese has the air rather of a game degenerated and confused, than of a great invention, perfected during the lapse of 2500 years.* The weight of authority, as well as evidence, appears in favour of India, from whence the Arabians and Persians both admit that they received it. But if we are glad to be supported in this view by Sir William Jones, we cannot likewise subscribe to his idea that chess, as now played is unchanged from its original form—that this Minerva sprang complete from the brain of some Thunderer. We think that Sir William himself furnishes evidence to the contrary when he traces the very name of Chess with the titles and shapes of the chief pieces, to the Chatur-anga,† which certainly constituted a very ancient eastern form of the game. Decisive proof is unattainable, owing to distance of place and time, and want of records ; but we cannot doubt that practice discovered imperfections, which were gradually corrected. Those who have observed how difficult it is to get up a game at the 'Four-chess'‡ even at a club in the present day, and how tedious and unsatisfactory it often proves, unless the antagonists are both quick and well matched, will readily conceive how two armies come to be condensed into one, the redundant King being changed into a Vizier or General. Another natural improvement would be the dismissal of the dice, and leaving the player free in his choice of the piece to be moved. The very anomalies of the game—such as queening a pawn, castling, and playing the pawn, two squares at the first move—seen as though they had been suggested by long experience ; the former to diminish the number of drawn games, the two latter to bring the pieces more rapidly into collision. We admit these to be improvements—but from their very nature they cannot well have belonged to such a grand 'first conception' as Sir W. Jones supposes. It is observable, too, that the Chatur-anga has wholly disappeared, as though it had been merged long since in the more perfect form of

* We are aware that we are here differing from a most learned writer—the Hon. Daines Barrington—whose article in the ninth volume of the 'Archæologia' assigns the invention to China.

† Chatur-anga (Sansk.) signifies 'the four members of any army,' or elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers. It was also called Chaturâji, or the four kings, since it was played by four persons, two allied against two, each commanding eight pieces. The board contained sixty-four squares as now. There were many grades of success up to a complete victory, the stakes won varying proportionably. A throw of the dice decided which piece should be moved or at least restricted the player's choice.

‡ See The Philidorian, page 207, for an explanation of the variety.

modern chess : while Mr G. Walker has published some translations from ancient Persian chess MSS, which, showing an approach to the present mode, must, we think, be regarded as denoting a distinct intermediate game. But be this as it may, the Persians affirm that the game reached them from India in the sixth century, and we might naturally suppose that it would enter Europe *via* Constantinople, whither every product of the East found its way ; and, in point of fact, we find this to have been the case, as our earliest European notices of the game are drawn from Byzantine writers.* Whether the Western portion of Europe received it from travellers who had visited the Golden Horn, or the Crusaders brought it home with them from Palestine, seems scarce worth disputing ; indeed it was most likely propagated in both ways : but it clearly became very prevalent shortly after the first crusade, whereas till near that time it appears to have been known to none but the Scandinavian nations, whose roving mariners probably brought it for themselves from the East.† Wherever the game was introduced, it appears to have rapidly acquired popularity—a result hardly to be wondered at an age when scarcely any intellectual resources were accessible save to the clergy. Spain and Italy seem to have early attained a pre-eminence in skill, which the latter did not lose till the middle of the last century. But if the skill of other nations was less, the keenness, we had almost said ferocity, with which the game was pursued, appears to have been greater in the North. We have an unpleasant proceeding on the part of Canute recorded—how he made away with a nobleman to whom he was under deep obligation, because he refused to be cheated point blank. Nor was there much dignity in the later squabble between our Henry I. when Prince, and the Dauphin, who revenged a series of defeats by striking his adversary with the chess-board, and was in turn most unroyally drubbed by the English fist : but generally, wherever chess is mentioned in old chronicles or metrical romances, it is as the occasion of some act of violence or bitter feud. The great size of the early chessmen,‡ and the use of metal in the boards, must have rendered them tempting weapons for an angry man—the rooks especially seem to have been often used as Homer's heroes employ some huge stone.

As the anecdotes approach modern times they assume a more civilized character. There was something almost chivalrous in the

* For instance, it is alluded to by Anna Comnena, in the twelfth book of her *Alexias*, in a manner which shows that in the twelfth century it was familiar there. A most costly set of chessmen, extant till the Revolution of the Abbey of St. Denis, were dressed in the Greek garb of the ninth century, and Sir F. Madden (who has collected all their earliest stray notices of the game) respects the tradition that these pieces had been a gift from the eastern Emperor to Charlemagne.

† We ought perhaps to have excepted also the Moors of Spain, who may have derived it early from Arabia.

‡ See Sir Frederick Madden's Remarks on the Ancient Chessmen found in the Isle of Skye.

manner in which great players, especially those of Spain and Italy—as Ruy Lopez, Paolo Boi, and Leonardo ‘il Puttino’—used to traverse land and sea in search of a worthy antagonist. And though we may not think that the first of these worthies was appropriately rewarded by Phillip II, for his skill with a bishopric, we read with pleasure of the encouragement which in those days ‘lords and dukes and noble princes’ used to give to a game which was almost a science. No amusement perhaps, has been patronized by so great a variety of remarkable personages as chess. Charles XII. of Sweden was passionately fond of it, though his play had the characteristic imperfection ‘*qu’il faisoit toujours marcher son Roi.*’ The calmness with which he could sit down to the game when he had barricaded his house at Bender, contrasts curiously with the headstrong folly which prompted so desperate a resistance. The Marechal Bouffiers was a skillful player. Napoleon found the game a great resource, especially in his monotonous captivity at St Helena. There is something melancholy in the thought, how often his mind must have wandered from the mimic troops before him to other fights in other fields; yet perhaps the best inscription for Napoleon’s chess-board (which we trust is at Mad. Tussaud’s as well as his Waterloo chariot) might be supplied by Juvenal’s lines:—

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit orbi
Illustresque animas—

We cannot add, especially so soon after the 18th of June,
impune et vindice nullo !

Charles I. was actually playing when he received the news that the Scots intended to deliver him up. Frederic, ‘the Great Elector’ of Saxony, returned calmly to his game after yet bitterer tidings. Certainly, one of the characteristics of the game is its power of engrossing the mind, and withdrawing it from subjects of painful contemplation. We have found its absorbing interest deaden even the force of acute bodily pain. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the boundless range of combinations, in which the mind may wander without ever seeming to go too far.

It has often been asked, ‘Are great abilities requisite to make a first-rate chess-player?’ and the under-valuers of the game have replied triumphantly by pointing to the number of men who have shone as chess-players, and in no other line. Yet this reply is not conclusive, unless it could be also shown that these men laboured earnestly for higher successes, and failed. Chess, no doubt, like other amusements, has been the occasion of wasted talents and lost opportunities. Few are aware, possibly, that before Philidor addicted himself strongly to chess, he had obtained considerable celebrity as a composer, and had written an opera which was much admired. We may lament such cases, but must not argue as though they were not. For ourselves, we have seen clever men who were decidedly ‘muddle-headed’ over a chess-board; but we never saw any person attain to excellence in the game *with ease*, who was not possessed of superior abilities. Indeed,

whatever may be the faults of chess, it cannot be charged with that of being too easy. Lord Bacon censured it as 'too wise a game.' Walter Scott withdrew from it, alleging that 'he saw a man might learn another language with less strain to the mind.' Lively people—not to dwell on such great geniuses—often find it too laborious for a recreation—dull ones constantly give it up in despair. In short, to shine at it requires uncommon readiness and accuracy of calculation. We must, therefore, withdraw the credence too freely given in our youth to the charming story in the '*Animaux celebres*,' of a certain chess-playing monkey; how he beat his royalmaster, and how, after receiving sundy blows in reward of his victory, he prefaced the next checkmate by taking up for his personal security a cushion which lay 'convenient.' Yet to swallow this spirited fiction requires hardly more faith than that of the 'gentle public' in every European capital, who visited the '*Automaton Chess-player*.' In the nineteenth century (*credite, Poster!*) it was an article of common belief, that, by winding up every ten minutes or so, mere machinery could be made capable of replying to and out-manceuvring stratagems resulting from deep thought and susceptible of almost needless variation. Day after day did spectators crowd to the miraculous triumph of mechanic art, and retire 'awed, delighted, and amazed.' We have before us a book printed in 1819, not particularly ill-written, which shows most gravely the impossibility of any trick in the case; and expatiates on the skill which could thus enable matter to perform the functions of mind.* How generally this view of the case, or one little short of it, prevailed, may be gathered from the fact, that the Automaton Trumpeter of Mons. Maelzel, exhibited here in 1819 along with the Chess-player, though really a most masterly piece of mechanism, attracted little or no attention in comparison with that intrepid hoax.

We would not, however, be understood as denying great credit to Mr. De Kempelen's ingenious contrivance for concealing the player, and at the same time making him aware of his opponent's moves. After the person, who directed the game from within, had successively slid through the different parts of the machine, leaving each in its turn clear for exhibition, he lighted a taper and seated himself, with a board of his own, immediately below that on which the Automaton was to operate. The pieces which the figure moved had powerful magnets at their bases; and below, and near each square of the board, hung a small metal ball by a short thread. Thus the player below could at once see from what square a piece had been removed—by the dropping of a ball, and where one had been placed—by the rising of

* We refer to the translation published in London, of Mr. Charles Gottlieb de Windisch's '*Letters on the Automaton Chess-player*'—whereof a short specimen will suffice:—'Notwithstanding the superior ingenuity of modern artists which scientific inventions discover, it seems absolutely impossible that any piece of mechanism should be invented which, possessing perfect mechanical motion, should appear to exert the intelligence of a reasoning agent. This seeming impossibility is surmounted in the construction of the Automaton Chess-player.'

another. The move, thus learned, he repeated on his private board, and having then decided on his own, directed the arm and fingers of the figure accordingly.

Two points more may be worth mention—the one, that a clever Cambridge mathematician, Mr. Willis, solved the mystery by fair reasoning from what he saw, without a single considerable mistake, and published his solution, while the ‘gentle public’ as aforesaid were still in utter darkness. The other, that while our countryman, Mr. Lewis, was the hidden performer, the Automaton lost but six games in some three hundred, though always giving the odds of ‘pawn and move.’ This, no doubt, was mainly attributable to that gentleman’s great skill; but we confess we are inclined to attribute something also to a kind of superstitious fear in the players, who found themselves *vis-à-vis* with a black-bearded wooden Turk, and serenaded with a perpetual whirring from the wheels in his interior.

The Automaton is now almost forgotten. Mr. Lewis (the more the pity) has ceased to play: we must let by-gones be by-gones, and hasten to a part of our subject where true chess-players will be more likely to find fault with the quality than with the quantity of our remarks. With regard, then, to the practice of chess, we would first observe that it has now obtained a most desirable uniformity. All over Europe (with the exception of one village)* it is played alike; so also in the New World, and British India. In China there still prevails a clumsier form of the game; but this is a matter of little concernment to any but the Celestials themselves. In the accessible regions of the world, as we have said, one general mode obtains. To point out one or two technicalities—the Italian method of casting, which allowed the king and rook to exchange places, or occupy any intermediate squares, has now nearly disappeared. Taking ‘*en passant*,’ at an adverse pawn’s first move, is universally admitted: so is the choosing what piece one will for a pawn pushed home, even to the extent, if needful, of half a dozen queens at once. An equally important improvement is the reckoning stalemate as a drawn game.

Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, and consequent publication of accurate rules; viz. that the strict game is now played, instead of those courteous surrenders of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which used often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of endless unpleasant discussions, besides being in themselves an absurdity. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for his oversights. We would show him as little mercy as Mr Smith O’Brien would to Lord Clarendon. Nay we should be moved hereto by a consideration of his benefit as well as our own—for why should we teach him vacillation and heedlessness? But should you have an opponent not inured to this rigorous procedure, then reader, let us commend to you a suggestion

* Stroebeck holds certain privileges by a curious chess tenure; and the game there played differs from the ordinary one in many important particulars.

of Mr Richard Penn, F.R.S., whose 'hints' are as judicious as they are quaint.

'Some persons,' he says, 'when they are playing with a stranger who entreats to be allowed to take back a move, let him do so the first time; then almost immediately after, put their own Queen *en prise*; and when the mistake is politely pointed out to them, they say never take back a move, but that they are ready to begin another game.*

Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of a strict enforcement of the tenor of chess-law occurred in the celebrated match by correspondence, between the London and Edinburgh Clubs. At the 27th move of the second game the London Club threw a rook away. How they did so Mr Lewis explains in the following words:—

'The 26th, 27th, and 28th moves were sent on the same day to the Edinburgh Club; this was done to save time. It so happened that the secretary, whose duty it was to write the letters, had an engagement which compelled him to leave the club two hours earlier than usual—the letter was therefore posted at three instead of five o'clock; in the meantime one of the members discovered that the 2nd move (the 27th) had not been sufficiently examined. An application was immediately made at the post-office for the letter, which was refused; in consequence a second letter was transmitted by the same post to the Edinburgh Club, retracting the 2nd and 3rd moves and abiding only by the 1st. The Edinburgh Club, in answer gave it as their decided opinion, that the London Club were bound by their fetter, and that no move could be retracted; they therefore insisted on the moves being played: the London Club conceded the point though they differed in opinion.'

We cannot but think, under all the circumstances the Edinburgh Club were to blame. What rendered the mishap more vexatious to the Londoners was, that whereas they had won a game before, they now barely lost it, and thereby the match, which the winning of this game would have decided in their favour. There can be little doubt that the London Club (then comprising Messrs. Lewis, Fraser, and Cochrane) was the stronger of the two. On the part of Edinburgh we believe the lion's share of the work fell to the late Mr Donaldson, let not any beginner suppose the task of conducting such a contest a light one. True, there was no railway then, and only one letter was exchanged per week, containing a single move in each of the games which were going on so simultaneously. But that single move! Let no man who has not nerves of wrought-iron, a brain of clock, and above all, a glut of leisure, enlarge in a game by correspondence. Let us grant (what was not true twenty-five years since) that the books will now carry you through the first ten moves without risk of serious

* Some of the wood-cuts in Mr Penn's instructive and amusing little book are from sketches by his friend Sir F. Chantrey. In several of these both Sir Francis and Mr Penn are felicitously hit off as anglers; but one of the best exhibits them at chess, the great sculptor thus seeking consolation under gout, as witness his flannelled limb and footstool.

error, or any greater labour than that required to hunt out the results arrived at in the best analysis. Still after those moves a far more complicated series will come, which you must investigate for yourself. The difficulty of this task will vary, and is from time to time suspended by forced moves as in cases of check, &c. Nevertheless, that difficulty will appear on the lowest calculation, to be of a most formidable character. Seven cards may be played 5040 different ways. Think, then, reader, what it must be, to analyse all the most likely variations in the conduct of so many pieces, seven moves deep on each side !* The division of labour in a numerous committee of course lightens a burthen else too heavy for the broadest shoulders. Too very clever amateurs, Mr H. W., of the Isle of Wight, and Mr N. of Nottingham, played a match by correspondence some years since. Both games were drawn, and both players seriously ill at the close of the match. The brain and nerves had both been overtaken and neither party has ever since regained his full chess strength. With such an example before us, we frankly confess our dread of chess by correspondence. The game so played, however may be studied with peculiar advantage by the aspirant after chess honours. There are no brilliant faults to mislead him, and he will arrive at solid and accurate conclusions as to the sound modes of attack and defence. The match between Paris and Pesth is particularly instructive. To a Frenchman what an anti-climax in Paris and Pesth ! However the Hungarians, headed by the famous M. Szen, won both their games—in their conduct of which it is difficult for the most hypercritical to detect a flaw. The French players it is true suffered early in the match the loss of the veteran Des Chapelles ; but as they could only have retained his services on condition of playing an untenable counter-gambit, we must rather congratulate them, on getting rid of so crotchety an ally. The Nestor of Parisian chess, indignant at seeing his pet move—the darling of his fancy—so rudely slighted, offered to play his own opening against all the rest of the committee, but prudently declined to stand by his challenge when accepted. This was not M. Des Chapelles' first retreat under similar circumstances ; and unless documents, as well as rumours, be much given to lying, the contagion of his example subsequently affected his 'chess lieutenant,' M. St. Amant. But of this anon.

We were speaking of modes of chess-play and ought not to pass by one which has, at different times, drawn great attention as a kind of intellectual phenomenon—we mean the playing blindfold, or without a board. This requires of course great practice, and thorough acquaintance with the board : and any chess-player, possessing these requisites, will be able to do it well enough to beat one who has only played in private society. But to do it thoroughly well—to play with-

* No move would be considered sound in a great match which would not bear this amount of scrutiny. Of course many variations, even of those which looked promising, are dismissed, after a move or two, as untenable. Else the task would be impossible.

in a pawn or so of one's usual strength, without seeing the pieces—demands further a peculiar natural gift, without which the great mental effort made produces but a lame and impotent conclusion—the party blindfolded playing about a rock below his usual strength in a short game. That for most men the effort is a great one may be fairly inferred from its effect on La Bourdonnais, the most ingenious player of his day, whom it is said to *have killed*. Of living players we believe Mons. Harrwitz to be the best at this mode of play. But no one has appeared since Philidor at all comparable with that remarkable genius in this singular kind of contest. All the feats of Jedediah Buxton, and similar prodigies of calculation, sink into nothing when compared with the triumph achieved by Philidor in a *triple contest at blindfold chess*. His antagonists were three of the best players of his day—Count Brühl, Dr. Bowdler, and Mr Maseres. With the first two he played even—to the third he gave the pawn and move. Great pains were taken by these gentlemen to puzzle him, by opening their games as nearly alike as possible, but in vain. He was never in the smallest degree embarrassed, and played out all three games with as much ease and accuracy as if he had had the boards before him. The management of his pawns—a department in which he has never since been equalled—attracted especial admiration on this occasion. In one of the games they formed—together with those of his opponent, which they stopped—a complete *chevaux de frise* across the board, over which none of the hostile pieces could pass. This game was in consequence drawn; the other two were won by Philidor, who showed not the smallest fatigue after an exertion so extraordinary.

We have often heard the question started, what rank Philidor would hold among the players of our day, could he re-appear on the chequered field? The general reply is, that he would have no chance with many of the present masters of the game, who start with a knowledge of the various openings obtained by the most profound analysis. This conclusion is arrived at chiefly from the study of Philidor's work on chess, confessedly a feeble performance when compared, for instance, with the German *Handbuch*, or with Staunton's English compendium. At the risk, however, of being deemed either old-fashioned or ignorant, we must plead guilty to a conclusion less flattering to modern professors. We believe, on the evidence of Philidor's recorded games, that on the whole he has had no superior. He certainly often lost time in getting his pieces into play, but he did so without seriously compromising his game, and when once fairly afloat he showed a fertility of resource and accuracy of calculation which have rarely since been surpassed. And it is very conceivable, that had he been able to meet with an antagonist of powers equal to his own, he would have exhibited more curious and profound combinations than he ever found actually necessary. There is a legend, indeed, that the Turkish ambassador was a match for him, or nearly so, over the board, but we must qualify this with Herodotus's favourite reservation, as 'a statement which for our own parts we cannot trust.'

Since Philidor's days the supremacy of the chess-board has never

been undisputed. Many, and of course all Frenchmen, assigned it for a time to Des Chapelles, but he was beaten by our own Lewis at the pawn and move, and never afterwards played with him even. La Bourdonnais repeatedly defeated McDonnell, but the latter was not the champion of English chess, and always received odds from Lewis. Mr Staunton is probably the strongest player now living. We say probably, on account of the great number of German and Russian players with whom he has had no opportunity of measuring his strength—Szen, Jaenisch, Petroff, and other names of might. But it is certain that for years he has not met his match, and is in danger of becoming—like the pugnacious little Irish tailor *before he married*—‘blue moulded for want of a bating.’—His success in his Parisian match M. St. Amant is well known, as well as his subsequent victories over Messrs Harrwitz and Horwitz. There are some singular circumstances connected with the abortive attempt at a return-match with the first named gentleman, which might introduce us to a new branch of our subject, the ‘diplomacy of chess.’ But we shall give only a general outline of the facts, referring our readers (should their curiosity be unsatisfied) to Mr Bryan, an American virtuoso, who has executed the task of historian ably and impartially.*

Mr Bryan gives the whole of the correspondence, which is of such a character that every French player with whom we have met considers his own countryman’s character for combativeness (quoad chess) irretrievably damaged by it. We will merely show how it arose. In November, 1843, Mr Staunton went over to Paris to play his first match, accompanied by his two seconds, Messrs Harry Wilson and Worrell, both enthusiastic amateurs. The first winner of eleven games was to be declared the conqueror. Mr Staunton had scored *ten* when his adversary had won but two, and under the same circumstances might have been safely backed at any odds to secure one of the next two games, and consequently the match. But at this critical point his good genius, in the shape of Mr Harry Wilson, unwillingly abandoned him, (Mr Worrell had already returned to England,) and he was exposed to the trying ordeal of playing day after day in the midst of eager adversaries, whom the spirit of national rivalry had rendered forgetful of the golden rule—a clear stage and no favour. Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that he lost four games more ere he gained the one which decided the match. Still M. St. Amant’s defeat was complete enough. It was made worse by the desperate pleas resorted to to account for it. St. Amant was (comparatively) out of practice. Staunton had been training for the match expressly. ‘Des centaines de séances, des milliers de parties sont là pour l’attester.’ The pieces played were ‘d’une forme lourde, énorme disgracieuse,’ and so on, through a multitude of details, false in fact and pitiful in taste. The conclusion of the letter in the ‘Palamède, of

* Historique de la Lutte entre l’Editeur du Palamède, Journal Français, et l’Editeur du Chess-player’s Chronicle, Journal Anglais ; Paris, chez C. Troscse.

which the above are samples, is too sublimely French to be omitted :—

‘ Rappelons alors à l’Angleterre que St. Amant ne se regarde pas comme battu ; (1) qu’à son tour il se propose de demander une revanche ; que St. Amant reçoit Pion et deux Traits de M. Des Chapelles. Rappelons-lui enfin, à cette orgueilleuse Albion, que les dieux de l’Olympe faisaient payer cher aux mortels la nécessité d’abandonner leurs célestes demeures !’

The English of which is, that the editor of the *Palamède* is not beaten, or if he is, will call in Des Chapelles to beat the too successful Englishman. But, alas ! M. Des Chapelles, fairly reposing on his laurels, and perhaps unwilling to match himself in his wane with an antagonist at the full, left St. Amant to be his own avenger. The latter, however, showed as much reluctance to take the ‘ revanche’ so often talked of, as Mr Mitchell to encounter the law he professed to brave. After trying every means to escape a second struggle—garbling some of Mr S.’s letters—suppressing others—shifting* his proposals as soon as accepted, and so forth, till for very shame he was forced to meet a man who would play with him at his own place, his own hours, and on his own terms. Fortune stood his friend. Mr Staunton was attacked in Paris (whither he had gone expressly to play) by a dangerous illness, and forced to return to England *re infecta*. M. St. Amant has been in England since, and has played with other antagonists, but not with Mr Staunton, though the latter has offered him *carte blanche* as to every arrangement for another match. M. St. Amant is a very discreet man ; and if, as is reported, he is now in office under the new régime, we trust that a recollection of his ‘ Chess-correspondence’ will secure for him some high diplomatic trust.

For those of our readers who feel a national pride in the question, we would mention that the Champion of American chess, Mr Stanley, is an Englishman. In fact, we have ‘now, as a nation, no rivals in this noble game, except the Germans. We hope ere long to see a spirited contest with some of their *célébrités*. It may interest some of our readers to know that a match is at present playing at the London Club between two first-rate foreigners, Messieurs Harrwitz and Horwitz.

So much for ‘ the state and prospects’ of the chess world.

We have often heard the remark, that ‘ chess would be all very

* We must give a specimen of M. St. Amant’s power of shifting his ground in connexion with a point of great interest to chess-players. In his match with Mr Staunton, the games were all *close ones* ; that is to say, the *royal opening*—King’s P. 2 King’s P. 2—was *never* played : the defence was always on the Queen’s side of the board, the attack often so ; and all the brilliant gambits, &c., were excluded. Amateurs were loud against this ; and Mr Staunton accordingly proposed that in their return match the *royal opening* should be played by both. M. St. Amant’s first reply was, ‘ Vous semblez venir au devant de mes desirs. . . . j’en signe l’engagement de deux mains.’ But when a *bona fide* engagement seemed probable, he terms the same proposition ‘ inconceivable, et une concession énorme.’

well, were it not so very difficult to find persons to play with.' Nor is this complaint wholly groundless as regards people residing in the country—not the 'rus suburbanum,' but the veritable country, with its 'pomp of groves and garniture of fields' nothing within thirty miles larger than a quiet market-town. In such a locality the squire or parson may think himself fortunate if he gets a game in a month with a passing stranger, or can train up some one of his own family circle to make a respectable fight. We knew an old gentleman, many years a widower, who was a real enthusiast for chess, though but a third-rate player. Being hospitably given, he was seldom long without an antagonist; but when the daughters, who had done the honours of his table, were married and settled far off, and he found the effort of entertaining friends daily greater, he looked out for a sensible woman who could play at chess and having satisfied himself that she would be a good match for him took her 'for better for worse.' Our own impression is, that she was a little the better; but if so, Griselda might have taken a lesson from her, for she managed to be always a game or two behind. For ourselves, we believe we are capable of much self-devotion, much self-sacrifice. We would ride for our friend—dine for our friend—canvass, puff, speechify, and huzzah! for our friend: but to lose a game of chess to him deliberately—to endure with a decent face his efforts to console and 'patronize' us as beaten!—we cannot extend so far—nor can we advise our chess-playing country friends to choose a wife on the grounds above set forth. They must be patient and hopeful, and they will enjoy an occasional bout keenly in proportion to its rarity. But in large towns no chess-player, whether resident or a casual visitor, need be at a loss: he has but to find out when the club meets and who are its members, and the free-masonry of chess will do the rest. In London, it is true, the clubs are not quite so accessible; but Ries's Divan leaves the amateur nothing to desire. For ourselves, though unworthy members of a metropolitan as well as of a provincial club, we confess a great regard for Mr Ries's saloon, as now improved and embellished. In these days, when even the 'centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration' leaves Mr Cobden under disagreeable impressions as to present and prospective scarcity of cash, we shall be pardoned for saying a word on the point of economy. We know not in what manner a shilling can be more productively invested. A good cup of coffee—a good cigar (for those who have not been nauseated with smoke in Germany)—access to a really handsome and spacious room well furnished—the use of an ample supply of periodicals, British and foreign, with novels galore for those who cannot long keep up the mental effort of chess—are of themselves not bad things; but to a thorough-going devotee the chief attraction is in the good play to be seen, and the strong players to be encountered. Poor Daniels, indeed, has been some years gone—the most agreeable of antagonists—who never kept you waiting, his brilliant play seeming to come by intuition. But Mr Löwe, Mr Tucket, Mr E. Williams of Bristol, and others of nearly the same calibre, may generally be seen there;

and occasionally Mr Staunton, and another amateur, in our opinion only inferior to him among English chess-players, Mr Buckle : foreigners of note, too, constantly make it their resort. In fact, any one desirous of being handsomely beaten may be gratified at the said Divan daily, between the hours of 2 and 11 p. m. Young (and occasionally *elderly*) gentlemen from the country are sceptical on this head : they have out-shone all the 'little stars' in some retired neighbourhood, and when a piece is offered them by a master of the game at Ries's, they reject it loftily—only not indignantly, because their antagonist, poor man has had no opportunity of knowing their strength. 'Alas ! regardless of their doom, the little victims play.' In an hour or so they are brought to a sense of their situation. Game after game has been rapidly scored against them. They have accused the light (which is excellent)—the pieces (which are large and 'kenspeckle' in the extreme)—their oversights, which they have had no time to make being destroyed almost instantly by slashing gambits. They would deem themselves bewitched* were it not for the Sadduceism of the nineteenth century. But at length the unwelcome truth flashes on them—they are playing with an opponent who can give them the rook—possibly the queen ! This discovery, however unwelcome, is a new era in their chess existence : as Mr Penn observes, 'You will never improve by playing only with players of your own strength.' In order to play well, you must toil through the humiliating task of being beaten by those who can give you odds. These odds, when you have fairly mastered them may be gradually diminished as your strength increases.' Thus the defeated squire is at last on the road to improvement : he has gotten rid of a delusion. And here we may observe, that there are sundry delusions prevalent concerning chess, which are only to be dispelled by playing in the clubs. We will notice a few of these, owning our obligations once more to Mr Penn, and to an ingenious writer in the 'Chronicle,' Captain Kennedy : they will be found principally to belong to the class of errors learnedly called 'idola specus,' derived from viewing objects from a confined position and in a false light. We pray the indulgence of our readers, should we perchance demolish any cherished idol of their own.

Delusion the first.—That to take odds destroys the interest of the game, and that to offer them to a person with whom you have played

* Some centuries ago, this was no uncommon belief for a beaten player. It is recorded of one of the old Italian masters (Leonardo 'il Puttino,' we believe), that on one occasion he was beaten heartily by a Moorish stranger. He returned home disconsolate ; he had lost his money, and, what was then deemed yet more precious, his renown : yet, on reflection, he could not but think his opponent's play had been but second rate. The inference was obvious ; he had been spell-bound ; but the remedy was easy to so devout a Catholic. He re-entered the lists next day with a relic of peculiar sanctity—a thumb of St. Anthony, we think—in his pocket. Leonardo, thus armed, retrieved his laurels of course—and the Mussulman abandoned the field with the pithy remark, 'Thine is stronger than mine.'

but a game or two, is a great act of presumption. Whereas, in fact, in the great majority of cases, without odds given the game is a certainty, and therefore lacks interest; and a good player can see in a few minutes what is the relative strength of his antagonist.

II.—That Mr. Heavyside, or any other hard-headed man, can, by intense exertion of mind, if his game be once fairly opened, make head against a first-class player with a decent chance of success. This delusion is probably fostered by the care which a man, who has a chess-reputation to lose, will always exert at first in playing with a stranger. Nevertheless, Mr. Heavyside's cake is dough. There is a gulf between a half-trained country amateur and the leading member of a good club, which no inspiration of genius or effort of calculation will overleap.

III.—That in the progress of a game at chess, it is sacrilege for a by-stander to speak a word. On the contrary, any one who plays among players must expect to hear many remarks made. This is trying at first, but occasionally gives a useful lesson, and is rarely attended with serious inconvenience. Bad players either are prudently silent or speak quite beside the mark; while good ones take care to make no comment which can affect the progress of the game.

IV.—That a game at chess may be of indefinite length—may outlast the Trojan war, or be transmitted (as we have read in sundry veracious magazines) from father to son. This is all 'bosh'; good games are mostly decided in fifty moves on each side, and, except in the case of a set match, where reputation is at stake, nineteen out of twenty are concluded within an hour. There are some awfully slow players, but they usually play so badly that they are beaten pretty soon, in spite of their delays.

V.—'That it is illiberal to play the strict game.' To this we can only reply, that other methods are but a miserable imitation. People talk of the hardship of 'losing a game by an oversight,' and so on. It is much harder to arrive at nothing but 'conclusions inconclusive,' and to have the game terminate in an Irish discussion which of the two parties made the greatest blunders! To put the question on its right footing a quick sight of the board and close attention during play are important merits at chess. A player must fail in *both* ere he can make a gross oversight: let him be punished accordingly, or he will never learn to do better.

These are some of the popular idols—there are many more which want of space compels us to leave unbroken. But is the game itself an idol—useless, and valueless? or is it worth the attention of the reflective and the time of the prudent man? These are grave questions! we can but help our readers towards forming a conclusion, which will be—perhaps ought to be—different in different minds, but generally, we think, favourable to this fascinating game.

The weight of authority is strongly in favour of the practice of chess. We have honestly quoted two great names against it: we can remember but one more of any consequence.

'Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned
 To contemplation, and within his reach
 A scene so friendly to his favourite task,
 Would waste attention at the chequered board,
 His host of wooden warriors to and fro
 Marching and countermarching, with an eye
 As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged
 And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
 Trembling, as if eternity were hung
 In balance on his conduct of a pin.'

The lines are not bad, but we doubt Cowper's competence to judge of the question. His mind, exquisitely amiable, was never healthy; his recreations were generally those of a hypochondriac or a humourist; and we really believe that he might have been less subject to morbid imaginings—more fitted to turn his intellectual powers to practical account—had he given to the close and methodical calculations of chess some of those hours which he passed in gazing dreamily on the drawing-room fire. On the other hand, we might multiply the names of eminent men—some already alluded to—with whom chess has been a favourite recreation. Among those who have written in praise of the game Franklin first occurs to us; his 'Morals of Chess' are well known. If he be deemed too utilitarian (though, by the way, the *objections* to chess are more frequently of that school), we would refer to a writer of the present day, whose powers of imagination have been brilliantly exemplified *Now and Then*—but who is not less distinguished for sound sense and practical sagacity,* Mr Samuel Warren, in his 'Introduction to the Study of the Law'—a work for which we anticipate a permanent popularity—is not daunted by the Baconian *obiter dictum*, but strongly recommends chess as a most desirable recreation for those who are training for legal honours. He regards it—and we believe most truly as involving much wholesome mental discipline; temper, vigilance, rapid and long-sighted combinations, all being in requisition. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive a game more commendable on these grounds. As a school for the temper we hold it in especial esteem; young players are constantly seen quarrelling over the board, or angry—perhaps sulky—after defeat. Not so with veterans. We have taken part in a meeting where more than seventy skilful amateurs have been variously paired in conflict, all the live-long day without a hasty expression being heard or a cross look seen. Surely these had learned some self-command during their noviciate. Nor is the defeat the only trial of temper to which a true chess-player

* It seems almost sacrilege to write of chess without alluding to Vida's beautiful poem; but the truth is, that its merits are of a kind totally foreign to any practical view of the subject.* It does not teach the game, nor show its moral or social advantages, nor the mode in which it may be best enjoyed. But it is a treasure to the classical scholar, as showing how objects, unknown in classical times, may yet be justly, elegantly, and poetically described in a dead language.

learns to rise superior—'t were pity of his life else!' He may be matched with a slow player—with a hesitating player—with a garrulous player—worst of all, he may have at his elbow, or full in his sight one of those pitiless and ill-omened bores whom the French terms *comètes*—a person in whose presence he feels it impossible to win. The class are thus described by Mons. Mery, in an amusing paper on whist, in the first volume of the *Palamède* :—

' Les Comètes du jeu sont tenaces, et elles s'éternisent sur un fauteuil. Sous prétexte qu'ils n'ont pas de préjugés, ces astres aléatoires ne se font aucun scrupule d'accomplir une série de catastrophes, sans accorder aux ruinés une indemnité légitime. Les Comètes n'ont point d'entrailles, point de remords ; elles se lèvent à six heures pour dîner, et retournent à huit pour achever une victime dans l'exercice voluptueux de leur tranquille digestion !'

Yet not even one of these terrible portents, though armed with snuff box and eye-glass—not the vultus instantis *cometæ*—must ruffle the 'tenacem propositi virum.' The self-command acquired under the necessity of resisting these petty trials is one most valuable result of chess. The intellectual drilling has also its value, partaking as it does both of the accuracy and of the ingenuity of mathematical study. This value, however, will be different to different minds, and we can conceive that there are those for whom some purely imaginative recreation might be more profitable. Still, while games of skill are encouraged, chess must take the lead among them.

Of its superiority there can be no more satisfactory proof than the readiness with which it is played for no stake but honour. The shilling or sixpence, which is the regular stake at many clubs, is no contradiction to this rule. It is not staked in order to give an interest in the game, but to compel players to equalize the contest by giving and receiving proper odds ; and it may be omitted with advantage when the parties are well matched and often in the habit of meeting. We are not writing a panegyric on chess, though we confess a sincere wish to see it yet more generally practised. We conceive it likely to be highly useful in supplanting coarser and less instructive amusements, especially among the working classes ; yet we know, that, like other good things, it is open to abuse, and we would therefore conclude this our offering to 'Caissa,' by a few 'Cautions to Chess-players,' if not all original, yet confirmed by our own experience :—

1. Chess not until the business of the day is fairly done, and you feel that you have earned your amusement.

2. Chess not in mixed society, when it is likely that your antagonist and yourself will be missed from the circle by either hostess or company.

3. Chess not with persons much older than yourself, when you feel sure that you can beat them, but not sure that they will relish it.

4. Chess not with your wife unless you* can give her odds, and then take care rather to over-match yourself.

5. Play not into the 'small hours,' lest the duties of the next day should suffer from scanty rest or late rising.

6. Do not commend your adversary's play when you have won, or abuse your own when you have lost. You are *assuming* in the first case, and *detracting* in the second.

7. Strive to have no choice as to board, pieces, &c., but, if you have any, never mention it after a defeat.

8. Mr Penn recommends you 'not to be alarmed if your adversary, after two or three lost games, should complain of a bad headache.' We add—beware of *attempting* to alarm him by the like complaint in like case.

Lastly. Idolize not chess. To hear some people talk, one might think there was 'nothing else remarkable beneath the visiting moon.' Chess is not a standard for measuring the abilities of your acquaintance—nor an epitome of all the sciences—nor a panacea for all human ills—nor a subject for daily toil and nightly meditation. It is simply a recreation, and only to be used and regarded as such. The less selfish you are in its pursuit—the clearer head—the more patience—the better temper you bring to the practice of it, the better will you illustrate the merits of chess as the most intellectual of games, and establish your own character as a philosopher even in sport.

Quarterly Review, for June.

HUNTING AND THE MILLION.

THE FLYING BRIGHTON.

Everything now-a-days is flying; and Mr Hudson's locomotive, Mr Green's monster balloon, and the American trotters brought to this country, all conduce to keep alive, if not as yet the perpetual, at least the accelerated motion. No doubt this is all for the best, for they tell us all things permitted by Providence are so, or at least in some way work to a general good. I leave abler casuists than I to decide this point; but, at all events, in the year 1817, when I first saw the Brighton harriers, they were, in comparison with the old Leatherhead blucottles of ever-to-be-respected memory, quite on a par with the express train, or if compared with the old Bristol Blue, on the box of which I once—and, thank God, only once—heroically kept my seat for seventeen mortal hours, the only redeeming points in the journey being that I "worked" over about five stages of the ground, where I got as many teams, that promised, in reward of sheer labour, on my part, to get over about six and a-half miles an hour, and when, in aid of sundry feats of coachmanship, the passengers were treated with a rural walk of a mile through the certainly beautiful but somewhat tedious acclivity leading through the forest

to the top of the hill that brought you, all parts of harness and coach holding together, to the good town of Marlborough; not to the castle so celebrated as being the resort of aristocracy, and loving couples, who explored its famed labyrinth, a portentous prelude to finding their way out of the labyrinth of uncertainty into which the two simple words "I will," but to a very comfortable hostelry, about midway of the town, where the said Blue deposited and took up passengers, some congratulating themselves in finding comforters in the mein of fond wives to welcome them home, others in placing their comforters (not their wives) round their necks, to face the somewhat bleak stage to Calne, this said state being a matter of no small import to those who travelled with ordinary journeying appliances, but braved heroically by those who, like myself, know enough of the Bath road to have stowed beneath their waistbands, a pint and a-half of a never-to-be-forgotten compound of malt and hops manufactured at the White Hart, at Kennett. All hail these, unpretending as thy appearance was thou White Hart! for thou hast sent more joyous and happy hearts from thy humble portals than can boast any crowned head in this or any other empire. True, the soul-inspiring influence of thy ale might, after a time, evaporate; where is the temporary bliss that does not? And if we are told by such writers as those with whom I, a sinful sinner, dare boast no kith or kin, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," he must be presumptuous indeed who blames him or the act that renders man happy for the time. But I never heard of any *evil thereof* arising from a participation in the good provided at the White Hart, unless it was from not taking enough of the sparkling beverage provided by its host, or from some enthusiastic youth becoming a little too susceptible of the sparkling orbs of the neat Ganymede appointed to minister there to our wants. Though, so far as I ever found, too coy to meet our wishes. Show me the man that can remember the one or the other without heaving a fond sigh to bygone days, and I proclaim him fit for treason, treachery, and plots.

But to return to the Brighton harriers. Whether they were fast from their breeding, their kind of country, from having stout hares constantly before them, from scent usually lying high, from being rattled along by a fast huntsman to meet the wishes of as fast and aristocratic a set of patrons as ever followed a pack beneath the style of fox-hounds I believe it will be ceded to me that more determined sportsmen and riders patronized the Brighton than could be produced or boasted of as following any other pack pursuing the same game. This is easily accounted for. Royalty at that time patronized Brighton; and though its frequenters were then as one to ten in point of numbers to what they now are, and though the succession of half-palaces that now rise there to our view were not even contemplated, still Brighton was not the place to which tradesmen, their clerks or travellers, dreamt of sending their families; the *élite* of fashion and the military formed the number of those who frequented the stone as pedestrians, the rides and drives in carriages or on horseback. The

frequenters of Brighton and those of Margate were as different as those of Spitalfields, or, to look higher, Finsbury were, and are, to the denizens of Belgrave-square or Kensington-gore. At a meet at the Devil's Dyke, the class of men assembled partook somewhat of a Melton caste; here was seldom seen a country-looking squire with a kind of dreadnaught hunting-frock, or a good sort of half-bred strong hunter with a coat an inch long. The pace would not do for this: here all looked spicy and fit to go; and here, though only to meet harriers, the nearly or quite thorough-bred clipper found at times the persuaders at his sides to keep him at that of the Brighton flyers, with whom I think I have gone as fast as ever I did with the most crack pack of fox-hounds. Perhaps this struck a blow at the root of hare-hunting; for, though we must allow that coursing virtually it was, still a breathing over four miles of such a country with such a pack made men sadly impatient when destined to see a closer hunting-harrier working through a field of turnips fetlock-deep in stiff clay; out of which, should the fence not be practicable, and the rider be obliged to dismount to enjoy that delectable treat of "turning his horse over," he finds a pretty accumulation of adhesive matter on his boots, that induces him to half wish himself in Oxford-street, to avail himself of the convenience of a scraper. Such little circumstances mattered little where and when the squire himself had his boots made by a village Crispin, and when nothing like a polish was expected on a pair of new ones till "the oil had got out of the leather a bit," which was promised would be the case in a month or so. But a fast bootmaker contemplates no "turning over" with his customers, with whom a turn over is only thought of as synonymous with a "burster," where man and nag turn over together; and really, as a matter of prudence, setting all enthusiasm or a wish to be thought to "go well" aside, it matters little whether we risk a bruise, or even a broken bone, by riding at a suspicious place, or whether we encounter the greater certainty of a severe cold from sopped feet. It thus appears where "fast" is the talismanic watchword that everything and every man lends his aid towards keeping up the pace, and even fast boots contribute to the same end and aim. What was the consequence? the young farmer who got a sight of the Brighton turn-out soon sported white-tops and faultless white-cords or leathers. The squire's heir, who piqued himself on not "dangling after the women," by whom he was too great a bear probably to be tolerated, somehow got an invite to the mess of *the Tenth*; got also a hint how to lose his money in the evening, learnt the taste of Regent punch, and found that a broiled bone, of which his good father would spurn the very name, was, and is, by no means as economical a finale, when all its appliances and consequences are entered into, as the good folks at the Manor-house might suppose. No matter, he has got his first insight into "life," and would certainly abstain from boasting of his superiority at quoits at the next mess-table he might be invited to; he has, moreover, picked up a few favourite phrases to be used on all occasions, applicable or not; swears that the divine creature who he has

twice seen in a *pas seul* is exquisite ; astounds the good girls, his sisters, by calling the "divine" by her most pet name ; and horrifies the whole family by voting his grandmother or aunt d—— old bones. Has been recommended by his friend captain some-one to his tailor or *pro tempore* tailor, and bootmaker ; has, like a gentleman, ordered a few things by the half dozen ; has lent what cash he could command to his friend the Honourable Tom Somebody, with whom he got as free in two days as a man of the world and a gentleman would in two years. The honourable took quite a fancy to our youngster, and even bought his best hunter of him, the young squire having been quite convinced his horse (the admired of all his former friends) was but a brute, and only fit for the honourable's luggage-cart when changing quarters. He in return has invited the captain, the honourable, and their friends, to shoot over *father's* estate (governor was not then in vogue) ; tells his sisters they dress well enough for Rickstaddle Manor, but their "toggerly wont do to show his friends ;" says that Tom (mark the plain Tom) swears he has seen enough of fashionable girls ; that his dad wants him to marry Lady Georgiana Tiptopenall, but he is determined to please himself ; he only wants some dear, affectionate, interesting, unaffected girl, to be happy with (rather an equivocal expression this, though our hero puts but one construction on it ; nor, by the bye, does the honourable either). The honourable swears that beauty "when unadorned is adorned the most." Our Melia's just the girl for Tom. The lovely Amelia gets an inkling that she is so ; possibly this turns out to be the case in the honourable's acceptance of the term—a natural *sequiter* to the killing all the game on Rickstaddle Manor, drinking the wine, which does as cold negus for lunch ; while, finally the heir has the offer of standing a bullet from the best shot in the regiment for his impertinence in having said, and supposed, the honourable contemplated, the atrocity of thinking of the girl as a wife. This is rather fast, as well as the harriers ; but many things take place with fast men that somewhat astonish the yokels. Poor Bridges, Brighton Bridges, Captain or Mad Bridges, with either epithet he at one time astonished yokels, and knowing ones too, by showing the way down the Devil's Dyke and the way out of the barrack-yard at Lewes ; but exploits then are not exploits since, for what was this to Copland's (then Captain Copland) feat of riding Tam O'Shanter up and down Arthur's seat in Edinburgh, where the chances were twenty to one but it ended in stilling the pulsation of the best and bravest heart that ever beat in the most erring of bodies ? And further, extraordinary and numerous as were the exploits of Bridges, Melton has since beat them hollow ; verily, if any one does more he must be a devil untied.

I doubt not that there were, at the time I allude to, some other packs of harriers who had the *fastgomania* in their kennels ; and a very good mania it was, and is, when compared with the pack whose huntsman devised a novel plan to enable him to unite some other avocations to that of huntsman, for the benefit of the squire, his master. This said huntsman went with his pack till they found ; he then as-

certained the hour, and, knowing that hares in certain countries always run a ring, he liberally gave the pack an hour and a-half to work her back to her form, or wherever she had been found. He industriously employed the interim in thrashing, weeding, or some such sylvan occupation ; at the proper time he was there to meet the pack, and to see how things were going on. The next ring is generally a shorter one, so only an hour's absence was judicious ; so the field had had two and a-half hours' good hunting, and our huntsman two and a-half hours' industry, when he made his third appearance at the trysting place. But now, knowing that the third ring, like the marriage one, though small in circumference, is generally great in its consequences, instead of absenting himself (but having still the object of saving his master's time in view), deliberately pulled out his knife and discussed his bread and cheese as luncheon, when, by the time he had shut his long-clasped knife, and put it in a thigh-pocket of some twelve inches in length, poor puss just reeled by within his ken, his beloved pack close at her, and, with a run across one field, he was always in time to give the death halloo, finish the thing in style, put the scut in Mr or Master Someone's hat, and, with an "Elope, elope ; come away, Cop," that told the welkin the sport was done, he toddled his pack home at nearly the same pace they had been going all day. What would our huntsman have said to clipping or thorough-breds, or what would now clippers or thorough-breds, as men or horses, think of him ?

All this was terribly slow work everybody must allow ; but it does not follow that the Squire was as slow in the old Manor-house as his beagles were on his estate. No ; at his table the old governor would go like bricks, and, with only two thousand a year, went a pace that many a one with nominally four times his rent-roll could not go. But then the Squire, like the beagles, always went just fast enough to kill his game, but did not value so much as they do now-a-days in everything "the first burst ;" he kept something for a finish, and no bad finish was the supper-table in such houses ; and no bad finish such men's lives either, in a general way, for their heirs, or, let us fervently hope, for themselves also.

Whether a man chose his hounds to go fast or slow certainly could not make difference enough in the expense of them to materially affect his finances through the year, but the worst of any fast pursuit is, it brings a man among *fast men* ; and, then, unless his fortune is equal to theirs, they take him along at a pace that soon obliges him to "shut up ;" for whether we pump the wind out of a racehorse or a hunter, or the money out of a man's pocket, however game either may be, nature with one, and circumstances with the other, must in such cases cry "Enough."

It is singular, but not more so than true, that, though men profess to, and even fancy they keep things for their own amusement, it really is not the actual amusement they personally derive from them that gratifies half as much as challenging the approval or envy of other persons. That is the great incentive to keeping them, and few men

have resolution enough to be amused by, and content with, that which other persons consider as inferior ; the result, therefore, often is that they either launch out into expense they cannot afford, or become disgusted with that which at one time afforded them constant amusement, and consequently give up the pursuit altogether. And such has, I firmly believe, been the cause of numberless packs having been given up ; and, if no other cause could be assigned for the doing so than the feeling I have mentioned, a very weak and poor cause it is to bring forward.

I knew a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Chichester, whose circumstances obliged him to give up his close-carriage ; he got a body made precisely the counterpart of an ordinary bathing machine, put this with a sunk axle on two wheels, had a seat on the roof, and either with a single horse or two tandem, according to where he was going, used to drive his lady and daughters to church, to a dinner, or other party, as warm and dry as when they before went in their carriage. Now this showed some mind, some firmness of purpose and a great deal of good sense. True, I, as a boy, used to laugh at the set out ; and no doubt many grown-up persons, as great fools as myself, laughed also. Now, had the owner been as great a fool as we, he would have given up his two-wheeled omnibus (as it would now be called), and either obliged his family to walk to their great discomfort, or have given up society ; nor would he have shown one bit more of folly in so doing than the man who would be induced to give up his hounds because the officers of the —th, or the members of some crack pack, voted them and himself a slow lot, or a confounded bore altogether.

I should personally, most certainly, never think of keeping harehounds of any sort, unless I was obliged to live in a place where no fox-hunting could be had ; for if it could, I should calculate the expense of harriers to the increase of my stud. But if I was fond of hare-hunting, and kept beagles even in the humblest way, all the "nettle-whipping," "thistle-thrashing" epithets in the world would make no impression on me. Hunt I would ; and, as Pat would say, the more they tried to make me give it up "the more I wouldn't." But, then, not arrogating to myself the possession of such qualities as many fancy they possess, namely, those of ensuring the pleasing of other people, I go upon another tack, and am not always successful in that either : this is trying to please myself ; however I have a better chance here than in trying the other plan, for sometimes I succeed. The man who tries to please the world has no chance at all ; he makes himself uncomfortable, and is only laughed at for his pains. And this would, most assuredly, be the case should a country squire give up his harriers and attempt to come out among the first flight men, who carry fashion to the cover-side. To vie with them a man ought to be *born* with them and bred with them ; for even to be able to vie with them in expenditure won't do, though many fancy it will. They get laughed at for their attempt by one clique, and when they fail they are laughed at for returning to their old habits. And

for what do people do all this ? verily to please the eyes of the world. Numbers hunt to please these said eyes, and out of that number certainly, now-a-days, five out of six ride to please them also. Perhaps my idea is an erroneous one, but it leads me to the conclusion that, when a man spends his money in any pursuit, provided it is harmless, he must have a weak mind if he does not set the eyes of the world at defiance as to his mode of doing it, whether it be in keeping harriers or anything else.

Fox-hunting was always held as a higher range of sport than hare-hunting, both from its far greater expense and from its requiring a better, or at least bolder, horseman to follow it. This was allowed by hare-hunters, but it created no feelings in their breast either of envy or mortification. Each pursuit had its advocates, and the owner of each was not only content with, but proud of his pack ; for then the merits, not the show, was the desideratum. But when packs of either sort began to outdo each other in expenditure, then began the mischief also. When the huntsman and whips saw twelve horses kept by Lord Someone for his servants, they began to find, or pretended to find that six, and an occasional extra horse, was not enough. The same mania got hold of the master ; three horses had always carried him well, that is, *well enough* for sport ; but he had heard much of the Quorn, M'Adam had facilitated travelling, so the journey was nothing to what it would have been to his father, who would no more have dreamed of visiting Hugo Meynell at Quorndon Hall than he would have contemplated a call on the Emperor of China. But the son went, and there saw the first determined step made towards absolutely running *into*, instead of hunting *up to*, a fox ; probably he did not altogether like the thing, but he saw a field of a hundred and fifty out ; saw them all delighted ; saw, for the first time, second horses out ; and, in fact, saw just enough to make him dissatisfied with his own, and to involve himself in extra expense that probably obliged him in a few seasons to give them up altogether. Then comes the outcry and lament that such a country has been given up ! Then, also, comes the invidious, and oftentimes undeserved, reproach that the present Sir Thomas, or the present lord, has not the spirit of his father ; " that fox-hounds had always been kept at the castle or hall ; and that with such an estate he must be a mean man to have given them up." These good people forget that the old lord kept the hounds for perhaps six or seven hundred a year, but the way the present one wished to keep them would cost eighteen ; so if anything objectionable can be brought against him, it is not that he is a mean man, but that in one particular at least he is a weak one, and that is in not having been contented to do things in a moderate way, instead of going on the "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*" plan, which generally ends in the latter term being found quite applicable to the finances if the plan is pursued long enough. To have been Cæsar would certainly be very flattering, and by all accounts he thought his position flattering enough ; but because a man could not be a Cæsar I do not see the wisdom in becoming a full private in a marching regiment, or, as the quotation

states, "nullus." There are many comfortable grades between the two ; so there are between keeping a pack of fox-hounds in the most expensive way, and pottering about with one old pointer (if you can get leave) in the neighbourhood of Calais or Boulogne, to which many a man has been reduced, because he sported as he thought *the world* liked, instead of doing it as *he liked himself*, and, in fact, as many others liked, who sported for sport and not for fashion.

I trust it will not be inferred from what I have said that I am not quite alive to the fascination of a crack pack of fox-hounds, with all their several accompaniments ; and, certainly, to see a field of the highest and best blood of our aristocracy on the finest hunters the world can produce, going as they do go, is apt to make a man a little fastidious as to what a field should be : and if taken as a lesson, the investigation of the general management, in kennel and out, of such a pack as such men hunt with, would be advantageous to the master or patrons of other packs ; but all he need do is to take hints from what he sees for his guidance at home. He would be wise to endeavour to improve in his own management, so far as circumstances might permit ; but he would be foolish to determine to imitate in every particular that which perhaps neither his country nor pocket might enable him to come up to. A rout at the Duchess of Sutherland's is very attractive and very imposing in its effect. The lady of only one thousand a year may take certain hints there, that without causing any great increase of expenditure, might add a certain style of doing things in the arrangement of her own quiet little parties at home ; but she would not show her sense in shutting her doors against all her friends because she could not do things on the same scale. There are parties for the noble of eighty thousand a year, and also for the gentleman of one ; fox-hunting for the man with fifteen hunters, also for him with three ; and it is quite clear there is perhaps as much real enjoyment in the one style as in the other. That is, if we give a party for amusement and the pleasure of seeing friends, and if we hunt for the sake of hunting ; but if we do either for fashion's sake, or a foolish wish to create astonishment or envy in others, then there is no limitation to the expense of carrying on either pursuit, or indeed any other.

Some very talented writers have, and one in particular has lately in the *Sporting Magazine*, been profuse in his eulogiums on the pleasure and advantages of hunting with what may be termed metropolitan packs, and has handled the subject as he (to say the least) generally does most subjects on which he writes, in a very masterly manner. So a man might do if he brought forward all the *agrémens* of a military life as regards company, dress, presentations at court, the mess, and many et-ceteras ; but in whatever choice or appropriate terms such advantages might be set forth, it would not stamp the writer as a *soldier* in heart : nor, with all submission, do I conceive setting forth the running down by rail to Croydon to get a gallop, as the *ne plus ultra* desideratum in hunting, shows a man at heart a sportsman. It certainly carries with it a suspicion that fox-hunting, or any hunting, is only thought *very well* if it can be done so as to be

back in London *in time* for London amusements. Combining the two pleasures is in no way to be deprecated; but in spite of all we can say, it does carry with it a wee bit of Cockneyism. And, if I mistake not, another cotemporary and very able writer on such subjects as he treats upon, namely, Mr. or, *par excellence*, Bob Vyner, would rather eulogize that country where hunting his own hounds he could show his friends the best sport, or if hunting with other hounds where he could see the best sport himself. But Vyner is every inch a sportsman; consequently is content to get a squeeze at the Opera when hounds begin to get butter milk if it is to be had, and men cease to eat oysters because they are not to be had.

If a man hunted on Putney Heath (and, as a boy, I once saw hounds trying for a hare there) because he could not get anywhere else to hunt, I should only regret a lover of the chase should be driven to such a resource. So if a man hunts in the neighbourhood of Croydon because his time and occupations prevent his going further a field, it shows him a sportsman in feeling, and that he is willing to take the best hunting he can get; but if from preference he selects Banstead Downs in lieu of the Leicester or Harborough country, I should merely *insinuate*, or, at all events, surmise he had not much of the Lonsdale blood in his veins. No man would, or, at least, should be affected enough to turn up his nose at such a pack as the late Colonel Jolliffe's; and I remember with much pleasure many a good day with them, and many a pleasant hour in the worthy Colonel's society. But the field were not always quite (take them all in all) a set that the heart of a fox-hunter warms to; and I know the worthy master would often have been delighted could he have persuaded a good many of them there was more amusement to be found elsewhere. And with packs to which the access from London is easy, this must always be the case; and nine times out of ten a stranger just imported from London, is about as welcome at a cover's side as a landsman is on a quarter-deck in a storm. Not but that a stranger with a right-sortish look about him is always welcomed in a strange country; but a gentleman from London must not be offended if by master, huntsmen, whips, and the gentlemen of the hunt, he encounters a few side-long scrutinizing glances to ascertain how far he looks like *going*, and, what is of much more consequence, going *where* he ought to go, and not interfering with those who always do so. Let us hope a million of good fellows will hunt; but defend us from hunting "with the million."

Sporting Magazine, for July.

AQUATIC.

BOMBAY REGATTA.

THE RACE BETWEEN THE BLUE BELL AND THE WAVE.

The long-pending match between these boats came off on Saturday last. The morning set in with very heavy rain and strong squalls from the south-west, but towards the middle of the day the rain partly ceased and the wind had moderated. At 2 o'clock both Yachts came out from within the breakwater of the Custom House, and having got into line abreast of the *Hastings*, a gun fired to start them. The course was round the *Maldiva*, anchored about two miles to the Eastward of the inner Floating Light, thence round the outer Light Vessel, and back to the *Hastings*. At starting the wind was on the quarter, and the *Wave* set her mizen. The *Blue Bell* set a squaresail which she very soon took in again. The *Wave* reached the *Maldiva*; about 2½ minutes in advance of the *Blue Bell*, and before rounding took in her mizen. After passing the *Maldiva*, both Yachts were close hauled and on the starboard tack. The *Blue Bell* now began to draw on the *Wave* and as they neared Gull Island, came up and passed her to windward. The *Wave* was in the act of wearing, and the *Blue Bell* immediately tacked, and both yachts stood over to the Colaba shore on the port tack. The *Wave* finding herself to leeward, set her mizen again and kept a very close luff. The *Blue Bell* now dropped her very fast, and having got well over to Colaba again tacked, and passed across the *Wave's* bows,—the latter being still on port tack and a long way to leeward. The *Blue Bell* was now laying well for the Outer Light when a very heavy squall came on, covering both Yachts from view, and the *Wave* indeed had been seen for the last time. The squall blew furiously for about a quarter of an hour, and it was after the heaviest part of it had gone by that the *Wave* went down: she capsized suddenly, owing apparently to the alarm of the Fisherman who had charge of the main sheet, and who did not raise it when ordered. The Cutter, in the meantime, had been keeping a close luff under reduced sail along the Colaba shore and when the weather had cleared up, she looked out very anxiously for her antagonist. At this time the *Blue Bell* herself was in no very enviable position. She had been leaking all along her upper seams and deck, and had been taking in water at the rudder trunk throughout the race; and notwithstanding that the pump had been kept going the whole time and the men baling, the water came in so fast that no exertions could keep it down, and it was steadily gaining ground, and the boat was getting very dull, it became evident that she could never round the Outer Light in that condition, and the *Wave* not being to be seen, the *Blue Bell* wore round to return home and look out for her companion, for

whom serious apprehensions were now entertained. She ran down towards the place where she had last seen the *Wave* and fortunately espied her crew in the water, all of whom she picked up and brought safely home. Mr Keys and his men, about fourteep persons in all, had been in the water nearly a quarter of an hour, and strange to say, within half a mile of the *Charles Grant*, which vessel they were trying to reach, and yet they were all this time unseen, for not a boat was sent from the ship, although a pilot boat was laying alongside, to help to save them either before the arrival of the *Blue Bell* or afterwards.

Telegraph and Courier.

PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

LAHORE RACES.

REVISED PROSPECTUS.

First Day, Tuesday, November 13, 1849.

1st Race.—The Lahore Derby, for maiden Arabs, 3 years old, 7st. 7lbs., 4 years 8st. 4lbs., 5 years 8st. 10lbs., 6 and aged 9st. 1½ mile. Entrance 3 G. M. for horses named on or before the 15th June, 5 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st August, and 10 G. M. between the 1st August and 15th September, when the race closes; an extra 5 G. M. for horses declared to start, with 30 G. M. from the fund.

Nominations for 15th June.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|------------------------------|
| Mr Sims' | .. | b. | h. | .. | <i>Renegade</i> , aged. |
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Ghorchurra</i> , 5 years. |
| Mr. Sims' | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Akali</i> , 5 years. |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Charles</i> . |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles</i> . |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Dear Charles</i> . |
| Capt. John's | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Surplice</i> . |
| Capt. John's | .. | b. | h. | .. | <i>Shaik</i> . |
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , aged. |
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Balmoral</i> , 6 years. |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | c. | h. | .. | <i>Bamboo</i> , 5 years. |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | g. | h. | .. | <i>Romance</i> , 4 years. |
| Mr S. Davidge's | .. | c. | h. | .. | <i>The President</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | g. | a. | .. | <i>Austerlitz</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | a. | .. | <i>Copenhagen</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | a. | .. | <i>Revelation</i> . |
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | .. | <i>The Snatcher</i> . |
| Zinab-oo-deen's | .. | b. | a. | .. | <i>Taj</i> . |
| Zinab-oo-deen's | .. | b. | a. | .. | <i>Hum Dum</i> . |

Nominations for 1st August.

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|--------------|----|-----|----|----|----|-------------------------------------|
| Mr Hill's | .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Bishop</i> , late Champagne. |
| Mr John's | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Shere Singh</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Longwaist</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Florican</i> . |
| Sir Walter's | .. | gr. | | h. | .. | <i>Zubburdust</i> . |
| Mr Sims' | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Koh-i-noor</i> . |
| Mr James' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation</i> . |
| Mr James' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke</i> . |
| Mr Villiers' | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Zumbooruk</i> . |

2nd Race.—The Lahore Free Handicap: closed—acceptances.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|------|------|----|---|------|--------|
| Mr Villiers' | b. | c. | h. | <i>Etonian</i> , | 9st. | 10lbs. |
| Mr Rawlins' | nsw. | | b. | <i>Emigrant</i> , | 8st. | 10lbs. |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Nutcut</i> , | 8st. | 2lbs. |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs. |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | ca. | h. | <i>Hector</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs. |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Mooltan</i> , late <i>Black Hawk</i> , | 8st. | 10lbs. |
| Kinlock's | b. | a. | g. | <i>Master Charles</i> , late <i>Car-</i> | | |

touch. 8st. 4lbs.

Kinlock's g. a. h. *Sir Charles*, late *Baron*, 8st. 10lbs.

Capt. Frederick's g. a. g. *Pam*, 7st. 7lbs.

Mr F Davidge's g. a. h. *Reality*, 8st. 10lbs.

Mr Sims' b. a. g. *Renegade*, 7st. 7lbs.

Mr Sims' gr. a. h. *Goojrat*, late *Prince*, 7st. 7lbs.

N. B.—All bets on this race from date of acceptances to be P. P.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, 15 forfeit for Arabs, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. 1 mile; maidens allowed 7lbs., to close 1st September, and name 1st October.

No Subscribers.

4th Race.—The Charger Stakes of 3 G. M. each, 10 G. M. added from the fund, for horses that have never won public money except Charger Stakes, 10st. 7lbs., G. R., heats $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close and name the day before the race.

5th Race.—A Hack Stakes of 1 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added from the fund, 10st. 7lbs., G. R., heats $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, the winner to be sold for rupees 400 if demanded in the usual manner. The Committee to have first refusal. To close at the Ordinary.

Second Day, Thursday, November 15.

1st Race.—The Give and Take for Galloways, 5 G. M. each, 15 G. M. added from the fund, 14 hands, to carry 9st., $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close and name 1st October.

2nd Race.—The Gilbert Cup given by Sir W. R. Gilbert, for maiden Arabs; 10st. 7lbs., G. R., $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Entrance and day of closing the same as the Derby.

Nominations for 15th June.

| | | | | |
|--------------|-----|----|----|----------------------|
| Sir Walter's | gr. | h. | .. | <i>Zubbar dust.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. | h. | .. | <i>Zumbooruk.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. | h. | .. | <i>Punjab.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | b. | h. | .. | <i>Wakeel.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. | h. | .. | <i>Ghorchurra.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. | h. | .. | <i>The Gooroo.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. | h. | .. | <i>Akali.</i> |
| Kinlock's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Dear Charles.</i> |

| | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | g. | h. | .. | <i>Balmorah.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | c. | h. | .. | <i>The President.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | c. | h. | .. | <i>Bamboo.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Romance.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Austerlitz.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | h. | .. | <i>Copenhagen.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | h. | .. | <i>Revelation.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | g. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher.</i> |
| Zinab-oo-deen's | g. | h. | .. | <i>Shah-in-Shah.</i> |

Nominations for 1st August.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|-----|----|----|----|----------------------------|
| Mr Parr's | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Florican.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. | h. | .. | | <i>Oomrau, late Baron.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Koh-i-noor.</i> |

3rd Race.—The Claret Cups or Purse of 50 G. M. from the fund, for all horses, 9st. each; 'English horses 21lbs. extra; maidens allowed 5lbs., 2 miles. Entrance 15 G. M., 5 forfeit; to close and name 1st September. The winner of the Derby to carry 3lbs. extra.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|------|----|----|---|
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Nutcut.</i> |
| Mr Parr's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Revoke.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | capc | h. | .. | <i>Sir Harry.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Centurion, late Young Gazette.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Austerlitz, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr James' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Secunder.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Renegade.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Akali, Maiden.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Lall Sing.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Peshawur, late Mint Master.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Reality.</i> |

4th Race.—The Omnibus Stakes for all maidens; 20 G. M. from the fund; Calcutta weight for age; English horses 1st. extra; 2 miles. Entrance and day of closing the same as the Derby. Winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra.

Nominations for 15th June.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Akali, 5 years.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ghorchurra, 5 years.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Gooroo.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Dear Charles.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim.</i> |

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|----|--------------------------------|
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher</i> , 6 years. |
| Zinab-oo-deen's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Taj</i> . |
| Zinab-oo-deen's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Hum Dum</i> . |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Romance</i> . |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Bamboos</i> . |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The President</i> . |

Nominations for 1st August.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|------|----|----|--|
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Hilton</i> . |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Revelation</i> . |
| Mr Hill's | .. | ch | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Bishop</i> . |
| Mr John's | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Shere Singh</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Longwaist</i> . |
| Mr Villiers' | .. | b. | cb. | f. | .. | <i>Vanish by Achmet</i> , 4 years old. |
| Mr James' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation</i> . |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke</i> . |

5th Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, to forfeit, for maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each; $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close the 1st September and name the 1st October.

Nominations for 1st September.

Mr Pakenham—1 Subscription.
Mr James—1 Subscription.

Third Day, Saturday, November 17.

1st Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., with 25 G. M. added by Agha Alli, for all maiden Arabs purchased from him since 1st March 1848; Calcutta weight for age, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats, to close the 1st October, and name the day before the meeting. Five Nominations and three to start or the purse to be withheld. If there be 10 Nominations and three start an additional 15 G. M. will be given.

2nd Race.—A Cup given by the Officers of the 14th Light Dragoons, value Rs. 1,000 (or specie at the option of the winner) added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., half forfeit, for all horses. Three years old 8st. 7lbs., four 9st. 8lbs., five 10st. 11lb., six and aged 10st. 7lbs., 2 miles, G. R. English horses 21lbs. extra, Cape and N. S. Wales horses 14lbs., Country bred 7lbs. Horses that have never won before this meeting allowed 5lbs., winner once (at any time before this race) to carry 3lbs. extra, twice 5lbs., thrice 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st September. Three horses the property of different owners, not confederates, to start, or the Cup will not be given.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|----|-------------------------------------|
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , Maiden. |
| Mr Parr's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Revoke</i> . |
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher</i> , Maiden. |
| Mr Villiers' | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Barabbas</i> . |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Zumbooruk</i> , 6 years, Maiden. |

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|----|----|----|------------------------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Snuggler.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Austerlitz, Maiden.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Revelation, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr James' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Dear Charles.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Akali, 5 years, Maiden.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Goroo, 5 years, Maiden.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Lall Singh.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Wukeel, Maiden.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Oomrao, late Baron, Maiden.</i> |

3rd Race.—The Open Stakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit with 20 G. M. added from the fund for all horses, N. N. I. T. C. weight for age, C. B. 3lbs. extra, Colonial 6lbs., and English 21lbs. extra, 1½ mile: Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st September.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|------|----|----|--|
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Emigrant.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Balmorah, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr South names | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Paragon, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Cardinal's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Here-I-go, aged.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | .. | b. | ch. | m. | .. | <i>Vanish by Achmet, 6 yrs., Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Holdfast.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Copenhagen, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr James' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Secunder.</i> |
| Kinlock's | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | g. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Goojrat, Maiden.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | .. | .. | <i>Renegade, Maiden.</i> |
| Captain John's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Shaikh.</i> |
| Mr S. Davidge's | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>President.</i> |

4th Race.—A Hack Stakes of 1 G. M. each, 5 added from the fund, ¾ mile. The winner to be sold for rupees 200 if demanded in the usual manner, to come to scale with 10st. To close and name the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Monday, November 19.

1st Race.—The Champion Stakes for all horses, 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, with 20 G. M. added from the fund, 9st. 1½. To close and name the 1st September.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|----|------|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Mr Rawlins' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Nutcut.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | .. | b. | eng. | h. | .. | <i>Eltonian by Oppidan.</i> |

| | | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|--|
| Mr Pakenham's .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Centurion</i> , late <i>Young Gazelle</i> . |
| „ .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Austerlitz</i> . |

2nd Race.—The Give and Take for all horses 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, M. A. 15 G. M. added from the fund; 14 hands to carry 9st., heats 1 mile. To close and name 1st September.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|------------------------|
| Mr South names .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Dominie Skelp.</i> |
| Mr Parr's .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Boots.</i> |
| Captain Frederick's | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Pam.</i> |
| „ .. | b. | a. | g. | .. | <i>Ganymede.</i> |
| Kinlock's .. | b. | a. | g. | .. | <i>Master Charles.</i> |
| Mr Sims' .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Goojrat.</i> |
| „ .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Renegade.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| „ .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Bamboo.</i> |

3rd Race.—The Governor General's Cup for all horses; Arab and C. B. horses 10st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. Wales 11st., English 12st., G. R., 1½ miles, maidens on the day of naming allowed 5lbs., on the day of running 8lbs., (one allowance,) mares and geldings allowed 3lbs., Plate horses that have started once during the meeting and have not won allowed 3lbs., twice or oftener 5bs. The second horse to receive half the entrance. Entrance 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st August; 10 G. M. for horses named between that day and the 1st September, when the race will close; an additional entrance of 5 G. M. for each horse declared to start by 1 o'clock the day before the race.

Nominations for 1st August.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|----|----|---|
| Mr Pakenham's .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Sir Harry.</i> |
| „ .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Smuggler</i> , Maiden. |
| „ .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Hilton</i> , Maiden. |
| Mr Rawlins' .. | b. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Emigrant.</i> |
| „ .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , Maiden. |
| Mr Hill's .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Bishop.</i> |
| „ names .. | bk. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Moultan</i> , late <i>Black Hawk</i> . |
| Mr Cardinal's .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Here-I-go.</i> |
| Mr Parr's .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Longwaist.</i> |
| „ .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Florican.</i> |
| Kinlock's .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| „ .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| „ .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Sir Charles.</i> |
| Sir Walter's .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Loll Singh.</i> |
| „ .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Peshawur</i> , late <i>Mint Master</i> . |
| „ .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Wukeel</i> , Maiden. |
| „ .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Punjab</i> , Maiden. |
| „ .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Oomrau</i> , Maiden, late <i>Baron</i> . |
| Mr Villiers' .. | b. | c. | h. | .. | <i>Etonian.</i> |

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|----|----|----|--------------------------------|
| Mr Sims' | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Koh-i-noor, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Alali, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Gooroo, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ghorchurra, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Davidge's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| Mr James' | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Secunder, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher, Maiden.</i> |
| Zinah-oo-Deen's | .. | gr. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Shah-in-Shah, Maiden.</i> |

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|--------------------------|
| Captain Frederick's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Never-give-in.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Holdfast.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | b. | a. | g. | .. | <i>Renegade, Maiden.</i> |

4th Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit, for Arabs 8st. 7lbs., 2 miles, maidens allowed 5lbs. To close 1st September, and name the day before the meeting.

Nominations for 1st September.

Mr Hill—1 Subscription.

Mr James—1 Subscription.

5th Race.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund for all ponies 9st., heats $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Entrance 3 G. M., maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the day before the race.

Fifth Day, Wednesday, November 21.

1st Race.—A Cup or Purse, value 500 Rupees, given by a lover of Sport, for all horses, G. R., 2 miles, Arabs 10st., Cape and N. S. Wales horses 7lbs. extra, English horses 1st. extra, maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 5 G. M. and 5 G. M. extra for all horses declared to start: to close and name 15th October.

2nd Race.—The Consolation Stakes for all horses—horses valued at Rs. 300 to carry 9st., an additional 7lbs. for every hundred above 1 mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M., with 10 G. M. added from the fund; to close and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of 20 G. M. from the fund, for all horses, 10st. 7lbs., G. R. English horses 1st. extra, maidens allowed 7lbs., heats 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. M., to close and name 1st September, second horse to save his stake.

Nominations for 1st September.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|------|----|----|------------------------------|
| Mr Rawlius' | .. | b | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Emigrant.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ibrahim, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Cardinal's | .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Here-I-go.</i> |
| Mr Parr's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Post Master.</i> |
| Captain Frederick's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ganymede.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Never-give-in.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Snatcher, Maiden.</i> |

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|------|----|----|------------------------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Hector.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Holdfast.</i> |
| Mr James' | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Iron Duke.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Vexation.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | .. | b. | a. | g. | .. | <i>Renegade.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | .. | ch. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Lall Sing.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Wakeel, Maiden.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Peshawur, late Mint Master.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| " | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>President.</i> |

4th Race.—The Beaten Purse, for beaten horses of the meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards, 5 G. M. each with 20 G. M. added from the fund, 1 mil. Second horse to save his stake.

Rules.

The N. N. I. Turf Club rules to be in force. No horses allowed to start unless the owner has subscribed 5 G. M. except for the Hack, Pony and Charger Stakes. Entrances to be made in writing to the Secretary. The winner of each Race except the Hack, Charger and Pony to pay 16 Rs. to the fund. Each horse trained on the new Course to pay 8 Rs. to the fund. No horse to walk over for more than one race—the Champion excepted.

The Stewards will settle the order of running at the Ordinary, each day, for the next day's racing.

An Ordinary Tiffin will be held the day before each race day at 1 p. m. Public money to be withheld or given at the option of the Stewards should three horses from different stables not start.

The Stewards reserve to themselves the power to alter, if it be found necessary, the dates of Racing and order of running, but no change will be made in the weights or distances.

Stewards.

Major Charles Steuart, Captain Thomas Sissmore, Captain Pringle Shortreed, and Captain Francis Peyton.

H. P. BURN, *Secretary.*

NOTE.—The attention of Sportsmen is called to this revised Prospectus of the Lahore races, there being several material alterations made by the Stewards since the original was issued.

Mofussilite.

JULLUNDER RACES.

First Day, Tuesday, December 11, 1849.

1st Race.—Jullunder Leger of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile race, for all Maidens Arabs, 9st. each, to close and name 1st November, 4 G. M. forfeit if declared 1st December, and 7 G. M. the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—Give and Take Purse of 15 G. M., entrance 5 G. M., half forfeit, 14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, to close and name the 1st November.

3rd Race.—Little Welter of 15 G. M., entrance 5 G. M., half forfeit— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile—Arabs and Country-bred 9st.; Colonial 9st. 7lbs.; English 10st. 7lbs. To close and name the 1st December.

Second Day, Thursday, December 13.

1st Race.—The Goozerat Purse of — G. M. for all Horses, N. N. I. Turf Club weight for age; G. R., Horses named on or before the 1st October 5 G. M.; for Horses named between that and the 1st November, 10 G. M., when the Race will close. The winner of either of the Cups at Lahore to carry 5lbs. extra; Maidens allowed 7lbs.; Horses that have never started 10lbs.—2 miles; 5 G. M. for horses declared to start.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 15 G. M., 1 mile heat for all Horses, entrance 5 G. M., half forfeit, Arabs and Country-bred, 9st.; Colonial, 9st. 12lbs.; English, 11st. To close and name the 1st November.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Purse of 10 G. M., weight for valuation, 1,000 Rs. to carry 11st., and 4lbs. allowed for every 100 Rs. under; $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; entrance 3 G. M. Winner to be sold for valuation if claimed. To close and name the day before the Race.

Third Day, Saturday, December 15.

1st Race.—Jullunder Great Welter of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit, 2 mile race; G. R. 10st. 7lbs. each; English Horses 1st. extra. To close and name 1st November.

2nd Race.—Purse of 10 G. M. for all Hacks, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. G. R. 11st. each; entrance 3 G. M.; winner to be sold for 460 Rs. if claimed. To close and name the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 25 G. M. for all Horses, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, entrance 10 G. M., half forfeit; Arabs and Country-bred 9st.; Colonial 9st. 7lbs.; English 10st. 7lbs.; Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner once, 4lbs. extra; twice and oftener 7lbs. extra. To close and name 1st November.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, December 18.

1st Race.—The Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M., given by the Ladies; for all Horses, 11st., G. R. English Horses 1st, extra; $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats; entrance 5 G. M. To close and name 15th October.

2nd Race.—Give and Take for Galloways of 5 G. M. each, 10 G. M. added from the Fund; 14 hands to carry 9st. 1 mile heats. To close and name 1st November.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, half forfeit, for all Maiden Arabs, G. R., 10st. 7lbs., 1 mile. To close the 15th October and name the day before the Race.

Fifth Day, Thursday, December 20.

1st Race.—Forced Handicap for Winners, Hack and Consolation excepted, optional to losers; entrance 5 G. M., 10 G. M. from the Fund— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Race.

2nd Race.—Losers' Handicap, 15 G. M., entrance 5 G. M., 11 mile, heats for horses that have run for and not won public money during this meeting, 2 G. M. forfeit.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 100 Rupees, for all Ponies, entrance 2 G. M., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 9st.

Rules.

The N. N. I. Turf Club Rules to be in force.

The following rates of Subscription will entitle subscribers to nominations, viz:—

| | |
|---|-----------|
| For the 1st Race on each of the first three days, and the 3rd Race 3rd Day..... | 5 G. M. |
| For Consolation, Hacks and 5 days' Races | 2 G. M. |
| For the other Races, | 50 Rupees |

The Stewards will settle the order of running each day at the Ordinary for the next day's racing.

Public money will be withheld or given at the option of the Stewards, should three horses from different stables not start.

The winner of each Race, except Hack; Consolation, and Pony; to pay 8 Rs. for the Course; each horse trained on the Course to pay 4 Rs.

No Horse to walk over for more than one race. The decision of the Stewards to be final.

By order of the Stewards,

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| LIEUT.-COLONEL DOWNING | } |
| " MARKHAM, | |
| " WILSON, | |
| " INGLIS, | |
| MAJOR BARSTOW, | |
| T. F. STAPLES, | |

Secretary.

Mofussilite.

CALCUTTA RACES—1849-50.

FIRST MEETING.

First Day, Saturday, December 29, 1849.

1st Race.—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs, Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. An entrance of 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before 1st May 1849. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund and a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

If there are 20 nominations the 2nd horse to save his stake; if 30 nominations, the 2nd horse to receive 50 G. M.

Nominations of 1st May.

| | | | | |
|----------------------|------|----|----|---|
| Mr St. George's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Sir Henry.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Barefoot.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Talisman.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Young Honeysuckle, late Mayflower.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Giraffe.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| Mr Newman's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Revolution.</i> |
| " | bl. | a. | h. | <i>Pluto.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gazelle.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cavalier.</i> |
| Mr Brown's | roan | g. | a. | c. <i>Raby Ratler.</i> |
| " | roan | g. | a. | c. <i>Sir Robert.</i> |
| " | roan | g. | a. | c. <i>Paul Jones.</i> |
| " | roan | g. | a. | c. <i>Sir Charles.</i> |
| " | " | g. | a. | h. <i>Bedouin.</i> |
| " | iron | g. | a. | c. <i>The Iron Duke.</i> |
| Mr Charles' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Meteor.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ploughboy.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cyclone.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Goodwood.</i> |
| Mr Grey's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Kafkah.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | c. | <i>Zaburdust.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | c. | <i>Caravan.</i> |
| Abdool Rayman names, | b. | a. | c. | <i>Hurna.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | c. | <i>Kullyan.</i> |
| Mr Return's | g. | a. | c. | <i>Reserve.</i> |

Nominations of 1st Oct.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----|----|----|--------------|
| Mr Fox's | b. | a. | h. | Gun Cotton. |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | a. | c. | Dottheboys. |
| Mr Brown names | g. | a. | h. | Speculation. |

2nd Race—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. P., for all horses. 2 miles. 8st. 7lb. each. English horses to carry 7lb. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|------|----|-----------------|
| Mr Charles' | b. | eng. | m. | Morgiana. |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | eng. | m. | Maid of Athens. |
| " | c. | nsw. | h. | Prestwick. |
| " | c. | nsw. | g. | Lunatic. |

4th Race.—The Colonial Stakes, for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lb. An entrance of 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st May 1849. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st of October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the fund and a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Nominations of 1st May.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|------|----|--|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | nsw. | g. | Firefly. |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | Gladiator. |
| Mr Pye's | b. | nsw. | f. | Datura, by Sir Charles, out of young Lady Emily. |
| " | b. | nsw. | h. | Vanish, by Egremont, out of Lady Jane. |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | f. | Lady Augusta, by Gil Blas, out of Governess, by Operator, her dam Grissette by Camerton out of a Sheik Mare. |
| " | c. | nsw. | f. | Effie Deans, by Dover, out of Calendar. |
| " | g. | nsw. | g. | Boomarang, by Vagabond, out of a Skeleton Mare. |
| Mr Brown's | b. | nsw. | g. | Surveyor. |
| " | b. | cp. | h. | _____ |
| Mr Return's | c. | cb. | c. | Massaroni, out of an imported Arab mare by the English horse Tiptoe, by Bay Middleton. |
| Mr Grey's | c. | cb. | f. | Hebe. |
| " | g. | cb. | c. | By Vizier, dam Popsey. |

Nominations of 1st Oct.

Mr Brown names, blk. nsw. m. Princess, by Jersey, her dam by Buffalo, out of Mrs Leicester.

Second Day, Tuesday, January 1, 1850.

4th Race.—The Omnibus Stakes for maiden horses. R. C. and a distance. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry weight as follows:—

| | | |
|---------------|------|-------|
| 3 years | 8st. | 9lb. |
| 4 " | 9st. | 5lb. |
| 5 and upwards | 9st. | 11lb. |

Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial allowed 5lb. An entrance of 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of May 1849. 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund, and a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made by 2 P. M. the day before the race. If there are 15 nominations the second horse to save his stake, if 25 nominations, to receive 50 G. M.

Nominations of 1st May.

| | | | |
|---------------------|------------|-------|---|
| Mr Brown names | br. eng. | c | <i>Harlestone.</i> |
| Mr Brown's | b nsw. | g. | <i>Surveyor.</i> |
| " | roan g. | a. c. | <i>Raby Rattler.</i> |
| " | roan g. | a. c. | <i>Paul Jones.</i> |
| " | roan g. | a. c. | <i>Sir Robert.</i> |
| " | iron g. | a. c. | <i>The Iron Duke.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | b. nsw. | f. | <i>Datura.</i> |
| " | b. nsw. | h. | <i>Vanish.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. | <i>Young Honeysuckle.</i> |
| " | b. a. | h. | <i>Barefoot.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. | <i>Giraffe.</i> |
| " | b. a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| " | b. nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| " | b. nsw. | g. | <i>Gladiator.</i> |
| " | b. eng. | g. | <i>Precocious Youth.</i> |
| Mr Charles' | b. nsw. | f. | <i>Lady Augusta.</i> |
| " | c. nsw. | f. | <i>Effie Deans.</i> |
| " | c. eng. | h. | <i>Crassus, by Emilius, out of Variation.</i> |
| Mr Newman's | g. a. | h. | <i>Revolution.</i> |
| " | bl. a. | h. | <i>Pluto.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. | <i>Gazelle.</i> |
| " | roan g. a. | h. | <i>Cavalier.</i> |
| Mr Return's | c. cb. | c. | <i>Massaroni</i> |
| Abdool Rayman names | b. a. | c. | <i>Hurna.</i> |
| " | g. a. | c. | <i>Kullyan.</i> |
| Mr Grey's | c. cb. | f. | <i>Hebe.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. | <i>Kafilah.</i> |
| " | g. a. | c. | <i>Zuburdust.</i> |
| " | g. a. | c. | <i>Caravan.</i> |

Nominations of 1st October.

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------|----|--------------------|
| Mr Fox's | b. a. | h. | <i>Gun Cotton.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. a. | c. | <i>Dotheboys.</i> |
| Mr Brown names | blk. nsw. | m. | <i>Princess.</i> |

Third day, Thursday, January 3.

1st. Race—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., 11. F. and 15 G. M. forfeit if declared the day before the

Meeting, for all horses. Two miles. English horses to carry the same weight as in the Omnibus Stakes. Maidens allowed 10lbs; the winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of October.

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| 3 years, | 7st. | 4lb. |
| 4 " | 8st. | 4lb. |
| 5 " | 8st. | 12lb. |
| 6 & aged | 9st. | 2lb. |
| Mr Charles' | b. nsw. | f. <i>Lady Augusta.</i> |
| " | c. nsw. | f. <i>Effie Deans.</i> |
| " | g. nsw. | f. <i>Boomarang.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | b. nsw. | h. <i>Vanish.</i> |
| " | b. nsw. | f. <i>Datura.</i> |
| Mr Return's | blk. nsw. | h. <i>Garroogin.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. nsw. | g. <i>Firefly.</i> |
| " | b. a. | c. <i>Dotheboys.</i> |
| " | c. cb. | g. <i>Pretender.</i> |

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., H. F. for all horses. St. Leger Course. 8st. 7lb. each. English horses to carry 7lb. extra. Maidens allowed 7lb. To close and name 1st October.

| | | |
|---------------|---------|-----------------------------|
| Mr Charles' | b. eng. | m. <i>Morgiana.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. eng. | g. <i>Precocious Youth.</i> |
| " | b. eng. | m. <i>Maid of Athens.</i> |
| " | c. nsw. | h. <i>Prestwick.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | b. nsw. | m. <i>Greenmantle.</i> |

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., for Maiden horses. Three quarters of a mile. 9st. each. Arabs allowed 10lbs. To close 1st October and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Mr Charles.

Mr Pye.

Mr Holdfast.

4th Race.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for Maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile. 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st October.

| | | |
|---------------|-------|------------------------------|
| Mr Charles' | b. a. | h. <i>Meteor.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. <i>Ploughboy.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | g. a. | h. <i>Young Honeysuckle.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. | h. <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. <i>Giraffe.</i> |
| " | b. a. | h. <i>Bonanza.</i> |

Fourth Day, Saturday, January 5.

1st Race.—Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 forfeit, for Maiden Arabs. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby allowed 7lbs. To close and name the 1st October.

| | | |
|-------------|-------|----------------------|
| Mr Charles' | b. a. | h. <i>Meteor.</i> |
| " | g. a. | h. <i>Ploughboy.</i> |

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|------|----|----|----|---------------------------|
| Mr Fox's | | b. | a. | h. | <i>Gun Cotton.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | | g. | a. | h. | <i>Young Honeysuckle.</i> |
| " | | b. | a. | h. | <i>Barefoot.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's * | | g. | a. | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| " | | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gazelle.</i> |
| " | | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| " | | b. | a. | c. | <i>Dottheboys.</i> |
| Mr Brown's | roan | g. | a. | c. | <i>Sir Robert.</i> |
| Mr Grey | | g. | a. | c. | <i>Zuburdust.</i> |
| " | | g. | a. | c. | <i>Caravan.</i> |

Fifth Day.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Mr Charles.
Mr Pye.
Mr Holdfast.

Sixth Day, Tuesday, January 10.

1st Race.—The Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 ft. for all horses. Two miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry the same as in the Omnibus Stakes, the winner of the Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs extra Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close and name the 1st October. If there are 15 nominations, the second horse to receive 50 G. M.

| | | | | |
|----------------|------|------|----|--------------------------|
| Mr Charles' | b. | eng. | m. | <i>Morgiana.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Lady Augusta.</i> |
| " | c. | nsw. | g. | <i>Effie Deans.</i> |
| " | g. | nsw. | g. | <i>Boomarang.</i> |
| Mr Fox's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Gun Cotton.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | b. | nsw. | f. | <i>Datura.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | h. | <i>Vanish.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Barefoot.</i> |
| Mr Return's | blk. | nsw. | h. | <i>Garroogin.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | eng. | g. | <i>Precocious Youth.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | c. | <i>Dottheboys.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| " | c. | cb. | g. | <i>Pretender.</i> |
| " | c. | nsw. | h. | <i>Prestwick.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Greenmantle.</i> |
| Mr Brown names | b. | eng. | c. | <i>Harlestone.</i> |
| Mr Grey's | g. | cb. | f. | <i>Hebe.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | c. | <i>Caravan.</i> |

E. K. O. GILBERT,
Steward and Secretary.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND CALCUTTA MEETING,— 1849-50.

First Day, Saturday, February 4.

1st Race.—The Merchants' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. St. Leger Course. Calcutta weight for 'age. English horses to carry 1st. extra, Arabs allowed 7lbs.; Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the day before the first meeting. Three horses to start or the plate to be withheld.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Gilbert mile.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|-------|
| English horses to carry,..... | 10st. | 7lbs. |
| Cape and New South Wales,..... | 9 | 7 |
| Country-breds and Arabs, | 8 | 7 |
| Maidens allowed, | 0 | 7 |

To close the day before the first meeting, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race. *

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. Craven distance. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Co.'s Rs. 2,000, with the option of selling at Rs. 1,600, Rs. 1,200 and Rs. 1,000. Weights as follows:—

| | English. | | Colonial. | | C. B. | | Arabs. | |
|-------|----------|-------|-----------|------|-------|-------|--------|-------|
| | 10st. | 7lbs. | 10st. | 11b. | 9st. | 9lbs. | 9st. | 3lbs. |
| 2,000 | | | | | | | | |
| 1,600 | 10 | 0 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 2 | 8 | 10 |
| 1,200 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 3 | 8 | 11 | 8 | 5 |
| 1,000 | 9 | 1 | 8 | 9 | 8 | 3 | 7 | 11 |

Three Subscribers or no race.

To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

Second Day, Tuesday, February 7.

1st Race.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 15 ft. and only 5, if declared the day before the meeting. For all horses. R. C. Horses' names to be given into the Secretary on the 12th January, and weights declared on the 19th January.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses. R. C. 8st. 7lb. each. A winner once prior to the 1st Oct. 1849, to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs., three times or oftener 10lbs. extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st Oct. 1849, allowed 7lbs. English Horses 2st. extra. To close the day before the first meeting, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., H. F., for all Horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st Oct. 1849. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a Mile.

| | | |
|---------------------|-------|-------|
| English Horses..... | 10st. | 7lbs. |
| Colonial..... | 9 | 7 |
| C. Bs | 9 | 0 |
| Arabs..... | 8 | 7 |

To close the day before the first meeting and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

4th Race.—Abdool Rohman's Purse of 50 G. M. for maiden Arabs sold by or belonging to him since 1st July 1849. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. 5 G. M. for all horses entered on or before the 10th Dec. 1849, and 10 G. M. for horses entered between that date and 10th January 1850, when the race will close. A further sum of 15 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 p. m. the day before the meeting. Three horses to start or the Purse to be withheld.

Third Day, Thursday, February 9.

1st Race.—The Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for all horses. St. Leger Course. To be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the meeting. Three horses to start or the Plate to be withheld.

2nd Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 15 forfeit for all horses. Two miles. 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the day before the meeting, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previous to the 1st Oct. 1849. Byculla weight for age. R. C. To close and name the day before the first meeting.

4th Race.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 5 ft., for all horses. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary by 2 p. m. on the 2nd day of the meeting and weights to be published by 9 a. m. the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Saturday, February 11.

1st Race.—Forced Handicap of 10 G. M. each. Two miles. For winning horses only, for which all winners during the first and second meeting must enter. Hack Stakes, Selling Stakes and Matches excepted.

2nd Race.—Free Handicap of 20 G. M. each, for the beaten horses of both meetings. Heats $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay 5 G. M.

All forfeits are to be declared to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race, except when otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

The provisions appended to the Prospectus of the First Meeting are equally applicable to the Second, with the exception of the allowance of 5lbs. to horses that have started more than 200 miles from Calcutta, subsequent to the 5th of November, 1849.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| SIR JOHN CHEAPE, K. C. B., | } <i>Stewards.</i> |
| MAJOR T. C. TIMINS, H. M. 70TH. | |
| WM. GREY, | |
| ROBT. STOFFORD, | |
| E. K. O. GILBERT, | |

E. K. O. GILBERT, *Secretary.*

AUSTRALIAN PLATE.

CALCUTTA 1ST MEETING 1850 51.

(*Day to be fixed by the Stewards.*)

For all Australian Horses, Maidens on the 1st October 1850. Calcutta weight for age. St. Leger Course.

Horses entered on or before 1st Dec., 1849, 3 G. M.

Ditto between that date and 1st May, 1850, 8 G. M.

Ditto between 1st of May and 1st Sept. 1850, 12 G. M.

Ditto between 1st of Sept. and 1st Dec. 1850, 20 G. M.

When the Race will close. A further sum of 10 G. M. for all Horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race. Mares and gelding allowed 3lbs. All horses landed in India subsequent to the 1st June 1850, allowed 5lbs. *All nominations must be accompanied by the entrance money, and a full and accurate description of the horse entered. If there are 20 nominations the second horse to save his stake—if 30, the second horse to receive 50 G. Ms.—and the third horse to save his stakes.*

E. K. O. GILBERT, *Secretary.*

ALLIPORE CHAMPAIGN STAKES FOR 1851.

Sixth year of the Allipore Champaign Stakes, 50 G. M., 10 forfeit if declared the day before the meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race; for all Arabs entitled to run as Maidens on the Calcutta Course on the 29th December 1849. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on the 1st October 1850 allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 28th December 1849. Entrances may be received up to that date at Madras, Bombay, and elsewhere in India, by the Secretaries of the respective meetings.

E. K. O. GILBERT.

Steward and Secretary.

MHOW RACES.

First Day, Thursday, February 7, 1850.

1st Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 300 Rs. from the fund, half forfeit if declared on or before the 1st January 1850; for all Maiden Arabs, Byculla weight for age. R. C., horses that have never started allowed 5lbs. to close the 1st December 1849, name 1st February 1850.

2nd Race.—The Indore Purse of 300 Rs. for all Arabs, 9st. each; Maidens allowed 7lbs. once round the Course, entrance 50 Rs. P. P. to close the 1st January 1850, and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Cheroot Stakes of 20 Rs. each, with 80 Rs. added for all horses, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. heats, one Mile.

Second Day, Saturday, February 9.

1st Race.—A Purse of 160 Rs. each, with 300 Rs. added, half forfeit if declared on or before the day before the race; for all Maiden Arabs and Country bred, 8st. 7lbs., Caps and New South Wales 7lbs. extra, English 1st. 7lbs. and winner of Maiden Race first day 7lbs. extra, to close the 1st December 1849, and name the day before the Race, 2 Miles.

2nd Race.—The Charger Stakes of 2 G. M. each, with 100 Rs. added, 10st. 7lbs., for all horses *bona fide* chargers and ridden on parade during the season, G. R. heats $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

3rd Race.—The Little Welter of 5 G. M. each, with 200 Rs. added, for all horses, Arabs and Country bred 10st., Cape and New South Wales 10st. 7lbs., English 11st. 7lbs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

Third Day, Tuesday, February 12.

1st Race.—The Holkar's Cup, value Rupees 1000 for all horses, entrance Rupees 100. P. P. except for any person taking more than one nomination, in which case on starting one horse, half forfeit on the remaining nominations will be allowed, heats, round the Course and a distance, Byculla weight for age, English horses to carry $1\frac{1}{2}$ st. Colonial horses 7lbs. and Country bred horses 5lbs. extra. Winners once before the day of running to carry 5lbs., twice 8lbs., thrice or oftener 12lbs. extra, to close on the 1st December 1849, and name the day before the Meeting. Horses that have marched from any station after the 25th December 1849, will be allowed at the rate of 2lbs. for every hundred (100) Miles of distance. Three horses *bona fide* from separate stables to start or the Cup withheld. The Cup to be run for in February.

Terms—Disputes as to terms of race for the Holkar's Cup to be decided by a reference to the Resident, disputes as to running and all other matters by the Stewards.

2nd Race.—Hack Purse of 20 Rs. each, with 100 Rs. added, 10st. 7lbs. for all horses. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed in the usual manner, heats $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile, G. R.

3rd Race.—Oolta Poolta Stakes of 20 Rs. each, with 100 Rs. added, for all horses, the last horse to win provided he is within 150 yards of the horse that reaches the winning post first. Round the Course, G. R. but no one to ride his own nomination.

Fourth Day, Thursday, February 14.

1st Race.—Jowrah Nawab's Purse (if given) on its terms.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 80 Rs. each, with 300 Rs. added, for all horses—weight for inches 14 hands, 8st. 7lbs. heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Stakes of 2 G. M. each; with 150 Rs. added, for all horses; if to be sold for 400 Rs. 9st., 500 Rs. 9st. 7lbs., 600 Rs. 10st., 700 Rs. 10st. 7lbs., 800 Rs. 11st. $3\frac{1}{4}$ Mile race.

Fifth Day, Saturday, February 16.

1st Race.—A Forced Handicap of 4 G. M. each, and 1 G. M. extra for each race won, with 300 Rs. added, for all winners, optional to winners of the Hacks, Chargers, Oolta Poolta, and Consolation Stakes. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile race.

2nd Race.—A Beaten Plate of 50 Rs. each, with 200 Rs. added, for the beaten horses of the Meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards, heats $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit, for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs., to close on the 1st December 1849, and name the day before the Race. $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile race.

RULES.

Those for the Calcutta Course, with the following additions:

1st.—The Decision of the Stewards to be final.

2nd.—Horses to be measured and aged on the 5th February 1850. Horses measuring in shoes allowed $1\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

3rd.—Horses that have marched from any station after the 25th December 1849, will be allowed 2lbs. for every hundred (100) Miles of distance travelled.

4th.—A Horse walking over for a Race to receive half the public money—which he can only do once.

5th.—Sealed Nominations with entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before the Race and to be opened at the Ordinary.

6th.—Winners to pay 8 Rs. and Losers 4 Rs. for Race Course expenses.

7th.—No person to be allowed to start a horse for public money unless a Subscriber to the Race of 80 Rs. The Cheroot, Charger, Hack, Oolta Poolta, and Consolation Stakes excepted, for which a subscription of 2 G. M. is required.

8th.—All Confederacies to be declared in writing to the Secretary and published at the Ordinary the day before the Meeting.

9th.—In the event of a deficiency in funds an equal percentage to be deducted for all Purses, should they be in excess, the percentage to be added to all except those Races mentioned in Rule 7th. Should the excess amount to Rupees 500 a sixth day's Racing to be drawn up by the Stewards. The present 5th day then becoming the 6th.

10th.—The Mhow Course is $1\frac{1}{2}$ Mile and 90 yards.

MARK, *Race Secretary.*

Mofussilite.

SONEPORE RACES—1849.

ADDITIONAL RACE, FOURTH DAY.

A Plate of Rs. 500 presented by Rajah Modenarain for all Horses added to a Sweepstakes of ten Gold Mohurs each—five forfeit; weight for age as below, Maidens allowed 7lbs. Craven distance. Gentlemen riders. To close and name on the 15th September.

| | st. | lb. |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|
| 3 Years old..... | 9 | 5 |
| 4 Ditto..... | 10 | 2 |
| 5 Ditto..... | 10 | 10 |
| 6 Ditto and aged..... | 11 | 0 |

The following nominations have been received for the races closing on the 15th Sept. and are now published with those of the 1st of June.

E. HARBORD, *Secretary.*

PATNA, *Sept 18, 1849.*

THE SONEPORE DERBY.

Nominations of the 1st of June.

First Day.

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|--------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | a. | h. | Bonanza. |
| " | g. | a. | h. | Blood Royal. |
| Mr Fox's | c. | a. | h. | Sea Gull. |
| " | b. | a. | h. | Wuzeer. |
| " | b. | a. | h. | Gun Cotton. |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. | a. | h. | Honeycomb. |
| Mr Seymour's | g. | a. | h. | Soothsayer. |

Nominations of the 15th of September.

Mr Fitzpatrick's g. a. h. *Nabocklish.*

THE SONEPORE COLONIAL.*Nominations of the 1st of June.*

Mr Fitzpatrick's b. nsw. m. *Sweet Briar.*

„ b. nsw. m. *Woodbine.*

Mr Holdfast's b. nsw. g. *Firefly.*

Mr Pearson's b. nsw. g. *The Premier, by Mameluke, out of Smart, by Emigrant.*

Mr Gipp's b. nsw. g. *Lindenow, by Young Gustavus, Dam by Pros.*

Nominations of the 1st of September.

Mr Moysten's g. nsw. g. *Box and Cox, Pedigree unknown.*

THE DUBBANGAH CUP.

Mr Holdfast's b. nsw. m. *Bellona.*

„ c. cb. c. *Pretender.*

Not filled.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Arabs one mile, Sonapore weight for age. Maidens allowed 5lbs.

No Subscribers.

*Second Day.***THE CHUMPARUN CUP.**

Mr Holdfast's b. nsw. g. *Firefly.*

„ c. cb. c. *Pretender.*

Mr Fox's b. c. h. *Cape Lad.*

Not filled.

THE DHUMRAN CUP.

Mr Holdfast's g. a. h. *Blood Royal.*

„ b. a. h. *Bonanza.*

Not filled.

A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all horses. Maidens on the day of the race Sonapore weight for age. R. C.

No Subscribers.

*Third Day.***CIVILIANS' CUP.***Nominations of the 1st of June.*

Mr Fox's c. a. h. *Sea Gull.*

„ b. a. h. *Wuseer.*

„ b. a. h. *Gun Cotton.*

Mr Holdfast's b. a. h. *Bonanza.*

„ g. a. h. *Blood Royal.*

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|----|---|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Bellona.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Woodbine.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Sweetbriar.</i> |
| Mr Gipp's | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Lindenow.</i> |
| " | bk. | nsw. | m. | <i>Lass of Taraville, by Young Gustarus, Dam by Barrow.</i> |
| Mr Pearson's | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>The Premier.</i> |
| Mr Holdfast's | c. | cb. | c. | <i>Pretender.</i> |

SONEPORE WELTER.

Mr Mortlock, one subscription.

Mr Fitzpatrick, ditto.

Not filled.

Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F. for all horses; R. C. Maidens allowed £7.

Mr Holdfast one Nomination.

Fourth Day.

SONEPORE CUP.

Nominations of the 1st of June.

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|----|---------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| " | g. | a. | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Bellona.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| " | c. | cb. | c. | <i>Pretender.</i> |
| Mr Fox's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sea Gull.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Wuzeer.</i> |
| " | b. | a. | h. | <i>Gun Cotton.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Honeycomb.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Woodbine.</i> |
| Mr Gipp's | bk. | nsw. | m. | <i>Lass of Taraville.</i> |

Nominations of 15th September.

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|-----------------|
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee.</i> |
|------------------|----|----|----|-----------------|

A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maiden country bred horses. R. C. Sonepore Weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

Mr Fortescue one nomination.

Not filled.

A Sweepstakes 25 G. M., 10 F. for all horses. R. C. 8st. 7lbs each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 1 stone

Mr Holdfast one Nomination.

MODENARAIN CUP.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|------|----|-----------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| " | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| Mr Mortlock's | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Nimrod.</i> |

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|-----|----|-----------------------|
| Mr Fox's | b. | c. | h. | <i>Cape Lad.</i> |
| Mr Fortescue's | b. | eb. | g. | <i>Edward Morgan.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nabocklish.</i> |
| „ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee.</i> |

Fifth Day.

HUTWA CUP.

Nominations of the 1st of June.

| | | | | |
|------------------|------|------|----|---------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| „ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| „ | g. | a. | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | nsw. | m. | <i>Woodbine.</i> |
| „ | g. | a. | h. | <i>Honeycomb.</i> |
| Mr Gipp's | blk. | nsw. | m. | <i>Lass of Taraville.</i> |
| Mr Fox's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sea Gull.</i> |
| „ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Wuzeer.</i> |
| „ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Gun Cotton.</i> |

Nominations of the 15th of September.

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nabocklish.</i> |
|------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|

E. HARBORD, *Secretary.*

DEHRA RACES.

First Day, Saturday, September 20, 1849.

Maiden Race.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----|----|----|------------------------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Austerlitz.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Copenhagen.</i> |
| Mr Hill's | c. | a. | h. | <i>The Bishop, late Champagne.</i> |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Longwaist.</i> |
| Mr John's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shere Singh.</i> |
| The Cardinal's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Hafiz.</i> |

Silver Cup presented by a Lover of Sport.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----|------|----|---------------------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Austerlitz.</i> |
| Mr Parr's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Florican.</i> |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Post Master.</i> |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Mooltan, late Blackhawk.</i> |
| The Cardinal's | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Here-I-go.</i> |

*Second Day, Tuesday, September 25.***Mussoorie Cup.**

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|------|----|--|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Austerlitz</i> , 5 years. |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Centurion</i> , late <i>Young Gazelle</i> . |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Mooltan</i> . |
| Mr Hill's | c. | a. | h. | <i>The Bishop</i> . |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Hafiz</i> . |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> . |

The Helter.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|------|----|----------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | ch. | h. | <i>Hector</i> . |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Mooltan</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Post Master</i> . |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> . |

Match 25 G. M. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles—8st. 7lbs. each.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , against |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Longwaist</i> . |

*Third Day, Thursday, September 27.***The Tradesman's Plate.**

| | | | | |
|---------------|----|----|----|----------------------|
| Mr Hill's | c. | a. | h. | <i>The Bishop</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Longwaist</i> . |
| Mr John's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shere Singh</i> . |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Hafiz</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Austerlitz</i> . |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> . |

A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. G. R.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----|------|----|--------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast</i> . |
| Mr Parr's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Revoke</i> . |
| Mr Charles' | b. | nsw. | g. | <i>Mooltan</i> . |
| The Cardinal's | b. | ch. | h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> . |

Mofussilite.

MADRAS SPRING MEETING.—1850.

FIRST DAY,—THE MAIDEN.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|------|----|----|-----------------------|
| Mr Smollett's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Royalist.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Retriever.</i> |
| " | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Rockingham.</i> |
| Mr Ireland's | .. | b. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Paul Pry.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Fugitive.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Ace of Trumps.</i> |
| Mr South's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Benbow.</i> |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | bn. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Bronze.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Amulet.</i> |

FOURTH DAY,—THE NABOB'S CUP.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|-----|------|----|----|----------------------------------|
| Mr Smollett's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Whalebone.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Royalist.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Retriever.</i> |
| " | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Rockingham.</i> |
| Capt. Campbell's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Child of the Islands.</i> |
| Mr Ireland's | .. | b. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Paul Pry.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Thunder.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Lightning.</i> |
| Mr South's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Benbow.</i> |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | bn. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Bronze.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Amulet.</i> |

FIFTH DAY,—THE CLUB HANDICAP STAKES.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|-----|------|----|----|----------------------------------|
| Mr Smollett's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Whalebone.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Royalist.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Retriever.</i> |
| " | .. | c. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Rockingham.</i> |
| Capt. Campbell's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>The Child of the Islands.</i> |
| Mr Ireland's | .. | b. | nsw. | h. | .. | <i>Paul Pry.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Fugitive.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Thunder.</i> |
| Mr South's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Benbow.</i> |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | bn. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Bronze.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Amulet.</i> |
| " | .. | g. | a. | c. | .. | <i>Agate.</i> |
| " | .. | b. | a. | c. | .. | <i>Cameo.</i> |

S. D. BIRCH,
Secretary and Steward.

Madras Athenæum.

The Secretary Madras Race Committee begs to draw attention to the terms of the following Races :—

Spring Meeting 1850.

| | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|---|
| First day..... | The Maiden | } Last day for closing and naming, 1st September. |
| do..... | The Arab Stakes | |
| Second day..... | The Ladies' Purse | |
| Fourth day..... | The Nabob's Cup | } Second day for naming, 1st September, |
| Fifth day | The Club | |
| Handicap..... | Stakes, | |

Madras Spectator.

ENTRANCE TO BANGALORE RACES.

To 1st August 1849.

The Derby.

23 Entrances on 1st April.

1st August.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|----|------------------------|
| Capt. Keown's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Blueskin.</i> |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Dernier Resort.</i> |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | b. | a. | c. | .. | <i>Cameo.</i> |

The Colt's Plate.

Mr Boynton.

„ Ems.

Capt. Macartney.

„ O'Leary.

The Great Welter.

Mr Boynton.

Capt. Macartney.

Mr Ireland.

30 G. M. Sweepstakes.

Capt. Campbell.

Mr Boynton.

„ Sparrow.

Capt O'Leary.

Mr Ireland.

The Cup.

8 Entrances on 1st April.

1st August.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|------|----|----|------------------------------|
| Capt. Campbell's | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Child of the Islands.</i> |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | b | cape | h. | .. | <i>Bachelor.</i> |

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----|-----|----|----|------------------------|
| Capt. Keown's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Blueskin.</i> |
| „ O'Leary's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Adamant.</i> |
| „ „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Benbow.</i> |
| Mr Ireland's | .. | bk. | nsw | h. | .. | <i>Gelding Simoom.</i> |

Omnibus Stakes.

13 Entrances on 1st April.

1st August.

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|------|----|----|------------------------|
| Capt. Campbell's | .. | b. | nsw. | c. | .. | <i>Gelding.</i> |
| „ Venture, late | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | <i>Boomarang.</i> |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | b. | cape | h. | .. | <i>Bachelor.</i> |
| „ | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Dernier Resort.</i> |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | b. | a. | c | .. | <i>Cameo.</i> |
| „ | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Benbow.</i> |

50 G. M. Sweepstakes.

Capt. Campbell.

Mr Boynton.

„ Sparrow.

Capt. O'Leary.

Mr Ireland.

The Purse.

Capt. Campbell.

Mr Boynton.

„ Sparrow.

Capt. O'Leary.

Mr Ireland.

„

Hurdle Race.

Mr Sparrow's .. b. nsw. h. .. *Pilot.*Mr Aker's .. ch. a. h. .. *The Rejected.*

Open until 1st October at 5 G. M.

Mysore Meeting.

Rajah's Plate.

Mr Boynton 2 Nominations.

„ Ems.

Capt. Macartney.

Mr Russell.

Capt. O'Leary.

Mr Ireland.

DESYMONS BARROW, *Secretary,**Bangalore Races.*Bangalore, 2d Aug.—*Madras Spectator.*

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY.

The *Craven Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses and mares of all ages; two year olds, 4st. 7lb.; three, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lbs. Craven Course, one mile and a quarter.—Did not fill.

Match—100, h. ft. T. Y. C.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|----|-------------|---|
| Mr Greville's .. | <i>Cariboo</i> , .. | 2 years, 6st. 7lbs. | .. | Dockeray .. | 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Mirror</i> , .. | 3 years, 8st. 7lbs. | .. | Flatman .. | 2 |

Betting.—5 to 2 on Cariboo.

The *Mirror* cut out the work at a slow pace for the first quarter of a mile, whence they cantered down the hill together, the *Mirror* having a slight lead. At the bottom the pace was mended, but the young-un continued to wait until they were within the distance, when he shot ahead, went on with the lead, and won by a length.

Run in 1 min. 24 sec.

The *Orange Stakes* (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added from the fund; for three years olds and upwards. The owner of the second horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. Last mile and half. 17 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|---|-------------------------|------------|---|
| Mr Payne's .. | <i>Saucy Dick</i> , | .. 3 years, 7st 3lbs... | Dockeray.. | 1 |
| Mr Greville's .. | <i>Clarissa</i> , | .. 3 years, 7st 7lbs... | Flatman.. | 2 |
| Mr Rolt's .. | <i>Cossachia</i> , | .. 5 years, 8st 4lbs.. | F. Butler, | 3 |
| Lord Clifden's .. | <i>St. Antonio</i> , | .. 4 years, 8st | .. Pearl, | 6 |
| Mr Ramabottom's. | f. by <i>Velocipede</i> — <i>Miss Wilfred</i> | 3 years, 6st 9lbs.. | G. Brown, | 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Syrup</i> , | .. 3 years, 6st 9lbs.. | Kitchener, | 0 |

It will be seen by the subjoined details there were two races for these stakes; in the first, The *Flea*, 7st. 9lb. (A. Day), and *Rodney*, 7st. 2lb. (Franks) also ran; and the betting was 5 to 2 agst *Clarissa*—3 to 1 agst *Syrup*—5 to 1 agst *Cossachia*—5 to 1 agst *St. Antonio*—7 to 1 agst The *Flea*—7 to 1 agst *Saucy Dick*.

Saucy Dick took the lead, followed by *St. Antonio*, *Rodney*, *Syrup* and *Cossachia*, *Clarissa* lying on the offside of *Cossachia*. In pretty nearly the same order they arrived within the distance, where *Saucy Dick* was joined by *Clarissa* and *Cossachia*. The *Flea*, *St. Antonio*, *Miss Wilfred* filly, and *Syrup*, running in their wake. *Saucy Dick*, notwithstanding the challenge he had received, maintained his position in admirable form, and won very cleverly by a length. A neck between second and third.

Run in 2 min. 16 sec.

After, however, the jockeys engaged in the race for the Inn-keeper's Plate had weighed, and were preparing to saddle, it was discovered that in this race, instead of going the specified distance, a mile and a half, only a mile and a quarter had been run; the race was consequently pronounced *nil*, and the Stewards decided the horses should start again forthwith. All bets to stand according to the following rule:—

"40.—When the riders of any horses brought out to run for any race are called upon by the person appointed to start them to take their places for that purpose, the owner of every horse which comes up to the post shall be considered as liable to pay his whole stake and all bets respecting such horses shall be considered as play or pay bets."

At starting the second time the betting was even on Saucy Dick—3 to 1 agst Clarissa—4 to 1 agst Cossachia.

Saucy Dick went away with a strong lead, which he maintained to the distance, where Clarissa and Cossachia put on all the steam, but the truth of the previous running was strikingly exemplified—Saucy Dick defeating their resolute efforts, and at last winning easily by a length. Clarissa beating Cossachia for second place by a head. Miss Wilfred filly, St. Antonio, and Syrup, some lengths astern, finished in the order named.

Run in 2 min. 47 sec.

The Inn-keeper's Plate of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; two yr olds, 5st. 7lb.; three, 7st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demand, &c. Y. T. C. 8 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|-----------|---------------|---|
| Lord Strathmore's | .. <i>The Seraph</i> , | .. 3 yrs. | .. J. Marson, | 1 |
| Col. Peel's | .. <i>Taffrail</i> , | .. 4 yrs. | .. Flatman, | 2 |
| Duke of Richmond's | .. <i>Pell Mell</i> , | .. 5 yrs. | .. F. Butler, | 3 |
| Lord Clifden's | .. <i>Sagacity</i> , | .. 5 yrs. | .. Robinson, | 0 |
| Mr Williams' | .. <i>Laundrymaid</i> , | .. 6 yrs. | .. Abraham, | 0 |
| Mr Hobson's | .. <i>Carbuncle</i> , | .. 3 yrs. | .. Crouch, | 0 |
| Mr Howard's | .. <i>Romantic</i> , | .. 3 yrs. | .. A. Day, | 0 |
| Mr Burgess's | .. <i>Hind of the Forest</i> , | .. 4 yrs. | .. J. Sharp, | 0 |

Betting.—2 to 1 agst Sagacity—3 to 1 agst Pell Mell—4 to 1 agst Taffrail—4 to 1 agst Hind of the Forest.

Taffrail jumped off in front, and made the running to the foot of the hill, where the Seraph and Pell Mell joined issue. A close race home with the three ended in favour of the Seraph, who won by a neck, Taffrail beating Pell Mell for second place by a head. Hind of the Forest was fourth, Laundrymaid next, the others scattered.

Run in 1 min. 21 sec.

The winner was claimed. The trainer of The Seraph was fined two sovereigns for not running in his proper colors.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h ft, for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; to run at four yrs old. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. The new Queen's Plate Course, about three miles and five furlongs. 11 subs.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|---------------|------|
| Lord Edington's | .. <i>Glen Saddle</i> , | .. Marlow | .. 1 |
| Col. Anson's | .. <i>Backbiter</i> , | .. F. Butler, | .. 2 |
| Lord Clifden's | .. <i>Loadstone</i> , | .. Robinson, | .. 3 |
| Mr Powney's | .. <i>Nil Desperandum</i> , | .. A. Day, | .. 0 |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst Glen Sattel—5 to 2 agst Loadstone—3 to 1 agst Backbiter—5 to 1 agst Nil Desperandum.

Glen Sattel took the lead, with Backbiter second, Loadstone third, Nil Desperandum fourth; an interval of two or three lengths separating each. From the brow of the hill down to the turn for the last mile and a half Glen Sattel increased his lead considerably, and on returning into sight Nil Desperandum was left most hopelessly in the rear. Descending the hill from the T. Y. C. post Backbiter mended his position; at the distance was close upon Glen Sattel's quarters. The contest became very interesting. Glen Sattel, however, maintained the lead, and won very cleverly by a length. Loadstone was many lengths behind, and Nil Desperandum pulled up before reaching the distance post, and did not pass the chair.

Run in 7 min. 37 sec.

The *Ham Stakes* of 100 sovs. each, h ft; for colts, 8st. 10lb.; and fillies, 8st. 7lb.; the produce of mares covered in 1846; those out of mares or got by stallions that never produced a winner of 100l. allowed 3lb.; both, 6lb. The owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovs. out of the stakes. T. Y. C. 34 subs.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|--------|--|------------|-----------|-----|
| Colonel Peel's | . b c | <i>Hardinge</i> | . 8st 10lb | Flatman | . 1 |
| Mr Bowes's | . ch c | by <i>Epirus</i> — <i>Mickleton Maid</i> , | . 8st 10lb | F. Butler | . 2 |
| Mr Meiklam's | . b c | <i>The Italian</i> , | . 8st 10lb | Templeman | . 3 |
| Lord Exeter's | . ch f | <i>Cora</i> , | . 8st 11lb | Pettit | . 0 |
| Sir J. Hawley's | . f | <i>Tingle</i> , | . 8st 4lb | Rogers | . 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . ch f | <i>Harum-scarum</i> , | . 8st 4lb | Kitchener | . 0 |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst Tingle—9 to 4 agst Italian—9 to 2 agst Hardinge—6 to 1 agst Mickleton Maid colt—and 7 to 1 agst Harum-scarum.

Tingle, Cora, and the Italian lay together to the distance, where Italian took up the running, with Hardinge and Mickleton Maid colt in close attendance. At the Stand, The Italian appeared to be capable of winning cleverly, but he swerved to the left when within a few strides of the chair, and Hardinge, after a very smart race, won by a short head. Mickleton Maid colt, with a strong application of the "flogger," obtained second place by about half a length. Harum-scarum was fourth, Tingle fifth, and Cora sixth. Pace bad to the foot of the hill.

Run in 1 min. 23 sec.

Match—100 sovs. h ft. T. Y. C.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|-------------|--------------|-----|
| Mr Payne's | . Crucible, | . 8st. 7lb. | . Flatman, | . 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . <i>Buffalo Gal</i> , | . 8st. 2lb. | . Templeman, | . 2 |

Betting.—2 to 1 on Crucible.

The favourite waited to the Stand, where he took a slight lead, and carrying on the running to the end he won easily by half a length.

Run in 1 min. 25 sec.

The *Gratwicke Stakes* of 100 sovs. each, h ft.; for colts, 8st 10lb; and fillies, 8st 5lb; the produce of mares covered in 1845; mares that never bred and stallions that never got a winner of 100l., allowed 3lb.

both, 6lb.; the second horse to receive 200 sovs. and the third horse to save his stake. A mile and a half. 50 sub.

| | | | | |
|------------------|------------|------------|------------|---|
| Col. Peel's | Tadmor, | 8st. 7lb. | Flatman, | 1 |
| Mr Herbert's | Herbert, | 8st. 10lb. | Robinson, | 2 |
| Mr Nevill's | Sydney, | 8st. 10lb. | Sly, | 3 |
| Lord Eglington's | Belus, | 8st. 4lb. | Marlow, | 0 |
| Mr Gratwicke's | Rochester, | 8st. 7lb. | Mann, | 0 |
| Sir C. Monck's | Vanguard, | 8st. 10lb. | F. Butler, | 0 |

Betting.—6 to 5 on Tadmor—7 to 2 against Belus—4 to 1 against Herbert.

Sidney went off with the lead, followed by Herbert, Tadmor, and Belus; Rochester, who showed temper at the post, being last off. Sidney held the lead to the half distance, where Herbert and Tadmor joined him, and they ran together to the stand, where Sydney were beaten. Tadmor carried on the running, and won easily by a length; half a length between the second and third; Belus a bad fourth; Vanguard fifth; Rochester pulled up and did not pass the chair.

Run in 2 min. 50 sec.

The *Lavant Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for two year olds; colts 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, or any two Year Old Stakes at Ascot to carry 5lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Half a mile. 18 subs.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|------|------------------------|-----------|------------|---|
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | b c | William the Conqueror, | 8st. 7lb. | Flatman, | 1 |
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | ch f | The Wren, | 8st. 3lb. | Kitchener, | 2 |
| Mr Archdale's | ch f | Rose Pompon, | 8st. 3lb. | Templeman, | 3 |
| Mr Ramsbottom's | ch c | Manufacturer, | 8st. 7lb. | Rogers, | 0 |
| Mr Howard's | br f | St. Agnes, | 8st. 3lb. | W. Day, | 0 |

Betting.—6 to 4 on William the Conqueror—2 to 1 against the Wren.

The Wren, with which her owner declared to win, cut out the work, closely attended by William the Conqueror and Rose Pompon. In the last half dozen strides The Wren appeared to be dropping off; William the Conqueror therefore pushed on and achieved the victory by half a length. A similar distance between the second and third. The others were tailed off a long way. The winner had scarcely passed the chair when he bolted out to the left.

Run in 53 sec.

Match.—50 h. ft. Lavant Stakes Course.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------|-----------|-------------|---|
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | Little Jack, | 8st. 7lb. | Flatman, | 1 |
| Mr Dorrien's | Carriolea, | 8st. 3lb. | W. Howlett, | 2 |

Betting.—6 to 4 on Little Jack.

Chariclea made the running to the distance, where Little Jack went to her, and at last defeated her easily by half a length.

The following is the net value of the stakes run for to-day :—

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------|------------|--------|
| Match | £100 | Gratwicke, | £2,400 |
| Change Stakes | 245 | Lavant, | 540 |
| Stakeholder's Plate | 90 | Match | 50 |
| 500 Guin Sweep | 1,650 | | |
| Hill | 1,700 | Total | £6,875 |
| Match | 100 | | |

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY—THE GOODWOOD STAKES.

The *Cowdray Stakes* of 20 svs. each, h ft. with 40 svs. added for two year olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 9lb.; four, 9st. 7lb.; five and upwards, 9st. 12lb.; mares allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 svs. if demanded, &c. T. Y. C. 5 subs. or no race. Did not fill.

Sweepstakes of 300 svs. each, h ft., for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each, Craven Course. The winner of the Derby to carry 40lb.; of the Oaks, 5lb.; of the One Thousand Guineas Stakes, 3lb. extra. Each sub. to name two fillies, one to the post. 6 subs.

| | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------|---|
| Lord Exeter's | . <i>Midia,</i> | . Flatman | 1 |
| Mr R. H. Nevill's | . <i>Letitia,</i> | . Robinson, | 2 |

Betting.—5 to 2 on Letitia.

The favourite led to the stand, where she was caught and headed. After a few strides her rival quitted her, went on, and won cleverly by a length.

Run in 2 min. 23 sec.

The *Goodwood Stakes* of 25 svs. each subscription, 15 ft., and only 5, if declared, &c. The winner of the Northumberland Plate, the Gloucestershire Stakes, or Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool July Meeting, 1849, to carry 5lb. extra; of any two of those Stakes, 7lb. extra; the second horse to receive 100 svs. from the Stakes. Winner to pay 15 svs. to the judge. 115 subs., of whom 74 paid 5 svs. ft. Two miles and a half.

| | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|--|---|
| Mr Clarke's | . <i>Maid of Lyme,</i> | . 6 yrs 6st 13lb. Evans | 1 |
| Sir J. Hawley's | . <i>Van Dieman,</i> | . 3 yrs 5st 6lb. J. Osborne | 2 |
| Mr E. R. Clark's | . <i>Giselle,</i> | . 6 yrs 6st 12lb. Dockersay | 3 |
| Mr J. Merry's | . <i>Chanticleer,</i> | . 6 yrs 9st 13lb. Rogers | 4 |
| Mr P. P. Rolt's | . <i>Collingwood,</i> | . 6 yrs 9st 8lb. F. Butler | 0 |
| Lord Clifden's | . <i>Wanota,</i> | . 5 yrs 8st 5lb. Robinson | 0 |
| Mr Wrather's | . <i>Maid of Masham,</i> | . 4 yrs 7st 9lb. Marson | 0 |
| Col. Peel's | . <i>The Admiral,</i> | . 5 yrs 7st 9lb. Flatman | 0 |
| Sir J. Hawley's | . <i>The Tartar,</i> | . 5 yrs 7st 7lb. S. Mann | 0 |
| Lord Eglinton's | . <i>Plaudit,</i> | . aged 7st 7lb. Pettit | 0 |
| Mr Death's | . <i>Antagonist,</i> | . 5 yrs 7st 6lb. W. Abdala | 0 |
| Mr Gregory's | . <i>Clermont,</i> | . 5 yrs 7st 6lb. J. Sharp | 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . <i>Hornpipe,</i> | . 4 yrs 6st 13lb. Kitchener | 0 |
| Mr Griffith's | . <i>Hagley,</i> | . 4 yrs 6st 11lb. Maton | 0 |
| Lord Glasgow's | . <i>Miss Whip,</i> | . 5 yrs 6st. 9lb. Charlton | 0 |
| Lord Exeter's | . <i>Tophana,</i> | . 5 yrs 6st 8lb. E. Sharp | 0 |
| Mr W. S. Stanley's | . <i>Fire-eater,</i> | . 3 yrs 6st 3lb. Dean | 0 |
| Mr Dawson's | . <i>Priestess,</i> | . 3 yrs 5st 3lb. Marwood | 0 |
| Mr Cuthbert's | . <i>Emma Donna,</i> | . 3 yrs 4st 13lb. E. Harrison | 0 |
| Lord Clifden's | . <i>Wallflower,</i> | (car. 5st) 3 yrs 4st 12lb. G. Mann | 0 |
| Mr W. Ley's | . <i>Over-fork-over,</i> | (car. 4st. 11lb.) 3 yrs 4st 3lb. Hiett | 0 |

The Race and the Result.

After the usual preparatory canter and parade past the stand, all assembled at the starting place in good order, and at the first signal got beautifully off, Clermont with the lead; Maid of Lyme, Van Dieman, Wanota, Over-fork-over, and Chanticleer composing the front division. After running about fifty yards, however, Maid of Lyme went in advance, and Clermont began to hide his diminished head in the ruck. On rounding the turn from the straight Wanota rushed up, took the

lead, and carried on the running, with Maid of Lyme, Plaudit, Van Dieman, Giselle, Over-fork-over, Chanticleer, and some others clustering up. No further change of moment occurred until they returned into sight, and had gained the foot of the hill leading to the T. Y. C. starting post. Maid of Lyme then took up the running again, with Van Dieman, Giselle, Chanticleer, Fire-eater, Hornpipe, Tophana, and Miss Whip in attendance. Soon she was fully two lengths in advance, and in coming down the hill, was so full of running that, she had evidently all her pursuers quite safe. In advancing from the distance, Van Dieman, Giselle, and Chanticleer went resolutely to work, but could not diminish the interval that separated them from the "winning maid." She completed her performance in easy, admirable form, passing the chair first by a couple of lengths, a length between the second and third, half a length between the third and fourth. Nothing close up. Collingwood, Hornpipe, and Miss Whip were, we believe, the next three. Clermont was beaten before they had run a mile, and he and Wallflower brought up the extreme rear. Total amount of the stakes, 1,495 sovs.

Run in 4 min. 52 sec.

The *Bunney Stakes* of 30 sovs. 20 ft., for two year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 4lb. Half a mile. 8 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|------|------------|-------------|---|
| Duke of Richmond's | b f | Officious, | Flatman | 1 |
| Lord Strathmore's | br f | Hood, | T. Williams | 2 |

Betting.—12 to 1 on Officious.

Officious jumped off with the lead, made all the running, and won in a canter by a length.

Run in 50 sec.

The *Drawing Room Stakes* of 25 sovs. with a bonus by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. The winner of the Derby or Oaks, to carry 8lb.; the second for either, 4lb. extra. Once round. D. R. S. C. The second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stake, and the winner to pay 25 sovs. to the judge. 24 subs. to the stakes, and 22 to the bonus.

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----------|------------|---|
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | Borneo, | F. Butler, | 1 |
| Lord Exeter's | Testator, | Robinson, | 2 |
| Col. Peel's | Indus, | Flatman, | 3 |

Betting.—7 to 2 on Borneo—5 to 1 against Testator. Testator went up to him, but running in close company a few strides, Borneo resumed the lead, went on with it, and won easily by two lengths.

Run in 4 minutes.

The *Stewards' Cup* of 300 sovs. value, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. T. Y. C. 41 subs.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------------------|------------|---|
| Lord Clifden's | Cotton Lord, | 3 yrs 5st 12lb card. 6st | G. Brown | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's | Ferule, | 3 yrs 5st 12lb | Hiatt | 2 |
| Mr Payne's | Ferikingale, | 3 yrs 5st | Dockeray | 3 |
| Mr Drinkald's | Thornhill, | 3 yrs 6st 7lb | Rodney | 4 |
| Duke of Rutland's | The Fiddler, | 4 yrs 8st 9lb | Robinson | 0 |
| Mr G. Herbert's | Radulphus, | 6 yrs 8st 3lb | Sly | 0 |
| Mr Ford's | Telegraph, | 4 yrs 8st | W. Howlett | 0 |
| Mr Verley's | Whitstone, | 4 yrs 7st 13lb | J. Sharp | 0 |
| Mr Rolt's | Beeborough, | 4 yrs 7st 13lb | Pettit | 0 |

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|-----------|----|
| Mr Gully's | <i>Osterley,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 13lb | Al Doy | 8 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's | <i>Valentinia,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 9lb | S. Manna | 9 |
| Mr Williams | <i>Laundry-maid,</i> | 6 yrs 7st 8lb | Abraham | 0 |
| Mr Burgess's b f by | <i>Sir Hercules—Gift,</i> | 3 yrs 8st 7lb | T. Burn | 0 |
| Col Peel's | <i>Taffrail,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 6lb | Flatman | 10 |
| Mr W. Sadler's | <i>Master Murray,</i> | aged, 7st 4lb | Maton | 0 |
| Mr Frankum's | <i>Dolly Varden,</i> | 3 yrs 7st | Charlton | 0 |
| Mr Hobson's | <i>Passion Flower,</i> | 6st 12lb | Crouch | 0 |
| Lord Glasgow's f by | <i>Lannercost—Canada,</i> | 3 yrs 6st 12lb | G. Oates | 1 |
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | <i>First Chance,</i> | 3 yrs 6st 12lb | Kitchener | 0 |
| Mr B. Hunt's | <i>Chicanew,</i> | 4 yrs 8st 7lb | E. Sharp | 0 |
| Lord Exeter's | <i>Midia,</i> | 3 yrs 5st 12lb (car 6st) | J. Mann | 0 |
| Mr Dorrien's | <i>Nautch Girl,</i> | 3 yrs 5st 7lb | Colking | 0 |

Betting.—3 to 1 against Cotton Lord—7 to 2 against Farthingale—7 to 2 against Nautch Girl—10 to 1 against The Fiddler—12 to 1 against Midia—12 to 1 against Taffrail—15 to 1 against First Chance—16 to 1 against Radulphus.

This was an extremely pretty race, although the contest was chiefly confined to three. Farthingale jumped off with the lead, Ferule and Cotton Lord lying up; the ruck following in a cluster. In this way they ran to the distance, where Cotton Lord and Ferule went in advance and they raced home together, the former having a slight lead, and at last winning by half a length. Farthingale and Thornhill made a strong rush in the last few strides, but the former was beaten half a length, from Ferule. A neck between third and fourth; Canada filly was fifth, and Midia sixth.

Run in 1 min. 20 sec.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three year olds, carrying 6st 10lb; four, 8st 3lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 2lb; the winner to be sold for 300l. if demanded; but if entered to be sold for 200l. allowed 10lb; if for 150l., 14lb; if for 100l. 18lb; winners in the present week (before starting) to carry, for once, 4lb; for twice, 7lb extra. Craven Stakes Course. 5 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Drinkald's | <i>Grief,</i> | 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (100l.) | Rodney | 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Reflection,</i> | 4 yrs, 6st 13lb (100l.) | Kitchener | 2 |
| Lord Clifden's | <i>Fallow Deer,</i> | 4 yrs, 6st 13lb (100l.) | Pearl | 3 |

Betting.—6 to 4 against Grief—2 to 1 against Reflection.

Reflection took the lead, followed by Fallow Deer. Grief waited on them to the distance, where he went ahead, carried on the running, and won by six lengths. About the same distance between the second and third. The winner was claimed. G. Oates weighed for Lady Frances, and her number was put up, but owing to an alteration in the order of the races she was not on the ground in time to start.

Run in 2 min. 17 sec.

Match—100, h. ft. Last half-mile.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|-----------------|----------|---|
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Ploughboy,</i> | 3 yrs, 8st 12lb | Flatman | 1 |
| Duke of Bedford's | <i>Scampa Via,</i> | 2 yrs, 5st 12lb | E. Sharp | 1 |

Betting.—6 to 4 on Ploughboy.

Ploughboy went merrily to work, made all the running, and won, hard held, by a length.

Run in 53 sec.

The Members for the City of Chichester's Plate of 50l. with 50l. added by the ladies; 10l. from the fund to the second horse; three year olds, 7st 7lb; four, 8st 8lb; five, 9st; six and aged, 9st 4lb; the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded. &c. Once round.

| | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-------|------------|---|
| Lord Euster's | Testator, | 3 yrs | Flatman, | 1 |
| Capt Lowther's | Watchdog, | 5 yrs | S. Rogers | 2 |
| Mr Dawson's | Priestess, | 3 yrs | J. Prince, | 3 |
| Mr Salt's | Jonathan Wild, | 6 yrs | Bailey, | 4 |

Betting.—Even on Testator—5 to 2 against Priestess—3 to 1 against Watchdog—6 to 1 against Jonathan Wild.

Priestess made the running to the last mile whence Testator went on with the lead. Watchdog joined him at the distance. A fine race home ensued, Testator winning by half a length. Priestess a very bad third, Jonathan Wild "nowhere."

Run in 4 min. 7 sec.

Net Amount of the day's Racing.

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------|----------------|----------|
| Members' Plate | ... £100 | *Stewards' Cup | ... £500 |
| 300 Sovs Sweep | ... 900 | Match | ... 100 |
| Goodwood Stakes | ... 1055 | Selling Stakes | ... 90 |
| Bunney Stakes | ... 150 | | |
| Drawing-room Stakes | ... 674 | | £3,570 |

THURSDAY—THE CUP DAY.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb. each. 3 subs.

Mr Shelley's Cumberland received forfeit.

Mr Greville's Bullfinch withdrew his stake.

Lord H. G. Lennox's Whirlwind paid.

The Molecomb Stakes of 50 sovs. each subscription, h. ft. for two yr olds; colts to carry 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; a winner before starting (matches and handicaps excepted) to carry 5lb; the winner of the Lavant Stakes, 7lb extra; no horse to carry more than 7lb extra; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. T.Y.C. 16 subs.

Lord H. G. Lennox's William the Conqueror, (7lb ex.).. Flatman w. o.

Match—50. T.Y.C.

| | | | | |
|-------------|-------------|---------------|----------|---|
| Mr Verity's | Whitstone, | 4 yrs 8st 7lb | J. Sharp | 1 |
| Mr Hussey's | Royal Hart, | 2 yrs 5st 9lb | Elmore | 2 |

Betting.—10 to 6 on Whitstone.

Whitstone made all the running, and won by three lengths. When near the stand the "young un," on receiving a taste of the flogger, staggered across the Course and made a very awkward finish.

Run in 1 min. 20 sec.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, for two yr old fillies, to carry 8st 7lb each. T.Y.C. 3 subs.

Duke of Richmond's bf *Claymore,*

Flatman w. o.

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, for foals of 1846, the produce of mares which have never bred a winner; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb. The New Mile. 5 subs.

| | | |
|------------------|----------------------|-----------|
| Colonel Anson's | a. <i>Champion</i> , | F. Butler |
| Mr J Whitworth's | <i>Lady Jersey</i> , | A. Day |

Betting—6 to 4 on Lady Jersey.

Champion made the running and after a smart race from the distance won by a length.

Run in 1 min. 51 sec.

Match—100, h. ft. T.Y.C.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------|---------|---|
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Mirror</i> , | 8st 11lb. | Flatman | 1 |
| Mr Sturt's | <i>Humphrey</i> , | 7st 9lb. | A. Day | 2 |

Betting—2 to 1 on Mirror.

Mirror took the lead, kept it, and won easily by a length.

Match.—Lord H. G. Lennox's the Wren, 8st 3lb. received forfeit from Mr Dorrien's The Verderer, 8st. 7lb. 100 h. ft. T.Y.C.

The **Goodwood Cup**, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Racing Fund. The second horse to receive 100l. out of the stakes, and the third 50l. Two miles and a half. The winner to pay 10 sovs. to the judge. 30 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-----------------|-----------|---|
| Lord Stanley's | <i>Canezou</i> , | 4 yrs 8st 11lb | F. Butler | 1 |
| Mr Merry's | <i>Chanticleer</i> , | 6 yrs 10st | Rogers | 2 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's | <i>Black Eagle</i> , | 3 yrs 7st 4lb | S. Mann | 3 |
| Mr Gratwicke's | <i>Landgrave</i> , | 3 yrs 6st 4lb | Dockrsey | 4 |
| Lord Exeter's | <i>Glenalvon</i> , | 3 yrs 7st 4lb | Pottit | 5 |
| Mr Powney's | <i>The Hero</i> , | 6 yrs 10st 10lb | A. Day | 6 |
| Mr B. Hunt's | <i>Chicaneur</i> , | 4 yrs 7st 11lb | J. Sharpe | 7 |
| Mr Treshitt's | <i>Juggler</i> , | 3 yrs 5st 10lb | Miller | 8 |

A capital start, The Hero taking the lead, with Juggler, Chanticleer, Glenalvon, and Landgrave lying up; Chicaneur, Canezou, and Black Eagle following in the order named. After turning from the straight, Glenalvon took third place, and on leaving the mile-and-quarter post, Juggler dropped into the rear, and Glenalvon became second, Chanticleer close up with him, and Canezou and Black Eagle gradually gaining ground. The Hero maintained the lead to the top turn, near the T.Y.C. Post, where he declined, and Chanticleer, followed by Canezou and Black Eagle, took up the running. The Hero, in a few strides afterwards, was seen in the rear of Landgrave and Glenalvon. On arriving at the distance Canezou went up to Chanticleer, and a most interesting contest ensued. At the Stand the mare headed him and at last beat him by a length. About four lengths between the second and third. The others formed an "extensive tail," Landgrave being fourth, Glenalvon fifth, The Hero sixth, Chicaneur next, and Juggler far astern.

Run in 4 min. 50 sec.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, for two yr olds; colts to carry 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 4lb. Those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb; both, 5lb. T.Y.C. 5 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|-----------|---|
| Duke of Richmond's | b. c. | <i>Gillie Cullum</i> | Flatman | 1 |
| Lord Glasgow's | br. c. by | <i>Bay Middleton—Canada</i> | F. Butler | 2 |

| | | | | |
|----------------|--------|----------------------------------|-------------|---|
| Lord Clifden's | br. c. | <i>Sidus, brother to Planet.</i> | Robinson | 3 |
| Mr Brooks's | br. c. | <i>Witchcraft (3lb)</i> | Wintringham | 4 |

BETTING.—7 to 2 on Ghillie Callum.

Ghillie Callum jumped off with the lead, and made all the running, galloping home at his ease, and winning by three lengths. Four lengths between second and third; half a length between third and fourth.

Run in 1 min. 23 sec.

Before the race 18 to 1 was taken about Ghillie Callum for the Derby: after it 15 to 1, to some money.

The Duke of Richmond's Plate (Handicap) of 100 sovs. free for all horses. New Mile.

| | | | | |
|------------|---------------------|------------------------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Carew's | <i>Philosopher,</i> | 5 yrs 7st 7lb (car. 7st 9lb) | J. Marson | 1 |
| Mr Ford's | <i>Telegraph,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 13lb | J. Mann | 2 |

Started, but not Placed.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|----------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Powney's | <i>Nil Desperandum,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 12lb | A. Dav | 0 |
| Mr Death's | <i>Antagonist,</i> | 5 yrs 7st 7lb | W. Abdale | 0 |
| Mr Sergeant's | <i>Katinka,</i> | 3 yrs 7st 7lb | Abrahamis | 0 |
| Sir G Heathcote's | <i>Valentina,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 5lb | S Mann | 0 |
| Mr Gully's | <i>Osterley,</i> | 3 yrs 7st 4lb | Maton | 0 |
| Lord Exeter's | <i>Tophana,</i> | 4 yrs 7st 2lb | E. Sharp | 0 |
| Captain Lowther's | <i>Watchdog,</i> | 5 yrs 7st 2lb | Dockeray | 0 |
| Lord Clifden's | <i>Sagacity,</i> | 5 yrs 7st 1lb | Pearl | 0 |
| Mr Verity's | <i>Whitstone,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 13lb | Crouch | 0 |
| Mr S. G. Fox's | <i>Lady Frances,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 11lb | G. Oates | 0 |
| Mr Dorrien's | <i>Self-defence,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 7lb | G. Brown | 0 |
| Mr G. Hobson's | <i>Passion-flower,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 7lb | T. Burn | 0 |
| Mr Druikald's | <i>Goodboy,</i> | 4 yrs 6st 4lb | Rodney | 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's | <i>Syrup,</i> | 3 yrs 6st 2lb | Collins | 0 |
| Lord Clifden's | <i>Wallflower,</i> | 3 yrs 5st 10lb | G. Mann | 0 |

Telegraph, with Philosopher in close attendance, and the ruck lying compactly together, made the running to the straight, where Philosopher went in front. At the distance Whitstone joined issue, but soon dropped off; Philosopher carried on the running at a steady pace, and won by a length. Self-defence and Antagonist were close up with the second, and so near together the judge could not tell which was third. On going to the post Whitstone broke away, and ran nearly the whole distance before he could be pulled up. Katinka bolted at the last turn.

Run in 1 min. 47 sec.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st. 2lbs. One mile and a half. 9 subs.

| | | | |
|------------|-----------------|---------|-------|
| Mr Payne's | <i>Glaucus,</i> | Flatman | w. o. |
|------------|-----------------|---------|-------|

The Racing Stakes of 50 sovs. each subscription, for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st 4lbs. The winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Prendergast Stakes, at Newmarket, to carry 3lbs. extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, Two Thousand Guineas, or One Thousand Guineas Stakes, at Newmarket, or Drawing-room Stakes, at Goodwood, and the winner of the Great Produce Stakes, at Ascot, to carry 6lbs.; of the Derby or Oaks, at Epsom, 9lbs.; a winner of both Derby and Drawing-room Stakes to carry

THE GOODWOOD MEETING.

12lbs. extra. The second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes.
The New Mile. 16 subs.

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Lord Clifden's b c | Honeycomb, | Robinson | 1 |
| Colonel Anson's | Champion, | F. Butler | 2 |
| Lord Eglington's b c | Solon, | Marlow | 3 |
| Duke of Richmond's b c | Ploughboy, | Flatman | 4 |

Betting.—7 to 4 on Honeycomb—5 to 1 agst Solon. Ploughboy made the running the first half of the distance; the winner then took it up, carried it on, and won in a canter by two lengths. Champion beating Solon for second place by half a length. Ploughboy some lengths behind.

Run in 1 min. 55 sec.

The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs each subscription; for two yr olds colts to carry 8st 7lb; and fillies 8st 4lb; those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb, only one allowance. A winner before starting to carry 5lb extra; the winner of the Lavant or Molecomb Stakes to carry 7lb, of both 10lb extra; no horse to carry more than 10lb extra. T.Y.C. 12 subs.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|------------|-------|------------|---|
| Duke of Richmond's b c | Compass, | (3lb) | F. Butler | 1 |
| Colonel Peel's | Longinus, | | Flatman | 2 |
| Sir J. Hawley's b f | Tingle, | (3lb) | Templeman | 3 |
| Mr Dorrien's b f | Chariclea, | (3lb) | W. Howlett | 4 |

Betting.—7 to 4 on Compass—5 to 2 agst Tingle—30 to 1 taken about Compass for the Derby.

Chariclea made the running, followed by Longinus and Tingle, to within the distance, where Chariclea declined. At the Stand, Compass went up between Longinus and Tingle, and a very fine race home terminated in his favor by a head. Only a short head between second and third. Chariclea quite beaten off.

Run in 1 min. 20 sec.

Sweeptakes of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; for two yr old, 6st 9lb, and three, 8st 7lb. The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded. Half a mile. 6 subs.

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|-------|---------|---|
| Mr Drinkald's | Remnant, | 2 yrs | Rodney | 1 |
| Mr Hobson's | Carbuncle, | 3 yrs | Crouch | 2 |
| Mr H. King's c by John o' Gaunt, | Guzman's dam | 3 yrs | Barrott | 3 |

Betting.—Even on Carbuncle—5 to 4 against Remnant.

Remnant took the lead, with Carbuncle second, John o' Gaunt colt third, and as they began they finished. Remnant passing the chair first by two lengths. John o' Gaunt colt ran very awkwardly, and was a long way astern.

Run in 54 sec.

Sweeptakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 50l. added; for three yr olds, 7st 7lb; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 11lb; six and aged, 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; and maidens, 5lb; the winner to be sold for 200l.; if entered to be sold for 150l. allowed 6lb; if for 100l., 10lb; if for 70l. 14lb. T.Y.C. 9 subs.

| | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|-------------------------|--------|---|
| Mr Drinkald's | Thornhill, | 3 yrs, 6st 6lb (100l.) | Rodney | 1 |
| Mr Drinkald's | Grief, | 3 yrs, 6st 11lb (100l.) | Petis | 2 |
| Mr Rolt's | Besborough, | 4 yrs, 7st 4lb (70l.) | Pettit | 3 |

Started, but not Placed.

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Colonel Peel's | . <i>Taffrail,</i> | . 4 yrs, 7st 11b (70l.) | . G. Brown . 0 |
| Mr Howard's | . <i>Romantic,</i> | . 3 yrs, 5st 13lb (70l.) | . Cowley . 0 |
| Mr E. V. Fox's | . <i>Cambric,</i> | . 3 yrs, 6st 2lb (70l.) | . Dockerray . 0 |

Betting.—6 to 4 on Thornhill—5 to 2 agst Taffrail—7 to 1 agst Besborough.

Taffrail went off with the lead, but at the top of the hill was deprived of it by Thornhill, who carried on the running at a merry pace, and won easily by a length. Half a length between second and third. The others beaten off.

Run in 1 min. 19 sec.

Grief broke away twice; the first time running the whole distance before he was stopped; the second time taking "a turn" over three parts of it.

The *Anglesey Stakes* of 15 sovs. each subscription, for three yr olds and upwards. To be ridden by officers of the army or navy, or by members or sons of members of White's, Brookes's, Boodle's, the Jockey Club, Goodwood, Heaton Park, Eglinton Park, Bibury, or Croxton Park Clubs. One mile. 3 subs.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------|------------------|---|
| Mr Osbaldeston's | . <i>Chat,</i> | . 5 yrs 10st 6lb | . Owner | 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . <i>Buffalo Gal,</i> | . 3 yrs 9st 11lb | . Captain Pettit | 2 |

Betting.—2 to 1 on Chat.

Chat made all the running, and won by three lengths. The Squire on his return to the stand was greeted with hearty cheers.

Amount of Stakes run for to-day.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-----|----------------------------|----|------|
| 30 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | £25 | 200 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | £800 |
| Molecomb Stakes.. | .. | 375 | Duke of Richmond's Plate.. | .. | 100 |
| Match.. | .. | 50 | 50 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | 200 |
| 200 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | 209 | Racing Stakes.. | .. | 650 |
| 100 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | 100 | Sussex Stakes.. | .. | 275 |
| Match . | .. | 100 | 5 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | 75 |
| Match.. | .. | 100 | 10 Sovs Sweep.. | .. | 115 |
| Goodwood Cup | .. | 820 | Anglesey Stakes.. | .. | 30 |
| | | | | | 315 |

FRIDAY.

Second Year of a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st. 2lbs. To run at three years old. One mile. 3 subs.

Lord Glasgow's b. f. by *Lanercost*—*Canada*, recd . ft.

The *Settrington Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for two years old colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs.; winners previous to starting to carry 3lbs. extra; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lbs., only one allowance. T. Y. C. 34 subs.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| Duke of Richmond's b.f | <i>Officious,</i> | . 8st. 6lbs. | . F. Butler . 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's b. c | <i>Lanercost Concertina,</i> | (3lbs.), 8st. 4lbs | . Flatman . 2 |

Betting.—5 to 2 on Officious.

The favourite took the lead, kept it, and won, in the commonest of canters, by five lengths.

Run in 1 min. 20 sec.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three years olds, and upwards—three yr olds, 8st; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st.

The winner to be sold for 350l. Half a mile. 8 subs.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|-------|-----------|---|
| Major Martyn's | <i>The Moor</i> , | 4 yrs | W. Abdale | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's | <i>Ferule</i> , | 3 yrs | Flatman | 2 |
| Lord Clifden's | <i>Blaze</i> , | 4 yrs | Robinson | 3 |
| Mr Burgess's | <i>Hind of the Forest</i> , | 4 yrs | J. Sharp | 0 |
| Mr Gratwicke's | <i>Rochester</i> , | 3 yrs | S. Mann | 0 |
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | <i>First Chance</i> , | 3 yrs | Kitchener | 0 |

Betting.—Even on the Moor—3 to 1 agst *Ferule*—6 to 1 against *First Chance*.

Ferule made the running, the ruck lying well up to the half distance, where *First Chance* and *Rochester* fell into the rear. At the corner of the stand *The Moor* and *Blaze* went resolutely to work; the former succeeded in catching *Ferule* when close on the post, and the result was a "dead heat," *Blaze* beaten only by a head. *The Moor* showed temper on going to the starting post, and was the last off.

Run in 51 sec.

Betting.—Deciding Heat (run after the first heat for the March Stakes).—7 to 4 on the Moor.

The Moor again showed temper at starting, but, being "off," ran kindly enough. After waiting on *Ferule* to the distance, he went ahead, and won easily by a length.

In the second heat the rider of *Ferule* was fined 5 sovs. for attempting to start without orders.

The *Derby Plate* of 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h ft, for two yr olds. The owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes. One mile 12 subs.

| | | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|----------|------------|---|
| Lord H. G. Lennox's | <i>Little Jack</i> , | 6st 12lb | Kitchener | 1 |
| Captain Lowther's | <i>Bastinado</i> , | 6st 7lb | Dockery | 2 |
| Mr Greville's | <i>Cariboo</i> , | 8st 7lb | Flatman | 3 |
| Mr Osbaldeston's sister | to <i>Pillage</i> | 8st 4lb | G. Simpson | 0 |
| Lord Exeter's | <i>Cora</i> , | 8st | Pettit | 0 |
| Mr Sturt's | <i>Humphrey</i> , | 7st 12lb | A. Day | 0 |
| Mr Henry's | <i>Equiria</i> , | 7st 7lb | Donaldson | 0 |
| Lord Strathmore's | <i>Hood</i> , | 7st 5lb | S. Mann | 0 |
| Mr Howard's | <i>St. Agnes</i> , | 7st | Maton | 0 |

Betting.—5 to 4 agst *Little Jack*—4 to 1 agst *Cariboo*—5 to 1 each agst *Hood* and *Bastinado*—6 to 1 agst *Equiria*.

Hood and *Little Jack* went off in front, and ran in close company the first quarter of a mile. *Hood* then took the lead, followed by *Little Jack* and *Bastinado*. At the distance, *Hood* declined, leaving *Little Jack* and *Bastinado* to play the game out. *Cariboo* and *Equiria* made a strong effort to reach them, but *Little Jack* maintained his advantage and won by a neck, *Bastinado* beating *Cariboo* behalf a length. *Equiria* and *Hood* were the next two.

Run in 1 min. 53 sec.

Match—50, h ft. Last mile.

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Duke of Bedford's | . <i>Malsbury,</i> | . 4 yrs 8st 4lb | . F. Butler . 1 |
| Sir J. Hawley's | . <i>Paultons,</i> | . aged 8st 4lb | . Templeman 2 |

Betting.—5 to 4 on Malsbury.

Paultons had a clear lead to the distance, where Malsbury began to draw upon him; at the stand he was collared, and an extremely fine race home was won on the post by a head.

Run in 1 min. 40 sec.

The *Chesterfield Cup* by subscription of 15 sovs. each, for all ages, two yr olds excepted (Handicap); the winner of the Goodwood Cup, or Stewards' Cup, at Goodwood, to carry 7lb extra.

Craven Course. 32 subs.

| | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Mr F. Nicoll's | . <i>Woolwich,</i> | . 3 yrs 6st | . Hiett . 1 |
| Mr Payne's | . <i>Crucible,</i> | . 3 yrs 5st 7lb | . Charlton . 2 |
| Lord Exeter's | . <i>Midia,</i> | . 3 yrs 4st 10lb | . Barker . 3 |
| Mr Rolt's | . <i>Collingwood,</i> | . 6 yrs 9st 8lb | . F. Butler . 0 |
| Lord Clifden's | . <i>Surplice,</i> | . 4 yrs 9st | . Robinson . 0 |
| Sir J. Hawley's | . <i>Tartar,</i> | . 5 yrs 8st 6lb | . Templeman 9 |
| Mr John's | . <i>New Forest Deer,</i> | . aged 7st 4lb (car 7st 1lb) | . Flatman . 0 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . <i>Helter-Skelter,</i> | . 4 yrs 7st 2lb | . Kitchener . 0 |
| Mr Osbaldeston's | . <i>Joc-a'-Sof,</i> | . 5 yrs 6st 13lb | . Crouch . 0 |
| Sir G. Heathcote's | . <i>Black Eagle,</i> | . 3 yrs 6st 13lb | . R Sherwood 0 |
| Mr Howard's | . <i>The Flea,</i> | . 3 yrs 6st 7lb | . F. Sharp . 0 |
| Mr W. Ley's | . <i>Over-fork-over,</i> | . 3 yrs 5st 3lb (car. 5st 6lb) | . Rodney . 0 |

Betting at Starting.

Surplice took the lead, with Midia, Woolwich, Crucible, Helter Skelter, and Black Eagle lying up and in this way they ran to the rise of the hill, where Woolwich and Midia headed Surplice. Half way up the hill Helter Skelter went to the front, and came round the turn with a clear lead, which was diminished, however, on descending the hill. At the bottom Woolwich took up the running, and with Crucible and Midia in hot pursuit, carried it on to the end, winning easily by a length. A good race for second place, Crucible obtaining it by half a length. Collingwood lay off in the early part of the race, but gradually improved his position from the distance, and finished a respectable fourth, The Flea fifth, Surplice sixth, Black Eagle seventh, Over-fork-over eighth; the others scattered.

The *Nassau Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, for three yr old fillies; to carry 8st 7lb. The winner of the July, Clearwell, Criterion, or Pendergast Stakes at Newmarket to carry 3lb extra; of either Riddlesworth, Column, Newmarket, Two Thousand Guineas Stakes or One Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, or Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood, and the winner of the Great Produce Stakes at Ascot, to carry 6lb. extra; of the Derby or Oaks at Epsom, 9lb. extra; a winner of both Derby and Drawing Room Stakes to carry 12lb. extra. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. The New Mile. 16 subs.

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Mr Greville's | . <i>Clarsia,</i> | . Flatman . 1 |
| Duke of Richmond's | . <i>Highland Fling,</i> | . F. Butler . 2 |
| Lord Exeter's | . <i>Grace,</i> | . Pettit . 3 |
| Mr R. H. Nevill's | . <i>Eugenie,</i> | . Robinson . 4 |

Grace made the running, followed by Clarissa; Highland Fling joined them at the distance; at the Stand Grace tired and fell back; Clarissa went on with the lead and won by a length. Half a length between the second and third. Eugenie some lengths astern.

Run in 1 min. 49 sec.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs. for three yr olds, 7st 4lb; four, 9st 2lb; five, 9st 13lb; six and aged, 10st 4lb. About three miles and five furlongs.

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|----------|-----|
| Lord Exeter's | . <i>Glenalvon</i> , | . 3 yrs | . Pettit | . 1 |
| Duke of Rutland's | . <i>Fire-eater</i> , | . 3 yrs (carried 7st. 8lb.) | Flatman | . 2 |

Betting.—5 to 2 on Fire-eater.

Glenalvon held a strong lead to within a distance and a half of home; Fire-eater then went vigorously to work, but failed in his attempt to get up, and was beaten by half a length.

Run in 7 min. 20 sec.

The March Stakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, if declared, &c., to be divided between the owners of the first and second horses; for horses of ages; to be ridden by members of the Goodwood Club. Heats, the last three-quarters of a mile of the Drawing-room Stakes Course. 13 subs, 4 of whom pay 4 sovs. ft.

Betting.—First heat.—Even on Nautch Girl—2 to 1 on Sagacity. Won by a neck.

Betting.—Second Heat.—2 to 1 on Nautch Girl—5 to 2 agst Sagacity—5 to 1 agst Besborough.

A splendid race, ended in a dead heat with the three.

Betting.—Third Heat.—6 to 4 agst Nautch Girl—2 to 1 agst each of the officers.

Won by half a length.

Betting.—Fourth Heat.—5 to 1 on Besborough.

Won by a neck.

Nett value of Stakes to-day.

| | | | |
|---------------------|---------|---------------|---------|
| 200 Sovs Sweep | .. £200 | Nassau Stakes | .. £650 |
| Isletrington Stakes | .. 345 | Queen's Plate | .. 105 |
| 10 Sovs Sweep | .. 70 | March Stakes | .. 100 |
| Derby Plate | .. 145 | | |
| Match | .. 50 | | |
| Chatterfield Cup | .. 465 | | |
| | | | <hr/> |
| | | | £2,130 |

Recapitulation.

| | | |
|-----------|-----------|--------|
| Tuesday | | £6,785 |
| Wednesday | | 3,570 |
| Thur-day | | 4,315 |
| Friday | | 2,130 |
| | | <hr/> |

Total amount . . . £16,800

Sunday Times, Aug. 5.

R A C I N G C A L E N D A R

F O R

1849.

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RACING CALENDAR.

PERTH RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday, April 11, 1849.*

1st RACE.—Maiden Plate of £12, with a Sweepstakes added of 30s. each, for horses that have never won public money excepting in hack stakes—weight for age—1 mile and distance heats. Two years old, 6st. 7lbs.; 3 years, 8st. 3lbs.; 4 years, 9st.; 5 years, 9st. 6lbs.; 6 years and aged, 9st. 9lbs.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|--------|--|----|-----|-----|
| Mr Nixon's | ch. g. | <i>Sancho</i> , 3 years, by an Arab horse, dam by <i>Mid-</i> <i>dleton</i> , 7st. 11lbs. F. Oxley.. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Cole's | bl. m. | <i>Letty</i> , 4 years, by <i>Margeaux</i> , dam <i>Tuta</i> , by <i>Little</i> <i>John</i> , granddam by <i>Old Whalebone</i> , 8st. 11lbs. H. Thompson.. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Major Bush's | b. g. | by <i>Walebone</i> , 6 years, dam by <i>Margeaux</i> , grand- dam by <i>Greyley</i> , 9st 6lbs. Mr DeLisle.. | .. | bol | ted |
| Mr Monger's | b. g. | <i>Chance</i> , 4 years, by <i>Hero</i> , dam <i>Pollupick-up</i> , 8st. 11lbs. J. Woods.. | .. | .. | bol |

Almost immediately after starting, the bay gelding by *Whalebone* bolted inside a post, and shortly afterwards *Chance* followed suit. Both of them were recovered by their riders and brought back, but too late to save their distance, inasmuch as *Sancho* and the thorough-bred mare had made sharp running all through, going very nearly best pace to the distance-post, where *Sancho* gradually drew ahead, and won very easily at the last. Immediately after the race, Mr Cole protested against *Sancho*, as being four years old, instead of three years, as entered by his owner. The protest was satisfactorily proved, and the Stewards adjudged the stakes to the owner of *Letty*—bets of course going with the stakes. Had *Sancho* carried his due weight, the race would have been highly interesting, for the mare, although not so well up to weight as the colt, and not in good condition, possesses a very fair dash of speed, and is not deficient in honesty in her running.

Time,—1st heat, not taken; 2nd heat, 2m. 16s.

2ND RACE.—Town Plate of £18, with a Sweepstakes added of £2 each—distance 2½ miles heats—weight for age—thoroughbred horses to carry 7lbs. extra.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|--|----|----|----|---|---|
| Major Bush's | bl. colt, | 3 years by <i>Margeaux</i> , dam <i>Tuta</i> , by <i>Little John</i> , granddam by <i>Old Whalebone</i> , 8st. 10lbs. Mr DeLisle.. | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
|--------------|-----------|--|----|----|----|---|---|

| | | | | | |
|--------------|-------|--|----|----|-------|
| Mr Cole's | b. g. | <i>Stringer</i> , aged, by <i>Margeaux</i> , dam a Cape mare, 9st. | | | |
| | | 6lbs. H. Thomson . | .. | .. | 2 2 |
| Mr DeLisle's | .. | <i>The Cob</i> , aged, by <i>Steeltrap</i> .. | .. | .. | drawn |

For this race only two started, *Old Stringer* being the only horse game enough to meet the black colt, who was reported to be a regular *flyer*, from some absurd account of a trial gallop during his training. In the first heat, on the strength of his blood and condition, the colt, although carrying far above his proper weight, made the running, closely attended by the old horse, and at a pace which has never been equalled in this colony. At the turn near the upper end of the course, *Stringer*, not relishing the severity of the pace, resigned partnership with the colt, bolted to the inside, and took his companion along with him; the latter unfortunately put his feet in a deep hole and threw a complete somerset. Not over particular about such trifles, Mr DeLisle soon picked himself up, shook his feathers, and, on his horse being fortunately soon caught, was lifted into the saddle, and returned to the course before *Stringer* could be prevailed on to take a fresh departure. Having the race now in hand, the colt continued the running at a more moderate pace, and allowed *Stringer* to come up alongside of him, where Thomson made a bold rush for the lead between the distance and winning posts—but it was unavailing. *Stringer*—as honest a horse as ever was flogged—had not speed to live with the thorough-bred, and, after a gallant struggle, was beaten rather easily at the finish by a length.

For the second heat the same game was played, and with a similar result, except that the pace told earlier on the old horse, and he was much more easily beaten than in the first. Many bets were laid at 2 to 1 on the old horse, after the first heat, against the colt, who has since been christened "*Gar-roo-gin*," which, being interpreted, means "clear the way." He carried 10lbs. overweight in both heats.

Time,—1st heat, allowing 34s. for the bolt, and the time lost by the fall, &c., 5m. 3s.; 2nd heat, 5m. 29s.—1st mile and $\frac{1}{4}$ in the first heat in 2m. 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

3RD RACE.—Galloway Stakes of £8, with a Sweepstakes added of £1 each, for all horses not above 14 hands, carrying 7st. Half-bred Timors allowed to run if 14 hands 1 inch, carrying for the inch 7lbs. extra—to carry 4lbs. extra if above 14 hands, and less than 14 hands 1 inch; the penalty of extra weight not to be accumulative. One and half mile heats.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|------------|--|----|----|-------|
| Mr Burges' br. | g. | <i>Tom Thumb</i> , aged, by <i>Margeaux</i> , 7st. | | | |
| | | 7lbs. F. Oxley.. | .. | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr Jones' b. | Timor pony | <i>Defiance</i> , 4 years, 5st. A Lad.. | .. | .. | 2 2 |
| Mr Lefroy's b. | g. | <i>Jemmy</i> , by <i>Wellington</i> , 8st. | .. | .. | drawn |

This was a gift to *Tom Thumb*, the fastest galloway in this colony by long odds, who won both heats, hard held, in the commonest of canters.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 33s.

4TH RACE.—Rubbish Stakes of £12, with a Sweepstakes added of 30s. each—two mile heats. Two years old, 9st. 10lbs.; 3 years, 11st. 4lbs.; 4 years, 12st. 2lbs.; 5 years, 12st. 8lbs.; 6 years and aged, 12st. 10lbs.

Horses entered to be sold (if winners) for £50, allowed 7lbs.; for £45, 14lbs.; for £40, 21lbs.; for £35, 28lbs.; for £30, 35lbs.; for £25, 24lbs.; for £20, 49lbs.; for £15, 56lbs.; for £10, 63lbs.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|--|----|----|-------|
| Mr Cole's | b. a. g. | <i>Stringer</i> , aged, to be sold for £20 9st. H. Thomson.. | .. | .. | 2 1 1 |
| Mr De C. Lefroy's | ch. g. | <i>Erin-go-bragh</i> , aged by <i>Napoleon</i> , dam a Van Diemen's Land mare, £30, 10st.. | .. | .. | 1 2 2 |
| Mr Symmons' | b. g. | <i>Badger</i> , aged, by <i>Whalebone</i> , dam by <i>Napoleon</i> , £25, 9st. 7lbs.. | .. | .. | dist. |

This was the best the contest race of the day. In the first heat *Stringer* and *Erin* went off at railroad-pace, *Badger* very quietly making a waiting race for the first mile, when he began to draw on the leading horses, and about a quarter of a mile from home his rider (Mr De Lisle) attempted to take the whip-hand place from *Erin*, who was leading, and in so doing his horse bored inside one of the posts. On the fact being clearly shown, he was distanced. After taking the inside running and passing *Erin*, he ran in a winner by several lengths—*Erin* second, and *Stringer* well up. In the second heat, two horses again determined to try their relative speed from the post; here *Old Stringer* was called upon, and, after a little rousing from his jockey, got in front—and there he continued to the end, in spite of a very resolute and scientific rush made by the gallant owner and rider of *Erin* about an hundred yards from the winning-post, which, although unsuccessful, was worthy of a Chifney. In the third heat, *Stringer* took the lead, *Erin* close up, and in this way they continued a highly exciting race, *Erin* being finally beaten by two or three lengths—a truly wonderful performance on the part of *Stringer* who had actually run eleven miles nearly at his speed during the day.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 10s.; 2d heat, 4m. 11s.; 3d heat, 4m. 21s.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, April 12.

1ST RACE.—Governor's Purse of £12, with a Sweepstakes added of 30s. each—one and a half mile heats—weight for age—*thorough-bred* horses to carry 7lbs. extra—winners of any one race on the first day to 3lbs., and if of *two*, 5lbs. extra over and above the extra weight of 7lbs. if thorough bred; horses that have started *once* at the meeting and not won, allowed 5lbs.—if *twice*, 6lbs.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|----------------|----|----|-------|
| Mr Symmons' b. g. | <i>Badger</i> , aged, by <i>Whalebone</i> , dam by <i>Napoleon</i> , 9st. 11lbs. | Mr T. Burges.. | .. | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr Cole's bl. m. | <i>Letty</i> , 4 years, by <i>Margeaux</i> , dam <i>Tuta</i> , 9st. 7lbs. | Mr Turner.. | .. | .. | 2 2 |
| Major Bush's b. g. | 6 years, by <i>Whalebone</i> , dam by <i>Margeaux</i> , 9st. 6lbs... | .. | .. | .. | drawn |
| Major Bush's bl. c. | <i>Gar-roo-gin</i> , 3 years, by <i>Margeaux</i> , dam <i>Tuta</i> , 8st. 13lbs... | .. | .. | .. | drawn |

The Governor's Purse brought only *Badger* and *Letty* to the post, Major Bush's two nags being drawn, with an eye to business in the Champion Cup. By the articles of the race, *Letty* ran with a penalty of 10lbs. extra weight, and, although she most unquestionably ran a very game mare, was obliged to strike her colours to *Badger*, who was ridden with much judgment by Mr T. Burges. *Badger*, in the receipt of an allowance of 5lbs., very properly made the running in both heats, was never headed, and won them just as he pleased.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 5s.; 2d heat, 3m. 7s.

2ND RACE.—Tally-ho Stakes of £12, with a Sweepstakes added of 30s. each. One and half mile heats over four substantial *bush*-fences four feet high—no distance in the race. Three years old, 9st. 6lbs.; 4 years, 16st. 4lbs.; 5 years, 10st. 12lb.; 6 years and aged, 11st.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|--|------------|------|
| Mr DeC. Lefroy's ch. g. | <i>Erin-go-bragh</i> , aged, 10st. 11lbs. | Mr DeLisle | 1 1 |
| Mr Russell's gr. h. | <i>Barkston</i> (imported), aged 10st. 11lbs. | Lt. | |
| | Allman, 9th Regt... | .. | 3 dr |
| Mr Bailey's b. g. | <i>Jerry</i> , aged, by <i>The Doctor</i> , 10st. 11lbs. | | |
| | J. Woods.. | .. | 2 2 |

This race generally commands a greater degree of interest than any other. On this occasion it was much diminished by the mediocrity of the two horses enter-

ed to contend against *Erin*, decided. A. I amongst the steeple-chasers of this colony. *Barkston* was pronounced a bolter, and a very uncertain fencer—*Jerry* was said to be first-rate as a jumper, and possessed speed enough to contend with *Erin*. We cannot persuade ourselves of his racing powers, although he appeared to jump tolerably well. The race was won with all ease in both heats by *Erin's* taking and keeping the lead, hopping over his fences (at least four feet in height) like a bird, and coming in by himself. *Barkston* in the first heat, bolted very soon after taking his first leap; he was brought back to the course, and, after severe punishment, was persuaded to take his remaining leaps. He was then very properly drawn for the second heat. Although there was no close contest for this race, it was well worth a ride of half a-dozen miles to see our old friend *Erin* taking his fences in his stroke—it is said he covered in one of his jumps (good substantial dead-wood ones) the astonishing distance of twenty-four feet.

Not timed.

3RD RACE.—Timor's Race of £4, for Timor Ponies—once round—heats—catch weights and post entrance.

| | | | | |
|-------------|-------|-------------------|--------|-------|
| Mr Jones' | b. g. | <i>Defiance</i> , | Ridley | 1 1 |
| Mr Haysom's | b. m. | <i>Jessy</i> , | .. | 2 2 |
| Mr Jones' | b. g. | <i>Charley</i> , | .. | 3 dr. |

Won easily by *Defiance*.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 45s.

4TH RACE.—Champion Cup of £20, with a Sweepstakes added of 30s. each. Three miles; being a *Forced Handicap* for all winners (galloways and timors excepted) during the meeting. The *loser* to have the privilege of *entering* and *accepting*, or otherwise, on publication of the weights, on payment of half the sweepstakes and half entrance only, if they start. No horse to be handicapped to carry more than 11 stone. Winners of two races to pay double entrance and stakes.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|--------|----------------------|----------|-------------|------------|-----|
| Major Bush's | bl. c. | <i>Gar-roo-gin</i> , | 3 years, | 9st. 0lb. | Mr DeLisle | 1 |
| Mr Cole's | b. g. | <i>Stringer</i> , | aged, | 9st. 6lbs. | H. Thomson | 2 |
| Mr Symmons' | b. g. | <i>Badger</i> , | aged, | 9st. 10lbs. | T. Burges | 3 |
| Mr Nixon's | ch. g. | <i>Sancho</i> , | 4 years, | 8st. 10lbs. | .. | dr. |

For this race only 3 came to the post, *Letty* and *Erin* declining to put in an appearance, and *Sancho* was too late to start, which was the more unfortunate for him, as his weight struck us being a very favourable one. Before starting, *Gar-roo-gin* was freely backed at 2 to 1 against the field, and *Badger* and *Stringer* at evens against one another. At the start, *Badger* went away with a strong lead, making and maintaining good and true running for upwards of two miles, *Stringer* keeping about two lengths astern of him, and Mr DeLisle making a waiting race of it on *Gar-roo-gin*, who was pulling hard, and with some difficulty held behind *Stringer* in the first round. After reaching the two-mile starting-post in the second round, it was evident the pace had seriously told on the two leading horses—in fact *Stringer* was in difficulties, and nearly pumped out by his exertions to keep ahead of the colt, and his jockey was observed to be administering the Lachfords to him in pretty regular instalments—*Badger* somewhat distressed by his exertions in maintaining the lead, struck work at the top of the hill, where the colt ran up, and passed the front rank without any trouble, remained with *Badger* and *Stringer* patiently from that point down the slope, where he came out, made his own running, and shot clear away from his companions—winning by three or four lengths. At the last quarter post, *Badger* was compelled to give place to *Stringer*, and was finally beaten by him by about two lengths. We consider the time of this race *first-rate*—more especially so as regards the winner, when the distance, weights, ages and performance of the previous day (two 2½ mile heats with 9st 6lbs), are taken into

account. It is likely he will be taken away from the colony, and although a loss to the settlers, we shall be glad to hear of the safe arrival in India of so creditable a specimen of our nags; and we have no fear of his being able to hold his own, if brought out on the Indian turf.

Time,—6m. 12s.

5TH RACE.—Hack Stakes of £4; distance 1½ mile; 10st. 7lbs. each.

| | | | | | |
|------------|--------|--|--------------|---|---|
| Mr Eliot's | ch. g. | <i>Rocket</i> , by <i>Middleton</i> , | Mr A. Lefroy | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Shaw's | bl. m. | <i>Bessy</i> , by <i>Margeaux</i> , | Mr Jones | 2 | 4 |
| Mr Burges' | bl. g. | <i>Hero</i> , by <i>Hero</i> , | Mr Symmons | 4 | 3 |
| Mr Cole's | b. g. | <i>Young Wonder</i> , by <i>Wonder</i> , | Mr Allman | 3 | 2 |

The winner would have made a very respectable appearance in the races for trained horses, had he been properly prepared by his owner.

The reporter of the late Perth Races requests us to state that we unintentionally deprived the gallant rider of *Gar-roo-gin* of a portion of the credit justly due to him in the first heat of the Town Plate, in announcing that the colt was caught for him after his fall; whereas it appears, although heavily thrown, several seconds under his horse, and dragged a short distance, the hold on the reins was never relaxed by Mr DeLisle, so determined was he not to throw away a chance of saving his distance after the casualty which befel him.

NEW TOWN (VAN DIEMAN'S LAND) RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday, April 11, 1849.*

1ST RACE.—Maiden Plate, of 30 sovs., for horses that have never won public money. Two mile heats. Town Plate weights. Entrance, 3 sovs.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|--|----|---|----|
| Mr James Watt's | b. c. | <i>Lunatic</i> , 5 years, by <i>Rubens</i> , dam <i>Bessy</i> <i>Bedlam</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Yeend's | c. g. | <i>Romeo</i> , aged, by <i>Romeo</i> , dam unknown, | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Eddington's | b. m. | <i>Miss Crow</i> , 5 years, by <i>Eclipse</i> , dam <i>Meg</i> <i>Merrilees</i> , | .. | 3 | bd |

In this race *Lunatic* was well ridden by Davy, who won with ease. It is to be regretted that our old sporting friend, Mr Eddington, should again be so unfortunate. Now for the grand engrossing race of the day, previous to which *Lucifer* was drawn.

2ND RACE.—The Town Plate, of 80 sovs., for all ages. Three yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.; four yrs. old, 9st. 2lbs.; five yrs. old, 9st. 10lbs.; six and aged, 10st. 2lbs. Heats, twice round the course. Entrance 5 sovs.

| | | | | |
|----------------|-------|---|----|---|
| Mr Watt's | b. c. | <i>Swordman</i> , 4 years, by <i>Vanish</i> , dam <i>Kangaroo</i> , | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Rose's | b. c. | <i>Sir Robert</i> , 4 years, by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam <i>Queen of</i> <i>Trumps</i> , | .. | 2 |
| Mr Blackwell's | b. h. | <i>Skyrocket</i> , 6 years, by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>China</i> <i>Legs</i> , | .. | 3 |
| Mr Gee's | b. c. | <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 years, by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam <i>Moss Rose</i> , | dr | |

Swordman is a beautiful horse, and came in at the last heat as fresh as when he started. After the second round bets were offered on him 5 to 2.

3RD RACE.—The Criterion Stakes of 40 sovs. The winner to be sold for 70 sovs., if demanded in the usual way, within half-an-hour of the race; second horse first entitled, &c. Three yrs. old, 8st. 8lbs.; four yrs. old, 9st. 5lbs.; five yrs. old, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 8lbs. Heats, once round and a distance. Entrance 3 sovs.

| | | | | |
|---------------|---------|---|-----|---------|
| Mr W. Brown's | r. g. | <i>Driver</i> , aged, by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>Miss Agnes</i> , | .. | 0 1 1 |
| Mr Gee's | b. m. | <i>Lady Lydia</i> , 3 years, by <i>Besborough</i> , dam <i>Lady Mouse</i> , | .. | 0 dr |
| Mr A. Reid's | b. g. | <i>Harkaway</i> , aged by <i>Peter Simple</i> , dam <i>Norna</i> , | .. | 3 3 2 |
| Mr C. Field's | blk. c. | <i>Muley</i> , 4 years, by <i>Snoozer</i> , dam <i>Black Sall</i> , | .. | 4 2 dis |
| Dr. Huish's | b. h. | <i>Abd-el-Kader</i> , 5 years, by <i>Liberty</i> , dam unknown; | .. | 5 4 dr |
| Dr. Hadley's | b. g. | <i>Sting</i> , 5 years, by <i>Snoozer</i> , dam <i>Pussey</i> | dis | |

The first heat was a dead heat, between *Driver* and *Lady Lydia*, which upon being decided by the Stewards, her ladyship retired from the field, consequently *Driver* had to do two more heats, which he accomplished with much ease to himself and satisfaction to those who had bet upon him.

4TH RACE.—The Trial Stakes, of 25 sovs., for two year olds. Colts, 8st. 4lbs.; fillies, 8st. 1lb. One mile Entrance 3 sovs.

| | | | | |
|-------------|-------|---|----|---|
| Mr Rose's | b. c. | <i>Cobweb</i> , by <i>Jersey</i> , dam <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , | .. | 1 |
| Dr. Huish's | b. c. | <i>Van Tromp</i> , by <i>Little John</i> , dam <i>Isis</i> , | .. | 2 |
| Mr Ycend's | b. f. | <i>Lady Wilton</i> , by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam unknown, | .. | 3 |

Cobweb was the favourite from the first, and had been backed at 3 to 1 against the other two.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, April 12.

1ST RACE.—The racing this day commenced with a Match between Mr Lewis's *Reefer* and Mr Synnott's *Cupid*, for £100 a side; heats, four miles. Both horses during the race had their riders changed; *Cupid* was ridden by Mr Blackwell for the first heat, and by Radford for the other two; Thompson appeared on *Reefer* for the two first heats, and Davey mounted him for the last, this may be said to be as good a race as was ever run in this colony; *Reefer* won the first heat, and *Cupid* the two last racing every inch of the ground, twelve miles. We did not time them, but it is said the first heat was run in 8m. 12s.

2ND RACE.—The Derwent St. Leger, of 30 sovs., for three year olds. Colts, 8st. 6lbs.; fillies, 8st. 3lbs.

Heats, once round. Entrance, 3 sovs.

| | | | | |
|--------------|-------|--|----|-----|
| Mr Gee's | b. f. | <i>Lady Lydia</i> , by <i>Besborough</i> , dam <i>Lady Mouse</i> , | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr J. Lord's | b. c. | <i>Musician</i> , by <i>Bolivar</i> , dam <i>Circe</i> , | .. | 2 2 |
| Mr Watt's | b. f. | <i>Jessie</i> , by <i>Snoozer</i> , dam <i>Black Bess</i> , | .. | 3 3 |

3RD RACE.—The Garrison Stakes of 50 sovs., given by the Garrison, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages. Town Plate weights. Three to start or no race. Single event twice round. Entrance 2 sovs.

| | | | |
|-----------|-------|--|---|
| Mr Watt's | b. c. | <i>Swordsmen</i> , 4 years, by <i>Vanish</i> , dam <i>Kangaroo</i> , | 1 |
| Mr Gee's | b. c. | <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 years, by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam <i>Moss Rose</i> , | 2 |

| | | | |
|----------------|-------|--|----|
| Mr Radford's | b. h. | <i>Coronet</i> , aged, by <i>Wanderer</i> , dam <i>Adelaide</i> ,.. | 3 |
| Dr. Huish's | b. h. | <i>Sir Peter</i> , 5 years by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>Young Countess</i> , .. | 4 |
| Mr Blackwell's | b. h. | <i>Skyrocket</i> , 6 years, by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>China Legs</i> , .. | dr |
| Mr Rose's | b. c. | <i>Sir Robert</i> , 4 years, by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , .. | dr |

This was a splendid race between *Swordsman* and *Lucifer* till half way up the distance, when Davey, who rode *Swordsman* called upon his horse, by the application of the whip, and won by a length and a half.

4TH RACE.—The Ladies' Plate of 40 sovs. Gentlemen riders. Three yrs. old, 9st. 8lbs.; four yrs. old, 10st. 10lbs.; five yrs. old, 11st. 6lbs.; six and aged, 12st. Two mile heats. Entrance 5 sovs.

| | | | | |
|----------------|-------|---|------|---|
| Mr Blackwell's | b. h. | <i>Skyrocket</i> , 6 yrs. by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>China Legs</i> . | 1 | 1 |
| Mr A. Reid's | b. g. | <i>Harkaway</i> , aged, by <i>Peter Simple</i> , dam <i>Norna</i> .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr C. Field's | b. c. | <i>Muley</i> , 4 yrs. by <i>Snoozer</i> , dam <i>Black Sall</i> .. | dis. | |

Skyrocket had it all his own way.

5TH RACE.—The Galloway Stakes of 20 sovs. Weights, 7st. each. Once round and a distance. Entrance 2 sovs.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-------|--|---|
| Mr Patterson's | g. g. | <i>Little Wonder</i> , 5 yrs., by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>Bet</i> .. | 1 |
| Mr Radford's | b. g. | <i>Shamrock</i> , by <i>Wanderer</i> , dam unknown.. | 2 |
| Mr R Thompson's | .. | <i>Minute</i> | 3 |

Little Wonder and *Shamrock* ran well together until they came to Ladd's Hayrick, when *Little Wonder* shot ahead, and won easily.

We have to mention two unprecedented circumstances. Not a female on horseback was to be seen on the course; and the Military Band, which has hitherto attended on the day the Garrison Stake has been run for, did not appear on the ground—this is more to be wondered at, Sir Charles Fitz Roy being present.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, April 13.

1st RACE.—The Tasmanian Stakes of 30 sovs., for all ages. Three yrs. old, 8st. 4lbs.; four yrs. old, 9st 5lbs.; five yrs. old, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 6lbs. Heats, once round and a distance. Entrance 2 sovs.

| | | | | |
|---------------|-------|---|------|---|
| Mr J. Watt's | b. c. | <i>Swordsman</i> , 4 yrs., by <i>Vanish</i> , dam <i>Kangaroo</i> , .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Gee's | b. f. | <i>Lady Lydia</i> , 3 yrs., by <i>Besborough</i> , dam <i>Lady Mouse</i> , .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Rose's | b. c. | <i>Sir Robert</i> , 4 yrs., by <i>Lucifer</i> , dam <i>Queen of Trumps</i> , .. | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Radford's | c. h. | <i>Vandyke</i> , aged, by <i>Rubens</i> , dam <i>Matilda</i> , .. | 4 | 0 |
| Mr C. Field's | b. c. | <i>Muley</i> , 4 yrs, by <i>Snoozer</i> , dam <i>Black Sall</i> , .. | dis. | |
| Dr Huish's | b. h. | <i>Abd-el-Kader</i> , 5 yrs., by <i>Liberty</i> , dam unknown.. | 0 | 0 |

Driver, *Romeo*, *Sir Peter*, and *Harkaway* were entered, but did not start. The running was between *Swordsman* and *Lady Lydia*, the filly making an excellent race with "the crack."

2d RACE.—The Queen's Plate of 40 sovs., given by His Excellency Sir W. T. Denison, Knight, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each. Twice round the

Course. Three to start, or no race. Three yrs old, 8st. 10lbs.; four yrs. old, 9st. 10lbs.; five yrs. old, 10st. 8lbs.; six and aged, 11st. Entrance 2 sovs. Four horses had been entered, but as only two came to the starting post, (Mr Rose's *Shadow*, and Mr Bateman's *Stranger*) the Plate was not run for, the conditions being that three should start or no race. *Shadow* and *Stranger* went off for the entrance money, which was taken by the former, *Stranger* breaking down.

3D RACE.—The Hunters' Stakes of 30 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages. Weights, 11st. 10lbs. each. The ground to be marked off by the Stewards, or any person they may appoint. Entrance 2 sovs.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|---|----|----|---|
| Mr Lyall's | g. g. | <i>Doctor</i> , 6 yrs., unknown, | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Brown's | r. g. | <i>Driver</i> , aged, by <i>Peter Fin</i> , dam <i>Miss Agnes</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr T. Y. Lowes' | g. g. | <i>Nimrod</i> , 6 yrs, by <i>Ninrod</i> , dam <i>Mischief</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |

The *Doctor* did his work well, taking his leaps with ease, and winning the race in gallant style.

4TH RACE.—The Forced Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 35 sovs. added from the Race Fund, for Winners at the present meeting (excepting the Galloways and two-years old.) Losers will be handicapped on application, with the privilege, in the event of not accepting, of paying a forfeit of 1 sov. Twice round the Course.

| | | | | |
|----------------|-------|--|----|---|
| Mr Blackwell's | b. h. | <i>Skyrocket</i> , 6 yrs., 9st. 5lbs. Drover | .. | 1 |
| Mr Watt's | b. c. | <i>Lunatic</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 5lbs. Davey | .. | 2 |
| Mr Gee's | b. c. | <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 |

5TH RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of 25 sovs. for horses that have run at the present meeting. Post entry, 2 sovs each. Three yrs old, 8st. 8lbs; four yrs. old, 9st. 5lbs.; five years old, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 8lbs. Once round and a distance.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-------|---------------------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr C. Field's | b. c. | <i>Muley</i> , 4 years, | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Watt's | b. f. | <i>Jessie</i> , 2 years, | .. | .. | 2 |
| Dr Huish's | b. h. | <i>Abul-el-Kader</i> , 5 years, | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Gee's | b. c. | <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 years, | .. | .. | 4 |
| Mr Reid's | b. g. | <i>Harkaway</i> , aged, | .. | .. | 5 |
| Mr Rose's | b. c. | <i>Sir Robert</i> , 4 years, | .. | .. | 6 |

Sir Robert again played the rogue, by bolting, but *Muley* mended his manners, by going off with the lead, maintaining it throughout, and winning the race by about two lengths.

6TH RACE.—The Hack Stakes of — sovs., for horses untrained this season. Post entry 1 sov. each. Weights, 10st. each. Once round the Course.

Mr Rout's *Vanish* took this race easily, beating six others.

And this closed the races of the Tasmanian Turf Club—races which, for the excellence of the riding, fineness of the weather, and superiority of patronage, are unprecedented. The mere fact of there being two Governors honouring the Course with their presence tended to some material extent in increasing the number of visitors, and the *début* of the new horse *Swordsman* on this side of the island was an epoch not to be looked over by the lovers of the Turf. Every hack (available), every vehicle—from a carriage to a donkey cart—were there, and last though not the least, the first-rate conveyances of Fisher and Martin, the latter of whom had two on the road, each drawn by four slap-up horses, reaped a harvest which the worthy owners well deserved. May we meet the same happy faces next year.

NEW NORFOLK (VAN DIEMAN'S LAND) RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday, March 28, 1849.*

1ST RACE.—Maiden Plate of 20 sovs.; entrance 2 sovs. Heats once round and a distance.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------|----|-------|---|
| Dr Huish's | b. h. | <i>Add-el-Kader</i> , 5 years old.. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr W. Bradshaw's | g. g. | <i>Lottery</i> , .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Jarvis's | b. h. | <i>Minute</i> , aged .. | .. | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Oliver's | skewbald h. | <i>Toby</i> , 5 years old.. | .. | drawn | |

As a matter of course the Doctor's highly trained horse did his work easily, although *Lottery* made an excellent second.

2ND RACE.—Town Plate of 35 sovs.; entrance 3 sovs. Heats three times round.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----|-------|-----|
| Mr Blackwell's | b. h. | <i>Skyrocket</i> , 6 years old | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr T. Fenton's | .. | <i>Royal Oak</i> , 4 .. | .. | 2 | dr. |
| Mr Brown's | r. g. | <i>Driver</i> , aged | .. | drawn | |
| Mr W. Bradshaw's | bk. h. | <i>Undertaker</i> , | .. | drawn | |

Here, again, the bets were all on one side, it being next to a certainty that *Skyrocket* would be the winner, as was the case: he got the first heat well, and walked over for the second.

3RD RACE.—Local Stakes of 10 sovs.; entrance 1 sov.; for horses of all ages, belonging to real owners in the district of New Norfolk.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------|-------------------------------------|----|-------|--------|
| Mr W. Bradshaw's | g. g. | <i>Lottery</i> , aged.. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr T. Fenton's | b. h. | <i>Royal Oak</i> , 4 years old.. | .. | 2 | boltd. |
| Mr J. Murdoch's | b. h. | <i>King</i> , aged.. | .. | drawn | |
| Mr Wookey's | .. | <i>Hookey Walker</i> , 5 years old. | .. | 2 | dr. |

This was the best race of the day, and would have been well contested, had it not have been for the bolting of *Royal Oak*. This being the last race of the day, the visitors hurried away from the Course, there being nothing of an attractive nature to detain them.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, March 29.*

1ST RACE.—Hunters' Stakes, of 20 sovs.; entrance 3 sovs. Gentlemen riders. Weights—3 years old, 10st.; 4 years old, 10st. 10lbs.; 5 years old and aged, 11st. 4lbs. Heats, twice round the Course, over 6 leaps 4 feet high. Three entries or no race. Post entry.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|-------|--------------------|----|---|---|---|
| Mr Radford's | r. g. | <i>Driver</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mr Fenton's | .. | <i>Moonraker</i> , | .. | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Jillet's | b. h. | <i>Heki</i> , | .. | 2 | 3 | 2 |

A protest was entered against Mr Radford, he being considered a jockey, and no gentleman, which caused the third heat.

2ND RACE.—Ladies' Purse, of 20 sovs.; entrance 2 sovs. Gentlemen riders. Weights—3 years old, 10st.; 4 years old, 10st. 10lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 4lbs. 6 years old and aged, 12st. Heats two miles. Three entries or no race.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-------|------------------------------|----|----|-------|
| Mr Brown's | r. g. | <i>Driver</i> , aged.. | .. | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr Blackwell's | b. g. | <i>Bacchus</i> , 5 years old | .. | .. | 2 2 |
| Mr T. Fenton's | .. | <i>Moonraker</i> , aged, | .. | .. | drawn |

Moonraker was only entered to make up the race. Driver won the first heat by a length, and cantered round for the second, *Bacchus* being drawn.

3D RACE.—Beaten Horse Stakes, of 10 sovs.; entrance 1 sov. Weights—3 years old, 8st. 8lbs.; 4 years old, 9st. 4lbs.; 5 years old, 10st.; 6 years old and aged, 10st. 8lbs. Heats once round. Post entry.

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|-------|--------------------|----|----|----|---------|
| Mr Blackwell's | b. g. | <i>Bacchus</i> , | .. | .. | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr T. Fenton's | .. | <i>Royal Oak</i> , | .. | .. | .. | 2 bltd. |

Bacchus had it all his own way throughout the race.

4TH RACE.—Hack Race, seven horses were entered, making a sweepstakes of 5s. each. Mr Simms' grey colt took the lead at starting, was never headed, and won the race easily.

This closed the New Norfolk races, and the Hobart Town folks gladly availed themselves of Fisher's excellent coach which was on the Course waiting to remove them from the clouds of dirt and dust.

THE GREEN POINT RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, April 23, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Produce Stakes, being a subscription of £15 each, P. P., added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. P. P., for all 3 years olds, bred by subscribers, and which have not started for the Breeder's Purse, in September, 1848. Colts, 8st., Fillies, 7st. 10lbs. One mile and a half. Eight subscribers.—Value of stakes, £170.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|-------|--|----|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Laurel</i> , by <i>Laurel</i> , bred by Mr de Jongh | .. | 1 |
| Mr Louw's | r. c. | <i>Sir James</i> ,* by <i>Wildrake</i> , bred by Mr Kotze | .. | 2 |
| Mr J. Van der Byl's | c. f. | <i>Vanity</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner | .. | 3 |
| Mr J. Van Reenen's | r. c. | <i>Sultan</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , bred by the owner | .. | 4 |
| Mr C. Mostart's | r. c. | <i>Indus</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the Hon'ble Mr Van der Byl.. | .. | 5 |

* Late *Tepid*.

For the great race of the Autumn Meeting *Sultan's* style of galloping had not failed to attract backers, who were let in for it as they deserved, for expecting a sandy roan with white legs, and mane and tail to match, to be a race horse, he may have speed for a mile, but such a colour could not last farther.

There was a good deal of conceit too about *Vanity*, all ending however in vexation, and the race was between a couple of outsiders, *Sir James* made a desperate effort, and showed some speed; but *Laurel* came in the winner by several lengths, with great ease, by which event speculators burned their fingers, and connoisseurs discovered the animal's racing points!

Time,—3mi.

2ND RACE.—The Trial Stakes.—A Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F., with £30 added from the Race Fund, for all two years olds, Colts, 8st., Fillies, 7st. 10lbs. Three quarters of a mile. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

| | | | | |
|---------------------|--------|--|----|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | g. c. | <i>Wildrake</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> , bred by Mr Kotze | .. | 1 |
| Mr J. Van der Byl's | do. f. | <i>Grace Darling</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Louw's | r. c. | <i>Agitator</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , dam by <i>Morisco</i> , bred by Mr Melck.. | .. | 3 |
| Mr J. Van Reenen's | br. f. | <i>Vivid</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> , bred by the owner.. | .. | 4 |

A good race between *Wildrake* and *Grace Darling*: the colt winning by a neck in 1-28; a result not anticipated by those who had made their books with reference to his performances at Swellendam, the *bite* was consequently severe.

Of the young ones of the season, the little *Heroine*, the only one worthy of notice, she seemed a little short of her mark, but is a love of a filly, and will, no doubt, prove more than a match for Mr *Wildrake* six months hence. *Grace Darling* is own sister to *Belle Vue*—very like her, but somewhat stouter.

3RD RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of £30, added to the Cradock Cup, for all horses. Entrance, £3 each, and £1 forfeit for horses that do not start. Half the entrances and half the forfeits to go to the winner. Heats 2 miles,—weight for age and 7lbs. allowed to horses that have never won on the Green Point Course.

| | | | | |
|------------------|---------|--|----|---------|
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. f. | <i>Selina</i> , 3 years, by <i>Glaucus</i> , bred by the owner, 7st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 dist. |
| Mr Hoffman's | blk. c. | <i>Sideboard</i> , 4 years, by <i>Sideboard</i> , bred by Mr Melck, 9st. 3lbs. | .. | 2 dist. |
| Mr Van der Byl's | br. f. | <i>Mary Ann</i> , 3 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by the owner, 7st. 9lbs. | .. | dist. |

The running in this race was bad throughout, and the finale perhaps unprecedented in the annals of the turf. For the first heat *Selina* and *Sideboard* coquetted for a mile, and in their fear of each other wasted two minutes and twenty-five seconds, reducing the race to a mere spurt home, in which *Selina* had the best of it by a length. *Mary Ann* did not appear to go for the heat, but her jockey, in laying by, got out of his reckoning, and was distanced.

The second heat was a stupid waiting race, like the first, ending again in favor of *Selina*. But unfortunately, Mr Van Reenen's jockey was found 4lbs. overweight, and his mare was in consequence declared distanced. And *Sideboard's* jockey being also found guilty of the like carelessness, a similar verdict was given against him. The race then became null and void, and the money reverted to the Turf Club.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 25s.; 2d heat, 4m. 17s.

4TH RACE.—The Welter, a Purse of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each H. F., for all colonial-bred horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. One mile and a half. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund. 3 years old, 9st. 7lbs.; 4 years old, 10st. 9lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 3lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 11st. 7lbs. Three horses to start, each from a separate stable, or no race.

| | | | | |
|----------------------------|-------|---|----|---|
| Mr Bayley names Mr Vigne's | c. c. | <i>Jereed</i> , 3 years, by <i>Jereed</i> , dam the imported mare <i>Post-Haste</i> , bred by Mr Bayley, 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr P. Van Breda's | b. c. | <i>Fitz Humphrey</i> , 4 years, by <i>Humphrey</i> , bred by Mr Kotze, 10st. 9lbs. | .. | 2 |

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Mr Van Reenen's | b. c. <i>Camel</i> , 3 years, by <i>Discount</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> , bred by the owner, 9st. 7lbs. dr lame |
| Mr Blake's | b. g. <i>Don't Trust Me</i> , 6 years, 11st. 7lbs. — |
| Mr Mustert's | b. c. <i>Prince Albert</i> , 4 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> , 10st. 9lbs., — |
| Mr Louw's | g. c. <i>Fear Not</i> , 4 years, 10st. 9lbs. .. — |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. <i>Emperor</i> , 3 years, by <i>Gustavus</i> , bred by Mr Van der Byl, 9st. 7lbs. .. — |

The only event of the day in which public opinion was right: *Jereed* was greatly the favorite in the Lottery, and had it all his own way, Thomas keeping up the interest of the race to the last, by feigning an effort to win. *Fitz Humphrey* running second, and the rest not placed.

The object of the Turf Club in giving this Purse, is understood to be the encouragement of the breed of stronger horses than are now to be met with, and it is hoped Mr Bayley's success may induce an emulative spirit among the breeders, to import mares and feed their young stock.

Time,—3m. 4s.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, April 25.

1ST RACE.—His Excellency the Governor's Purse, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H.F., for all horses. Two miles. Weight for age. A winner on the first day to carry 7 lbs. extra.

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| Mr Bayley names Mr Vigne's | c. c. <i>Jereed</i> , 3 years, 8st. 3lbs. 1 |
| Mr J. Van Reenen's | c. f. <i>Selina</i> , 3 years, 7st. 7lbs. 2 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. f. <i>Maria</i> , 4 years, 9st. 0lb. 3 |

Maria, amiss, had no chance. *Jereed* and *Selina* went off at a good pace for the first half mile, when each took to waiting on the other, and wasting time until they reached the battery, when the running was resumed in earnest. Thomas bringing the colt in by just enough to secure the prize.

Time,—4m. 1 s.

2ND RACE.—The New Market Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F., with £20 added from the Race Fund, for all colonial-bred horses. Heats, one mile. 2 years old, 7st.; 3 years old, 8st. 5lbs.; 4 years old, 9st. 8lbs.; 5 years old, 10st.; 6 years old and aged, 10st. 4lbs.

A winner once to carry 7lbs., twice or oftener 14lbs. extra. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | bl. c. <i>Sideboard</i> , 4 years 10st. 8lbs. 0 1 1 |
| Mr J. Van der Byl's | b. f. <i>Grace Darling</i> , 2 years 6st. 11lbs. 1 3 3 |
| Mr Van Breda's | b. c. <i>Fitz Humphrey</i> , 4 years 9st. 8lbs. 0 2 2 |
| Mr Mostert's | b. c. <i>Prince Albert</i> , 4 years 9st. 8lbs. 2 0 0 |
| Mr J. Van Reenen's | r. c. <i>Sultan</i> , 3 years 8st. 5lbs. 3 drawn. |
| Mr Bayley names Mr Thomas's | b. h. <i>Energy</i> , 5 years 10st. 0lb. 4 4 0 |
| Mr Louw's | r. c. <i>Sir James</i> , 3 years 8st. 5lbs. 0 0 0 |
| Mr Wylde's | c. c. <i>Rustic</i> , bred by Mr Rose, sire <i>Rattles</i> , dam <i>Caffryn</i> , by <i>Ambletonian</i> , 8st. 5lbs., 0 0 0 |

THE GREEN POINT RACES.

15

Sideboard much the best mile horse of the lot, might as well have gone for the first heat, instead of detracting from his character by the sneaking dodge of lying by.

The first heat was gallantly contested by *Grace Darling* and *Sir James*, but the owner of the latter having omitted to declare his horse to start, was not placed in the race, although suffered to run under protest to satisfy his backers in the lotteries.

The second heat was won easily by *Sideboard*. Third heat *Sideboard* again.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 58s.; 2d heat, 1m. 59s.; 3d heat, 1m. 58½.

2D RACE.—The Tradesman's Purse of £20, with the Town Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F., for all Colonial bred horses that have not won on the Green Point Race Course before the first day of the meeting. Heats, one mile and a half. Weight for age. A winner on the first day to carry 7lbs. extra. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|--------|---|---------|------|--------|---|---|--------|---|
| Mr J. Van Reenen's | br. f. | <i>Handmaid</i> , 3 years, by <i>Glaucus</i> , bred | | | | | | | |
| | | by the owner | .. | 7st. | 7lbs. | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Blake's | b. g. | <i>Don't Trust Me</i> , | .. | 9st. | 13lbs. | 3 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Laurel</i> , | 3 years | 8st. | 3lbs. | 1 | 4 | drawn. | |
| Mr Van der Byl's | c. f. | <i>Vanity</i> , | 3 years | 7st. | 7lbs. | 2 | 2 | 3 | |

This race afforded a great deal too good sport for the money, and it is to be hoped the worthy donors will slacken their purse-strings a little more liberally next year.

Laurel and *Vanity* contested the first heat, the colt winning in the very best. In the second heat, the Swellendam Cock Tail, made play from the post, and by dint of good riding was squeezed in the winner by an accomplished amateur. In the third heat, *Don't Trust Me* again made play, but soon showed the absence of the right drop in his veins, getting beat by *Handmaid* in the execrable time. The fourth heat was run in the dark; *Handmaid* again beating the gelding.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 6s.; 2d heat, 3m. 10s.; 3rd heat, 3m. 10s.; 4th heat, 3m. 32s.

THIRD DAY, Friday, April 27.

1ST RACE.—The Visitors' Handicap, value £— added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. for all horses that have run during the meeting. Heats, one and a half mile. Entrance to be made by 1 p. m., on Thursday, 26th.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|--------------------|----------|------|--------|---|---|
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. f. | <i>Selina</i> , | 3 years, | 7st. | 12lbs. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Sideboard</i> , | 4 years, | 9st. | 13lbs. | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Bayley names | c. c. | <i>Jereed</i> , | 3 years, | 8st. | 7lbs. | 2 | 3 |

Here again the knowing ones were bit;—the general opinion being that the filly was greatly overweighted, although receiving 6lbs. from *Jereed*, and 5lbs. from *Sideboard*.

This was really the best race of the meeting, for every yard of it was contested. In the first heat, all off at once, *Sideboard* was beaten at the light house, and resisted the struggle, which ended in favor of *Selina*, in a beautiful race.

2nd heat, *Jereed*, apparently out of sorts, was beaten off at the turn home, and *Sideboard* struggled on with the filly; the latter winning by a length.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 58s.; 2d heat, 3m. 1s.

2D RACE.—The Staff Purse of £20, given by the personal staff of His Excellency the Governor, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 to each. H. F., for all Colo-

mial bred horses. Heats, one mile. Same weights as for the New Market Sweepstakes. A winner once to carry 7lbs.; twice or oftener, 14lbs. extra. The winner to be sold for £100, if claimed; but allowed 5lbs. if priced at £80; 10lbs. at £60; and 20lbs. at £40. Entrances to be made, specifying prices, by 1 p. m. on Thursday, the 26th inst.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|-------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Mr Thomas' | b. h. | <i>Energy</i> , | 5 years, £40, | 8st. 8lbs. 1 1 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | b. f. | <i>Handmaid</i> , | 3 years, £40, | 6st. 10lbs. 3 2 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Emperor</i> , | 3 years, £40, | 6st. 13lbs. 2 — |

Energy broke loose, and galloped into Cape Town, just before the race, and coming to the post in a lather, caused some dismay among his backers. But 2 minutes and 2 seconds after the word "off" was given, relieved them of their alarm, *Energy* winning by a neck without difficulty. The second heat was disposed of in the same manner. And for half an hour a good little horse was claimable at £40—but the people in want of horses must have been all asleep, and lost the opportunity of a cheap and good mount.

Time,—2m. 20s.

3D RACE.—A Hack Race, £5 added to a Sweepstakes of £1 each. P. P. for all horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. Heats, half a mile. Catch Weights, not under 10st. 7lbs. Post Entrances. Gentlemen Riders. The winner to be sold for £40, if claimed.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|------------------------------|----|----|--------------|
| Mr George's | b. g. | <i>Leopard</i> , | .. | .. | 0 3 0 0 |
| Mr Dryer's | b. h. | <i>Fireaway</i> , | .. | .. | 0 5 0 0 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | b. g. | <i>Clinker</i> , | .. | .. | 0 2 3 0 |
| Mr Duckitt's | b. g. | <i>Napoleon</i> , | .. | .. | 1 drawn. |
| Mr Niewhout's | c. h. | <i>Royal Oak</i> , | .. | .. | 2 drawn. |
| Mr Honey's | b. g. | <i>Thomas</i> , | .. | .. | distanced. |
| Mr Mostert's | b. c. | <i>Indus</i> , | .. | .. | 0 8 0 0 |
| Mr Johnson's | b. h. | <i>Newbold</i> , | .. | .. | 3 7 0 0 |
| Mr Rathfelder's | b. g. | <i>Barrel</i> , | .. | .. | 0 6 0 0 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. h. | <i>Johnny</i> , | .. | .. | distanced. |
| Mr Blake's | b. g. | <i>Don't Trust Me</i> , | .. | .. | 0 2 1 1 |
| Mr Mostert's | b. h. | <i>Catch Me if You Can</i> , | .. | .. | 0 0 0 0 |
| Mr Barry's | r. g. | <i>Malay</i> , | .. | .. | 0 4 0 0 |
| Mr Prince's | c. c. | <i>Enterprise</i> , | .. | .. | 0 drawn. |
| Mr Oglivie's | b. h. | <i>Tom</i> , | .. | .. | 0 distanced. |

The best field of hacks ever brought to the post at Green Point within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The first heat was taken by *Napoleon*, the second by *Clinker*, and the third and fourth by *Don't Trust Me*. The last heat was run in utter darkness, and the jockies weighed by lamp-light.

STELLENBOSCH RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, May 10, 1849.

1st RACE.—The Stellenbosch Purse, for all untried horses, value £20. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. Entrance, £1 10.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|----|----------------------------|----|---|---------|
| Mr Hoffman's | br. | c. | <i>Puzzle</i> , 3 years | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr C. Brink's | gr. | c. | <i>Gambler</i> , 3 years | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Cator's | ch. | c. | <i>Comet</i> , 5 years old | .. | 3 | 3 |
| Mr J. Van der Byl's | bl. | c. | <i>Ethiopian</i> , 2 years | .. | 4 | bolting |
| Mr Joubert's | ch. | c. | <i>Pioneer</i> , 2 years | .. | | bolting |

Puzzle kept behind until the mile post, when he caught the trio.
Pioneer bolted at once from the starting post, and was distanced.
 Same running in the second heat, won by *Puzzle*.
Ethiopian carried 25lbs. overweight the first heat.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 12s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 17s.

2ND RACE.—The Turf Club Cup Stakes £5, with £20 from the Club. One mile and a half heats. Weight for age. Entrance £1.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|----|-----------------------------------|----|---|---|---|
| Mr J. Van der Byl's | ch. | f. | <i>Vanity</i> , 3 years.. | .. | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | br. | c. | <i>Laurel</i> , 3 years.. | .. | 0 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr McCarter's | br. | h. | <i>Wellington</i> , 4 years old.. | .. | 3 | 3 | 2 |

1st Heat.—*Wellington* by far the favorite in this race, and also the strongest, tried to break the two younger horses, by laying by the first heat, but was regularly cheated by them, who remained with *Wellington* until the distance post, when all three, of course, did their best, and ended in a dead heat between *Laurel* and *Vanity*—*Wellington* beaten by twenty yards.

2nd Heat.—First-rate running all the way round, every yard being contested, except *Wellington* who again laid by—*Vanity* winning by half a neck.

3rd Heat.—Similar running between *Vanity* and *Wellington*—won by *Vanity*.

The time will be considered not first-rate, which is owing to the course having been very wet, on account of the torrents of rain which fell before the races took place, and which is, no doubt, the heaviest course yet met with.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 5s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 8s.; 3rd heat, 3m. 12s.

3RD RACE.—The Bachelors' Stakes, a Sweepstakes of £1 each, with £15 from the Club. Catch weight, not less than 10st. Post entrance. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for £40, if claimed in the usual way. Three quarters of a mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|-----|----|----------------------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Nurgens | gr. | h. | <i>Tempus</i> , aged | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Neethling's | gr. | h. | <i>Try Again</i> , 6 years | .. | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Beyer's | gr. | h. | <i>Sandilla</i> , 4 years | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | wh. | h. | <i>Boots</i> , 5 years | .. | 2 | 2 |

Sandilla and *Tempus* took the lead, and kept together to the end—*Sandilla* winning by a neck, the other two, far behind.

Tempus took the lead the second heat, but was beaten by *Sandilla*.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 28s.; 2nd heat, 1m. 30s.

4TH RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, value £22 10. Entrance £1 10. One mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|--------|---------------------------------|----|---|-------|------|
| Mr Negthling's | br. h. | <i>Protector</i> , 4 years | .. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Cator's | br. h. | <i>Don't Trust Me</i> , 6 years | .. | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Hoffman's | gr. c. | <i>Wildrake</i> , 2 years | .. | 1 | 3 | lame |
| Mr Joubert's | br. c. | <i>Ploughboy</i> , 2 years | .. | 4 | drawn | |

Wildrake the favorite, won easily.

Protector got the two other heats, not without difficulty.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 2s. ; 2nd heat, 2m. 7s. ; 3rd heat, 2m. 12s.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, May 12.

1ST RACE.—The Consolation Purse of £15 from the Club, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 each. Weight for age. Heats, 1½ mile. The winner to be sold, with his engagements, for £75, if claimed in the usual manner, &c. If to be sold for £65, to be allowed 7lbs. ; if for £40, to be allowed 14lbs. ; and if for £25, to be allowed 21lbs. The winner to pay £1 10 to the Race Fund.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|-------------------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | .. | <i>Puzzle</i> , £65.. | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Cator's | .. | <i>Don't Trust Me</i> , £40.. | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Joubert's | .. | <i>Pioneer</i> , £65.. | .. | .. | 3 | 3 |

Puzzle won both heats, without much hard work.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 8s. ; 2nd heat, 3m. 12s.

2ND RACE.—The Strangers' Handicap, for horses that have run during the meeting—value £22 10. Entrance £3. One mile and a half heats.

N. B. The entrances for this Race to be made between 10 and 12 o'clock on the day before it comes off.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|---------------------|------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | .. | <i>Laurel</i> , | 7st. 5lbs. | .. | 1 | 2 |
| Mr McCarter's | .. | <i>Wellington</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 | 2 |

Laurel beat *Wellington* entirely.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 8s. ; 2d heat, 3m. 13s.

3RD RACE.—A Hack Purse, value £10. Catch weight. Post entrance. The winner to be sold for £18, if required. The second horse to have the preference. Entrance 10 Shillings. ¾ mile heats.

Run by a good number of hacks, and won by Mr Naude's br. c. *Windvogel*.

4TH RACE.—A Pony Race, value £7 10. Catch weight. Post entrance. The winner to be sold for £12 10, if claimed on the usual conditions. Entrance 7s. 6d. ¾ mile heats.

Run by four ponies, and won by Mr Maders, Jr.

KIRKEE RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, August 14, 1849.*

1st RACE.—The Kirkee Derby, Plate of Rupees 400 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit for all maidens. Once round the course. Weight for age. Byculla Standard. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|---|------------|
| Mr Holmes's, 10th Hussars, | b. a. h. | <i>The Enemy</i> , 5 years old, 8st. 5lbs. Bullock, | 1 |
| Mr Spurious's | g. a. h. | <i>Liberty</i> , 5 years old, 8st. 5lbs. Cartwright, | 2 |
| Mr W. Smith's, 22nd Regiment, | g. a. h. | <i>Port</i> , aged, 9st. 0lb., Sappho, | 3 |
| Mr Charles's | g. a. h. | <i>Myrtle</i> , 6 years old, 8st. 12lbs. Shaikh Ismael, | 4 |
| Capt. Harrison, 10th Hussars, | b. a. c. | <i>Zephyr</i> , 4 years old, 7st. 12lbs. Fuckeera, | 5 |
| Mr Mansfield's | -g. a. h. | <i>Gastlight</i> , 4 years old, 7st. 12lbs. Shaikh Daoud, | dist |

Time,—2m. 32s.

2d RACE.—The Kirkee Welter of Rupees 350 from the Fund, for all horses, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit. Once round the course. 11st. 7lbs. each. Gentlemen Riders. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Derby to carry 4lbs. extra. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|--|---------|
| Capt. Little's, 10th Hussars, | b. a. h. | <i>William</i> , 11st. 7lbs. Capt. Thornhill, | 1 |
| Mr Spurious's | ch. a. h. | <i>Red Jacket</i> , 11st. 7lbs. Capt. Andrews, | 9 |

Time,—2m. 34s.

3d RACE.—A Plate of Rupees 150 from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. each, for all Galloways. Weight for inches—14 hands 10st. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name the day before the Race.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------|--|---------------|
| Capt. Henry's, A. D. C., | b. a. g. | <i>Sir Erskine</i> , 10st. 0lb. Capt. Henry, | 1 |
| Capt. Stedman's, 10th Hussars, | g. a. g. | <i>Punch</i> , 9st. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Capt. Stedman, | 2 |
| Mr W. Smith's, 22d Regiment, | g. a. g. | <i>Juryman</i> , 9st. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Capt. Andrews, | bolted. |
| Mr Gardiner's | b. a. h. | <i>Little Wonder</i> . | |

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 41s. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 35s. Total.

SECOND DAY, *Friday, August 17, 1849.*

1st RACE.—A Give and Take Plate of Rupees 200 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each, for all horse. Weight for inches—14 hands 8st. 7lbs. To close and name the day before the Race. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|----------|---|----------|
| Mr Pennefather's, 22nd Regt. | g. a. h. | <i>Port</i> , 13 hands 3 inches, 7st. 12lbs. 4oz. Sappho, | 11 |
|------------------------------|----------|---|----------|

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|--|
| Capt. Henry's, A. D. C. | b. a. h. | <i>Sir Erskine</i> , 14 hands 1½ inches, 8st. 7lbs. 0oz. Davis, .. 2 |
| Mr Scott's | ch. a. h. | <i>Rocket</i> , 14 hands 1½ inches, 9st. 3lbs. 8oz. Shandly, .. 3 |
| Mr Spurious's | g. a. h. | <i>Buckemup</i> , 14 hands 1½ inches, 9st 0lb. 0oz. dr. |
| Mr Spurious's | g. a. h. | <i>Phantom</i> , 14 hands 2¼ inches, 9st. 6lbs. 2oz. Cartwright, .. dr. |

Time,—3m. 7s.

2ND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of Rupees 200 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 1½ miles and a distance, 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name the day before the Race.

| | | |
|---------------|-----------|--|
| Capt Little's | b. a. h. | <i>Sir William</i> , 11st. Capt. Thornhill 1 |
| Mr Spurious's | ch. a. h. | <i>Red Jacket</i> , 11st. Bullock |
| Mr Spurious's | g. a. h. | <i>Phantom</i> , 11st. Mr H. Johnstone dist. |

Distanced 19—1st half mile,—1m. 4s.; 2nd, 0m. 59s.; 3d, 1m. 3s. Total.

3D RACE.—A Plate of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit for all horses. 1 mile. Weight for age. Bynulla Standard. To close and name on the 1st July 1819.

| | | |
|---------------|-----------|--|
| Col. Blood's | g. a. h. | <i>Sir Walter</i> , 5 yrs. 8st. 0lbs. 5oz. Davis 1 |
| Mr Spurious's | ch. a. h. | <i>Red Jacket</i> , aged 9st. 0lbs. 0oz. Bullock 2 |

Time,—½ mile, 5s.; 1 mile, 1m. 59s.

THIRD DAY, Tuesday, August 21.

4TH RACE.—The Hussar Cup, value 100 guineas, given by the officers of the 10th Royal Hussars—for all horses. Weight for age. 1½ mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. 5 G. M. entrance. Half forfeit if declared by 1 o'clock the day before the race. Arabs 3 years old 9st.; 4 years old 9st. 12lbs.; 5 years old 10st. 7lbs.; six and aged 11st. Country bred to carry 7lbs. extra; Cape and New South Wales Horses 8st. extra. English horses 2st. extra. Three horses *bona fide* the property of different owners, not confederates to start, or the Cup withheld. Winners once 5lbs. extra, twice or oftener 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Mares and Geldings 3lbs.

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|---|
| Captain Little's | b. a. h. | <i>Sir William</i> , 6 yrs. 11st. 7lbs. Capt. Thornhill 1 |
| Mr Spurious's | ch. a. h. | <i>Red Jacket</i> , aged 11st. 7lbs. Mr H. Johnstone 2 |
| " | g. a. h. | <i>Phantom</i> , 6 yrs. 11st. 7lbs. Capt. Fellows dist. |

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 34s.; 2nd heat, 2m. 32s.

2ND RACE.—A Plate of Rupees 300 from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 G. M. forfeit for all horses. Maidens allowed 10lbs. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. 2 miles. 10st 7lbs. each. To close and name on the 1st July 1819.

| | | |
|--------------------|----------|---|
| Mr Spurious's | g. a. h. | <i>Phantom</i> , 6 yrs. 10st. 7lbs. Cartwright 1 |
| Capt. Henry's | b. a. h. | <i>Sir Erskine</i> , 5 ,, 9st. 11lbs. Capt. Henry 2 |
| Mr Webber Smith's, | | |
| 22nd Regt., | g. a. h. | <i>Port</i> , aged 9st. 11lbs. Sappho 3 |

Time,—4m 10s.

3RD RACE.—A Pony Plate of Rupees 75 from the Fund for all Ponies, 13 hands and under. Catch weights. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. To close and name the day before the Race.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|--|----|------------|---|
| Mr W. Smith's | ch. a. p. | <i>Tom Tit</i> , late <i>Cockspinner</i> , | .. | Bobby | 1 |
| Mr Sidney's | roan pony | <i>Bob</i> , | .. | Pindy | 2 |
| Mr Gardner's | b. a. p. | <i>Tiltmouse</i> , | .. | Pashna | 3 |
| Mr Spurious's | ch. a. p. | <i>Little Tough</i> , | .. | Cartwright | 4 |

4TH RACE —Match 500 Rupees 8st. 7lbs. each.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------|---------------------------|------------|------------|---|
| Mr Holmes's | b. a. h. | <i>The Enemy</i> , 5 yrs. | 8st. 7lbs. | Bullock | 1 |
| Mr Mansfield's | g. a. h. | <i>Gas Light</i> 4 | 8st. 7lbs. | Sheik Daod | 2 |

Time,—3m. 3s.

FOURTH DAY, Friday, August 24.

1ST RACE —The Consolation Stakes of Rupees 200 from the fund, with an entrance of 3 G. M. each, for all horses. Weight for value. Winner to be sold for his declared value if demanded in the usual manner. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| Horses entered to be sold for | | Rs. 700 | 10st. | 7lbs. |
|-------------------------------|-------|---------|-------|-------|
| ditto | ditto | 600 | 10 | 0 |
| ditto | ditto | 500 | 9 | 7 |
| ditto | ditto | 400 | 9 | 0 |
| ditto | ditto | 300 | 8 | 7 |
| ditto | ditto | 200 | 8 | 0 |

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Resolution*, to be sold for Rs. 700, aged 10st. 7lbs. Cartwright.. .. *1 1

Mr Pennfather's g. a. h. *Juryman*, 600, aged 10st. 0lb. Bullock 2 dr.

Time,—1st $\frac{1}{4}$, 56s. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 1m. 26s.

2ND RACE.—The Judges and Secretaries Purse of Rs. 500. The gift of the Judge and Secretary of the Meeting, with an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 miles. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once 5lbs.; twice 8lbs. extra. 3 horses, *bond fide* the property of different owners to start, or the gift withheld.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|-------------|----------|-----|
| Mr Holmes's | b. a. h. | <i>The Enemy</i> , 5 yrs. | 8st. 6lbs. | Davis | 1 |
| Mr Spurious names | ch. a. h. | <i>Red Jacket</i> , aged 9st. | 8lbs. | Bullock | 2 |
| Mr H. Johnstone's | g. a. h. | <i>Mr Whitty</i> , 5 yrs. | 7st. 12lbs. | Mr Blair | bd. |

Time,—1st half mile, 1m. 2s.; 2nd, 1m. 1s.; 3rd, 1m. 2s. Total, 4m. 5s.

3RD RACE.—A Match 300 Rupees, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|--------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Capt. Francis's | g. a. h. | <i>Jim Crack</i> , | .. | Capt. Francis | 1 |
| Mr Hallett's | b. a. h. | <i>Billy</i> , | .. | Mr Hallett | 2 |

Time,—1st half mile, 1m. 6s.; 2nd, 1m. 6s.; 3rd, 1m. 8s. Total, 3m. 20s.

4TH RACE.—The Deccan Purse, value rupees 400, 1½ mile heats 5 G. M. each, half forfeit—handicap by the Stewards. To close and name on the 1st July 1849.

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Phantom*, .. Cartwright walks over.

5TH RACE.—The Hack Plate of rupees 100 from the fund. The winner to be sold for Rs. 300. ½ mile heats. Catch weights.

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Resolution*, .. Cartwright 1

Dr Bayne's stud bred g. mare *Lucy Long*, .. Capt. Francis 2

Mr Smith's ch. a pony *Tom Tit*, .. Bobby 3

Time,—57s.

FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, August 28.

1ST RACE.—The Forced Handicap for all winners during the meeting, 5 G. M. for each race won, optional to losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. each. 2 miles.

Mr Holmes's b. a. h. *The Enemy*, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lbs. Davis 1

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Phantom*, aged 9st. 7lbs. Cartwright 2

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Resolution*, ,, 8st. 8lbs. Furkeera 3

Time,—1st half mile, 1m.; 2nd, 1m. 11s.; 3rd, 1m. 6s.; 4th, 58s. Total, 4m. 15s.

2ND RACE.—The Beaten Handicap of Rs. 150 from the fund. 5 G. M. entrance. Open to all the beaten horses of the meeting. Round the course—heats.

Mr Webber Smith's g. a. h. *Juryman*, aged, 8st. 0lb. Bullock 1 1

Mr Scott's ch. a. h. *Rocket*, ,, 7st. 12lbs. Bomanjee 2 2

Time not taken.

3RD RACE.—A Hurdle Race of rupees 250 from the fund, 3 G. M. entrance. Over six hurdles 3½ feet high, 11st. each. Gentlemen Riders. Once round the course. To close and name the day before the race.

Mr Spurious's g. a. h. *Buckemup*, aged 11st. 0lb. Mr H. Johnstone 1

Mr Douglas's roan nsw. h. *Rory*, 12st. 0lb. Mr Stephenson bd.

Raining so hard, time not taken.

W. HUNTER, Esq., C. S.

MAJOR WESTERN, H. M. 64th Regt.

CAPT. SURTEES, 10th Hussars.

CAPT. ANDERSON, H. M. 83rd Regt. } *Stewards.*

CAPT. FELLOWES, A. D. C.

CAPT. HENRY, A. D. C.

CAPT. FOULERTON, 1st Grenadiers.

SIR T. MUNRO, Bart, 10th Hussars, *Judge.*

**AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR
IS COMPILED.**

Perth Races, *Colonial Times.*

New Town (Van Dieman's Land) Races, . . *Ditto.*

New Norfolk (Van Dieman's Land) Races, . *Ditto.*

The Green Point Races, *Sam Sly's African Journal.*

Stellenbosch Races, *Ditto.*

Kirkcubbin Races, *Our own Correspondent.*

THE
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW,

RECORD
OF THE
TURF, THE CHASE, THE GUN,
THE ROD, AND
SPEAR.

THE
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N^o. XX.

DECEMBER, 1849.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

CALCUTTA:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE STAR PRESS.

.....
1849.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F.—The produce of Arab dam and sire dropped in this country would run as a country-bred ; so of English blood.

INDEX.—The Calcutta Arab *Selim* was sent to England some two or three years ago. *Elepoo* and *Minuet* are now on their passage, on board the *Barham*.

TIPPITIWITCHET is declined.

SILEX.—The hint will be remembered, but at present we do not see the necessity of mooting the question.

TIRHOOT.—Certainly not: there is no such player within the Ditch. We do not think there is a player in the country whose average for seven successive times would be 20, placing the balls as stated “each square with a centre pocket and four inches off, the striker to start from balk.”

PROTEUS.—The promised favour has not reached us.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1849.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS;
OR,
THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.
PART II*.

15th April, 55°, at 5 A. M.—To-day being Saturday we visited that part of the remains of Solomon's Temple, the south side of the wall of the Sakhara where the Jews pray. The fissures between the stones are large and they whisper up into them. A miserable degraded race—wherever they reside the same unenviable distinction marks them—with wealth at their command and commercial influence; but wanting totally personal respect from any nation among whom they reside, still are strangers and sojourners as “all their fathers were.” They are all anxious to end their days at Jerusalem, and be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and are said to outnumber the residents of all the other nations now in Jerusalem. About this season of the year I heard the Paçha say 30,000 pilgrims had arrived within the town, but I fancy that number may be divided by 3 to find the real amount. After we had come to the street leading from the Damascus gate across the Durrub el Alum or Via Dolorosa, the street of

* Continued from No. 19, of the *India Sporting Review*.

sighs—said to have been the route taken by our Saviour while bearing his cross; we passed up some steep steps and behind a few camel drivers' huts, were shown a narrow wooden-built shed which had been used recently for a camel stable, and which was bounded by the wall of the mosque. Here the Jews pray on Saturdays, walking to and fro, touching with their hands certain places in the wall and muttering certain prayers. We saw several stones, perhaps the largest being 24 feet long and 4 broad, but how many feet in breadth under the wall I know not. An Arab took us into his house to shew us the "largest of them all," black, but with soot, and that was only 14 feet long. We visited the Consul during this forenoon relative to our proposed journey up the valley of the Jordan. We found that our handsome acquaintance, Shaik Mahmoud Ibn Anees, was a useless impostor, and we were advised not to try the passage up to Tiberias, as the season was decidedly against our plans, all the Arab tribes being on the look out for pilgrims, and the American expedition having attracted many to the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea in the hope of employment or of casual plunder. We left the city at 1½ A. M., rode to the village of Lustan over a most villainous stony hill country, thence to Beth Surih and thence to the tomb of Samuel, conspicuous from all quarters of Judea and Ephraim. A minaret marks it a Moslem village, although the building adjoining is undeniably in form and style a Christian church, and the white washed mausoleum within the centre aisle is a modern Turkish adjunct. We ascended to the gallery at the east end of the building and after looking down into the body of the church and where the altar had been consecrated, we emerged upon the parapet wall of a lofty tower and enjoyed a most extensive view over the whole land of Judah from the eastern hills of Moab, beneath which glimmered the pale Dead Sea, down to the western extreme of the blue Mediterranean, rising level with our position till it blended with the azure vault above it. The wind was high, keen, and searching. Our host, a venerable old Mahomedan, apparently from the respect paid to him by the noisy crowd of dirty villains who rushed to hold our horses, as we rode into the square formed by their huts round the church door, was the chief, or Arabic, Shaik el Belled.—Most of the men were large, brown, coarse featured rustics, without the athletic proportions of the coast tribes the descendants of the Anakims, or the refined expression of the Bethlehem Christians, or the piercing glances and meagre figures of the desert Arabs—clad as in Egypt in one sole garment, a dirty shirt of unbleached cotton cloth descending to their scaly knees and open at the sunburnt breast. Men pushed aside the weaker sex, and seemed astonished and angered when they found

that we resented such rudeness and repulsed the offers of the hairy ruffians, to give the trifling present which such services could earn to their unwashed sisters.

We had no guide with us to-day, but our imperfect Arabic met with a polite interpreter in the dignified old gentleman, who pointed out to us from the elevated position of the tower, Gibeon, a conical hill on what appeared to us a plain, but which was in reality a series of deep ravines, such as we had alternately climbed and dived into on our way from Jerusalem, and the valley of Ajalon, a deep fissure in the western hills, upon whose mist-clad sides was many a pleasantly situated village surrounded by its groves of olives and bright-leaved fruit trees. The noon tide heat spread a thin veil over the lower valleys, while rising above the misty surge appeared the tops of several well known scenes of holy history. Bethel and Rama backed by the ridge of Mount Ephraim, behind us Bethlehem conspicuous by its vast massy convent from the dark hills behind it, and the clear yellow walls of Jerusalem set in bold relief from the grey cold hills around it. A few piasters to the Shaik's children, and a few more to our vociferous attendants at the door allowed us to ride forth unmolested, but unguided and unsaluted, from the filthy village down the steep track we had ascended by into the valley of Elah, whose tortuous bed we followed till we joined the road from Ramlah and Jaffa at the village Galoroni, and thence returned to Jerusalem. We remarked as we travelled these abrupt ravines, from whence the access to the villages piled on the stony conical hills was by broken roads not so accessible to horses or so safe to the rider as up and down a respectable London staircase, and that the cultivation of the vine is more prevalent in this neighbourhood than in the eastern villages. Whole fields were set with the plants which had been cut down to within two feet of the ground as the pliant twigs inserted and interlaced with one another in rows upon the terraces of light red soil. The spring had broken forth most conspicuously since we last marched through Galoroni during the previous week. Some ruins on the west bank of the torrent within half a mile of Galoroni, seemed to us to be the site of Emmaus, indicated by our worthy hosts, the brethren of convent Terra Sancta. The mercury at 9 p. m. in the room pointed to 58° and on 16th April thermometer pointed to 55° at 5 A. M. E. went to mass at the Holy Sepulchre to hear the music in the Latin Church. He described the service as a most imposing spectacle, but that the Armenians who assembled in large force without the chapel, but within the Holy Sepulchre, were very riotous in their conduct during the ceremony, the Latins behaving with great devotion. I attended the English

church at 10 A. M. in three vaulted rooms, south of the church, which has been built on the ground allotted by the Turkish Government to the English consul as a private residence, but for whom on the unoccupied portion of the grant a house is to be constructed. The permission to consecrate the building is daily expected by steamer direct from London to Jaffa, which will remain during Easter week and return to London, doubtless a cockney excursion similar to that so admirably described by M. A. Titmarsh. The authorities hoped that the Wednesday in Holy week might be the day of the consecration.—The congregation appeared the most devout I had ever formed part of: the rooms were quite full, and though there is neither organ nor any other instrument, all the congregation, males and females, sang in most lugubrious style to the vocal leading of some man who on each occasion gave out three entire hymns as he faced towards the altar, where three clergymen including the Bishop officiated. The Consul told us that an organ was on its way out from London. About four o'clock in the afternoon we mounted our horses and rode to Bethany. We were shewn the tomb of Lazarus, a large cave, with a narrow entrance down 18 steps within the village. We had an interesting Arabic conversation with two intelligent men of the village, while standing by a stone beyond the village and looking upon the barren cliffs of the Sea of John. They assert that our Lord was carried to this stone from the hill of temptation at Jericho. They complained much of the conscription, which was as rigorous as to take one man in five, that they had both been drawn but that one found a substitute in a slave, and the other, his brother, an unmarried man, joined the levies, who were engaged for 7 years, and then turned adrift without the clothes they had worn and without remuneration. They told us that their village paid eight purses=4,000 piasters=£40. We had no means of judging the amount of arable land attached to the village, but judging from the houses and the number of inhabitants the sum appeared to me much lighter than the collections or the land tax from a village of the same size in the East India Company's districts. They said the Turks were less oppressive than Mehemet Ali's régime, and did not interfere in the internal management of the village so much, but that robbery and acts of violence were now very frequent. The desert Arab tribes were in no subjection to the Turkish authorities, rejecting alike the supremacy of the Pacha of Jerusalem and the Seraskier of Damascus, who were too weak and indolent to coerce them. They said that Abdelayaz el Nemur was at variance with the tribes of Kerck and El Allowan; that he did not live at Jerash, but generally in the hills opposite; that Shaik Mahmoud El Anees, or any other res-

pectable Mussulman, could communicate with him in a day's space from Jericho, &c.

Thermometer 60° at 2 P. M. 17th April 58° at 5 A. M. The last day of our residence in Jerusalem. I made the best of my way early after sunrise to St. Stephen's gate to visit the Mount of Olives, for the last time and the holy sepulchra once again. I had now become acquainted with every street in Jerusalem, and knew all the localities of interest. One only had escaped our search, The Field of Blood. We had searched the confines of Mount Zion with care and the opposite hill of Evil Council attentively, had found many caves, but none like the charnel house, described by all travellers as the field to bury strangers in. There was one spot in which these caves were very numerous on the northern slope of the hill at the confluence of the valleys, but that though we had often contemplated, we had never inspected. I found a vast assembly of pilgrims on horses, mules and asses, choked in the Via Dolorosa adjoining the Greek convent, and had to defend myself well against the beasts and men, as I floated with the living stream down towards St. Stephen's gate. However at the first turning I left the crowd and going round by the Damascus gate rejoined the line of road near the guard house described as Pilates' Judgment Hall, a building used now as barracks, up a flight of steps on the right hand of the street which is spanned by an arch surmounted by rooms occupied by the Colonel or Meer Alli, whom we visited afterwards during this day, and by whom we were entertained with sherbet, coffee, pipes, and a variety of inquiries relative to our army and that of the Sultan while enjoying a fine view of the enclosure round the mosque of Omur, but which with all the ample space around it, now thronged with gay groups of children, veiled women, and bearded men, with the rocks levelled as described by Josephus, and occupying, as it does, so celebrated a site as that of the true temple of Solomon, is not an imposing building. The dome of green copper is not high, nor the segment of the circle elegantly adapted to the roof of the building, and the gateways painted. The walls are partly red and partly green, and therefore have not that air of venerable antiquity and unadorned grace which the carved stone-built mosques in India have. At two of the entrances hang the tawdry *Taboots* which had been left in dedicated memorial since the month of Mohurrum as usual among Moslem. The groups of women and men reclining upon carpets spread round the enclosure were picturesque, and the view, of the entire city from this point, with the Mount of Olives to the left, and the valley of Jehoshaphat with its myriads of tombs, and the winding course of Cedron cleaving a rough-

hewn pathway between the hills till the blue mountains of Abarim closed the horizon, was grand. We talked much with the colonel on all subjects, mostly military. He was a bluff looking soldier, doubtless good at most things, and with the characteristics of a good companion over the bottle. He said the garrison at Jerusalem consisted of 800 men. One of their battalions numbered 3,000 nominally, though they never mustered so strong. The musket, which we examined at the gate, is much lighter, but quite as long as the English weapon, although the men are inferior in size, in standard height, and in dress. This digression is premature and in anticipation of the events of the day. I passed up this street through groups of irregular horsemen, mounted on small but active nags, without any pretension to military appearance more than in as much as the long Arab lance, the crooked sabre formidable to the defenceless, or the long barrelled musket useless for a snap shot, could give character to ordinary figures. They were waiting for the Pacha, who furnishes a guard annually for a few days in Easter week to the pilgrims who go to bathe in the Jordan from Jerusalem to Jericho. He had about 200 men here and at the ford, besides the annual Arab tribes who march with the pilgrims, and he takes 10 piasters from each pilgrim, man, woman, or child. Subsequently on our paying him a visit, he told us that the pilgrims were 30,000 this year, to which assertion the politeness of the Prussian count whom we had seen daily at the *table d'hôte* in Cairo, could make no more definite remark than the expressive accent with which he responded *c'est une nation*. So that if the Turkish governor really expected to levy his tribute, he ought to have collected 300,000 piasters or £3,000.

I lingered long on the slope of the mount under the wall of the garden of Gethsemane. Before me by hundreds passed the pilgrims, singing, shouting, beating tambourines, waving long green flags with Arabic characters inscribed on them. Now passed an European Jew, with long grey beard, eagle eye, and iron features, shaded by the broad brimmed black hat redolent of Monmouth Street reminiscences, over very seedy habiliments in their turn shaded by a dark brown cloak; mounted astride his saddle bags on a sorry steed he went his way, followed by a body of handsome Greek youths in their gay coloured attire, well trimmed and curled moustache, shaven chins, but ringlets from the sides of their heads, loud jocularly and lively looks; there rode a troop of sad-faced Copts who had brought their dark countenances, darker drapery, and ill arranged turbans, close bound upon the eyebrow, from the land of Egypt, from the Nile to the Jordan, mounted on the same camel which had borne them through the desert. Three or four

persons might be seen, the men astride and women seated or reclining on the pack saddles. Now a camel stalked by with a laughing load of children. There the fair Armenians from the snowy region of Central Asia with its long winters of intense cold, and its short but burning summers, clad in long sweeping robes, picturesque head dresses, and flowing beards, rode slowly by. Here a gay turban and a flaunting cloak would reverently stoop and salute the sad-coloured garment and dun skull cap beneath which a friar of Jerusalem with meek air of self-denial, had been bowing lowly to the numerous salutations of the pilgrims as they successively recognised his revered profession. Old women, unwashed children, dirty men, sad horses, worn out mules, and the wild figure of the eccentric camel, crushing down the weaker and jostling the stronger, joined the throng. Now from the Virgin's Chapel issued forth a noisy band of young men, on whom the garb of the desert Arab ill accorded with the well favoured faces, and the fairer skins; shouting, yelling, running, armed with long guns which they from time to time discharged. Thus the motley group of strangers from every distant land on the wide earth, went winding by the vale of Jehoshaphat over the tombs of millions of Jews, eager even in this wild career of festivity to proclaim by word and deed, by painful privations, long travel, and by penance, their boast of the professed belief in that Messiah whom the silent tenants of these very tombs had persecuted, reviled and slain, and whom the fanatic inhabitants of the populous town behind them still denied and persecuted in the persons of his followers. Once a year do zealous thousands demonstrate their belief in the son of Mary, within a city once inhabited entirely by the sons of Abraham, to whom Jehovah once gave the land of Judah, but who are now indeed serving under the descendants of Abraham, but the sons of the bond woman.

While returning against this living stream I met the Pacha on horseback, with a very small staff of neatly dressed officers on small well groomed Arabs in long but remarkably well cut blue frocks, white pantaloons and black boots; the red turban, gold plates upon the top of their heads, and the long heavy sabre depending from red and gilded sword slings. A motley group of horsemen followed. The Pacha is a small dark-faced man, good looking, with a handsome beard and elegant moustache;* a very robust figure, short, but well formed, with arms and brawny shoulders like those of Hercules, and with

* The generality of the Turks, shaving the beard, neglect the moustache, while those who wear the beard, as Arabs and Indian Moalims, clip and trim the ornament of the upper lip.

that unfailing mark of a well-born man, white and rather delicate hands. We had requested the Consul to procure us an interview with him, and at 10 a. m. we walked to the filthy quarters which were honoured as the Palace. A few Italianized Turks kept the doorways. We traversed unchallenged and unobserved, several small yards, guided by the Janissaries of the Consul, till ascending a few steps he was recognized, saluted, and received by a band of six or seven servants and attendants who ushered us into a small room about 20 feet square, with one door and two windows, a divan round two sides, and near the divan a black leather chair in which with chibouque in hand lounged the Pacha, Governor of Jerusalem. He wore an ordinary red turboosh beneath which no linen cap was visible, a thin black silk vest, dark blue frock coat without a collar, buttoned close to shew his muscular figure, black pantaloons and straps over very dirty white stockings, and sad lacklustre shoes. He rose to receive us, and was very short in stature, not more than 5 feet 4 inches. On his left sat the Italian count in uniform as the court chamberlain of Austria, a gorgeous light green dress coat profusely gilded in every possible corner—no epaulets or wings, white pantaloons with a narrow gold stripe down their sides, polished boots and no spurs. Next to him sat the Prussian Consul, a tall elegant young man with light moustaches and beard, blue eyes, and engaging address, who, expecting his successor by the next steamer, may have called in to introduce the count. He was dressed in the latest Parisian costume. Our unassuming Consul took his seat between them.

As we had long since been cross-questioned as to precedence, and rank defined, I as the Indian official was placed next the Prussian Consul and E. below me. Pipes and coffee were introduced and the count led the conversation with every body in French, which the Pasha, we observed, spoke and understood perfectly, though he did not express himself with elegance or fluency. The Prussian addressed me in French, and we all "got up" an opposition conversation at the lower end. After a while the Prussians retreated under a sharp fire of bows from all hands, and the English Consul commenced his complaint relative to some Englishmen who had been shot at near Jericho on the preceding Saturday and another party who had been robbed in the Walli Ali going to Jaffa on the same day. The Turk listened with confusion and ill-concealed signs of impatience, and made a few hasty and ill-judged remarks on the English being the only persons attacked when so many others were in the vicinity. "His chief follower or henchman" who spoke Italian suggested "a fantasy." The Consul though he evidently disliked the work he had undertaken, and was nervous and undetermined in manner,

yet went through the business with admirable assumption of sense of duty, and spoke as he acted, conscientiously. He replied the matter was too grave to be dismissed thus, and ought to be enquired into, or he should be compelled to address his Government on the subject. The victim at Jericho, after lodging his complaint with H. B. M.'s Consul had been injudiciously allowed to proceed on his journey to Ramlah, thus leaving our friend in an unpleasant position. The Pacha suggested a despatch being sent to recall him. The other man would return on the following morning and depose to the truth of the event. An Arab Sheik, as representative of the chief who commanded the escort of English travellers to Jericho on the occasion, was here introduced. He knelt to kiss the Governor's foot. With supreme contempt the Turk appeared inclined to kick him, but afterwards with a very bad grace and ill-disguised contempt touched the man's extended hands with one finger and motioned him to retire. With humble demeanour and profuse compliments the Arab in naturally eloquent periods spoke, while his words were translated so much as would suit the Vice Regal ears by a very ferocious looking Arnout attendant who had introduced him, and were a second time modified into Italian by a smooth-faced Turk. The Consul from time to time put a question. The Arab admitted that he had not been present at the affray; he wandered in his evidence, invented improbabilities and imagined scenes till at last he actually insisted that the ball had been fired by the gentleman's own servant, &c. The Consul expressed his intention in French of writing to the British Government. The Pacha replied in pointed terms, that nothing had been proved against the Arab, and that the case should be heard when the complainants arrived. The Arab was threatened with decapitation, and the ancient cruelty of the koorbash in case of a repetition of perfidy, and I volunteered to test his fidelity by taking him as my guide, to which remark the Pacha looked astonishment and the Arab incapable of understanding the joke said, he should be *ready* at Jericho. The Pacha had been during this interview, at one time very angry, pulled at his chibouque with angry puffs, and was much inclined to return a rude reply to the Consul's remonstrances, but smothered his wrath as he seemed to recollect that the witnesses were English gentlemen from India on their way to Europe through Constantinople.

The subject of our travels was then introduced, and our desire to journey two days up the valley of Jordan from the ford to Naplous discussed. He said he had no guards to give us, and had no authority over the Arab tribes who are subjects of the Damascus Pachalic. He added that there was a large assembly at present, watching the pilgrims and the

American expedition, and dissuaded the attempt. Evans asked to look at a Prussian rifle which hung on the wall, much to the astonishment of the attendants and *malgré* the deprecating hints of the Consul—to the Pacha's evident disgust, the weapon was handed to him, scientifically examined, artistically handled and sentence duly pronounced on it. We soon were bowed out; but not before the Pacha had perfectly recovered his good humour, and exhibited in words and in dumb shew, a series of jokes relative to the infliction of the bastinado upon the neck and feet, pointing the Arab's attention significantly to the weapon which hung on the wall. We then went to the Governor's house to see the city from the roof, paid a visit to the jolly looking Colonel above alluded to, and with whom in social partydom we amicably broiled our own brains in the sun by virtue of the red turbooshes we wore, and the additional lustre from the top of a white-washed house.

Having parted courteously with our host and cordially with our Consul, we walked back to our quarters to pay the Pacha's servants in the person of a venerable grey bearded Janissary 200 piasters as largess, and subsequently finding the Italianized Turk whose running accompaniment to the Pacha's humour we had much admired, though we were obliged to condemn it as out of time and good taste, about an hour afterwards had visited our quarters bringing with him the firman in expectation of a bribe. He was secretly presented with a half sovereign wrapped in a piece of paper as Guiseppe suggested to us the orthodox ceremony, and took his departure under many protestations of much gratitude. We had subsequently an interview with the reverendissimo, the Superior of the convent; who after a long confab, and many kind wishes for our successful journey and happy return to England, gave Evans a book on the Scriptural scenes in Judea. We were overwhelmed with the kindness received from the friars, in the contrast afforded by the usually formal conduct of our own countrymen. As we returned to our quarters for the last evening we met a few baggage laden animals, from among which I bought a neat shaped well bred Arab pony, very thin and poor, for 600 piasters £5-8—having been enchanted at first sight by his clean sinewy limbs and racing points. He was a dark strawberry coloured grey with jet black joints and lean head; with large prominent eyes.

18th April, Thermometer 55° at 1. M. having sunk 5 degrees during the night within my bedroom. We prepared early for our departure. Evans wished to visit a Persian lady, the widow of an Englishman with whom he had been acquainted in India, and to offer assistance and advice relative to the payment of her salary and pension here at Jerusalem, so we separated; he

on his charitable visit and I to the Holy sepulchre. After breakfast Mr. Laidlaw brought a horse for sale, which we disapproved of, and still hurrying the muleteers to load, I saw the two sons of Abou Ghosh, whom when they recognised me I immediately saluted, shook hands with, and asked them of their welfare. They had it appears a horse for sale, a colt, son of the mare we had admired on our journey from Ramlah. The price was 1700 *piasters*; he was a large boned, heavy actioned strong beast, but I explained that we had not sufficient coin for a long purchase and only enough to take us to Beyrout. About 9 A. M. the servants mounted and we went to the sepulchre. Evans having performed his visit of charity joined me. The gates were shut. We wandered in the court a few minutes, purchased some relics, and mounting the new horses left the city at 9½ A. M.

We took the supposed last look from the neighbourhood of Mar Elias which is the ruin of a Greek convent about three miles from the city, built upon the brow of a ridge of hills which slope down to the banks of the precipitous valley of Gihon and form part of the wide irregular plain opening from the south-west, west, and north-west, until cleft by the deep valley which forms a natural trench around the Holy City, while from the north, east, and south sides, the ridge of Mount Olive and the ravines of Cedron permit only an occasional glance till the traveller has arrived within the junction of the two brooks. We moved merrily over this plain, right glad to be once more mounted on our own beasts, sorry as they were, although Evans not having satisfied his scruples with any out of the "screws" on sale at Jerusalem did not yet own one. We saw on our extreme right, the village Mahallah on its conical hill, behind which lay the convent of St. John, and near it the village of Beth Suffafah inhabited generally by Christians, and where formerly no Turks dare live. We crossed the ridge at Mar Elias, and once more before us lay the ordinary looking building known as the Tomb of Rachel. To the right stretching far across the plain and up the mountain which closed the scene, rose the richest groves of olives in these districts; while from among their dark foliage peeped out the white roofs of the most picturesque of Jewish villages Beth Djalah. On our left was the town of Bethlehem, with the immense convent which covers the supposed birth place of our Lord. Just towering over the numerous stone walls which enclose the fields in this neighbourhood, as much to guard the crop as to prevent the land being washed away, they deposit the vast stones removed to make way for the plough. As we journeyed on, we turned to the right passing beyond Bethlehem, and entering among wilder

and less cultivated hills, more precipitous and abrupt. We descended about noon at the Fountains of Solomon, where there is an irregular quadrangular fort, much fallen to decay, garrisoned by a few soldiers for the defence of the springs. Close by is the first of the three reservoirs which I stepped, 52 yards at the upper end and 132 yards long, being in figure a perfect parallelogram. The water lay almost over the whole surface, though not apparently deep at the upper end; the stone work may be 15 feet high at the upper end: the reservoirs are three in number, running down a triangular extent of sloping surface, between hills which gradually contracting at the east end break off into deep precipitous ravines along the northern face, on which, as it winds round behind the ridge of Bethlehem and beyond that of Mar Elias, may be traced the aqueduct which supplied the temple, and which still gives water to all the public places in Jerusalem. You can perceive the aqueduct on the west side of the valley of Gihon, round the south end of which valley it winds: passing under Mount Sion, and appearing on the east of the town it finally enters the enclosure of the mosque of Khaliff Omur near the El Aksah. The valley being shaped as I have described it, each reservoir is narrower than the one above it, and except the upper pool they are not parallelograms. I stepped the second pool close to which the water comes to the surface, peeping through a trough where we had watered our nags, and running half way down the wall of the second reservoir in a covered aqueduct. This I stepped 131 yards long—59 broad at the west, and 89 at east end, and no less than 25 feet deep. There were the remnants of a flight of steps at each end, and on the south side a communication no longer employed between the upper and second pools. I stepped 65 paces from the western wall before I came abreast of the water, which thence covered the remaining length, within a *scagliola* cistern about 30 yards broad—the rest of the bottom being covered with earth and grass, served as a grazing ground to two stout half bred Arab horses. The second pool was 75 yards distant from the first, and beyond it about 50 yards distant lay the third reservoir, which I judge to be 45 yards broad at the upper and 75 yards at the lower end, 165 yards long, while at the upper end its depth could not be less than 40 feet, the bottom being quite dry and formed of plaister. After passing the eastern end of this plain the ravine deepened rapidly till becoming precipitous and narrow it disappeared between the mountains of grey stone covered with grass and numerous shrubs by us never seen till then. I thought I could trace an aqueduct covered with pavement from the lowest pool and running along the northern hill side about 80 feet below the channel of the upper pool. We could see both Jerusalem

and Bethlehem from the summit of the hill above the reservoirs, and as we returned to our horses, which were eating their noon feed under the castle wall, we visited the cistern from whence the water flows into the reservoirs about 30 yards or less from the north-west corner of the highest pool: it appeared a cave with steps leading down into it, and was covered over with stone work very ancient. Perhaps the wisest of men had gardens and palaces here, though as we journeyed on to Hebron we saw many a pleasanter situation, but we no where found better spring water or in more abundant and unceasing flow. The springs were surrounded by groups of tall dark Arab women eating their coarse cakes of unleavened bread; a few well dressed Turks sat in a circle enjoying a merry meal over a single smoking dish, by the water's side. While I sketched the fort, they disappeared with loud cries of *Yellah! Come on—Koon, Rise up—Nimoshee, Let us be going,*—and all went their way. We mounted our nags, and went ours in the opposite direction, one groom having preceded us on the ass, and one walking with the horses. Across the next valley we met our acquaintances Mr. and Mrs— and their two companions, who had left Cairo a few days before we had, and had gone round by Sinai making the journey 37 days' marches exclusive of 7 days in quarantine at Hebron. They had been dismissed this morning and were on their way to Damascus. We described our plans and with mutual wishes for another meeting we parted about 2½ p. m. They intended to halt at the pools, so we concluded that they would not reach Jerusalem before sunset, at which hour the gates are shut. The face of the country became completely changed—the valleys were wider, the hills less precipitous, ravines less frequent, less abrupt and stony. We saw the locust tree which is I believe common in Italy: several species of laurel, dwarf oaks, and stunted trees, besides many other plants which I had never seen before. The wind blew piercingly cold; towards evening continually small showers fell. We passed a fountain about 3½ p. m., which is said to be half way to Hebron from Jerusalem, but travellers whom we met declared our destination only three hours or nine miles from us. We overtook the mules at about 4½ p. m., they appeared to have progressed very slowly. We passed another ruined church on the hills to the left of the road, which we afterwards discovered to be near a village called Nabi Unoos, that is, the prophet Jonas, having previously passed on the right, a very large village in ruins, which must have been Sipheer, although we did not distinguish in the vicinity the supposed Roman tombs. The country now was a series of stone wall fenced vineyards, most of which had the *tower and wine press* so often mentioned in Scripture. After following a winding paved road between walls •

for nearly a mile and a half we turned the corner of a high range of hills on our left hand and entered from the westward in sight of the town of Hebron, the principal part of which is built on the slope of a hill lying along the hollows in three divisions connected by a winding covered road to the rear upon the hill side. There appears to be a scarcity of water within the town, as the large tank which lies between the larger Mussulman quarter and the Jew's division is dry. The first division of the town has a small mosque, and a Moslem burying ground. The houses in this division appear to have no streets between them, but to communicate one with another by small enclosures, the doors opening within. The mosque which is now built over the tombs of Abraham, &c., in the field of Machpelah is accessible to none but Musselmén. It consists of a large square brick built enclosure round a Christian Church, with two minarets at the east and west angles, totally devoid of any architectural beauty, but conspicuous over the whole town which can exhibit a very newly built bazaar thinly populated, having most of the shops untenanted. The entire town cannot contain more than 5000 inhabitants, although a Jew who spoke to us declared 20,000 and only 200 Jew's houses. The best view is from the southward from a rising ground leading to the Dead Sea. There were eight Englishmen in tents camped under the new quarantine house, a large square walled edifice, now in course of construction by forced labour. "What does Abdel Mejeed know of us?" said a man who was addressed on the subject, meaning, does the Sultan care if public works are built by forced labour, and does he know if the estimates are expended or only go to fill the Pacha's emoluments?" The weather became very cold, the mercury sunk to 48° at 7 o'clock P. M. The mules did not come up to the ground we had selected for the tents till 6½ P. M., having been marching for 9½ consecutive hours, which should have covered 28½ miles, but owing to the hills and the poor condition of the mules, 25 may be the distance from Jerusalem to Hebron. In Syria and generally in all countries where baggage animals are hired for long journeys, the first two or three days marches are performed with much difficulty, and occupy more time than subsequent proceedings, because as the owners live from hand to mouth, their animals are only well fed on hard grain while enduring much fatigue, and therefore commence a journey weak and thin, and generally work themselves up into good condition, as we abundantly had proof of with those which accompanied us.

19th April.—The mercury in the thermometer had sunk to 48° by 7 P. M. on the preceding evening and had not gone lower at sunrise this morning. There was a thick

mist upon every hill top, lying in white masses heavily like a wet veil upon the face of the town of Abraham. This is one of the great Moslem places of pilgrimages as celebrated and as much frequented as the assumed tomb of Moses. All three are visited in connexion with Jerusalem, itself second in sanctity to Mecca only. Evans complained much of fever this morning, and as he had suffered occasionally in India and much from general ill health during our journey, we voted the malady a thing not to be trifled with, and ordered a halt till further orders. I walked out over the hills eastward. Rain at intervals continued till 2 p. m., the hills round the town covered with a scotch mist. The town in three divisions is built in the centre of three hills which converge on to the small sloping plain occupied by the quarantine station, a few gardens and the Jews' quarter. The road winds round the base by a rocky road between stone walls and vineyards, for nearly one mile from the northward opening upon the nearest division, where there is a small mosque and a burial ground on the extreme left. There seems to be no road through this division except from one house to another: the communication between this and the centre division is by a winding road high up the hill side with stone walls on each side for nearly 200 yards, where the second division by much the most opulent, is entered by a road leading up to the Harem. A large mosque over the field of Machpelah, the burial place of Abraham, lies high up on the hill side, looking like a Christian church without the steeple; and by the road on to the right we entered through a very mean newly built and partially covered bazaar: half the houses are empty. There are no manufacturers except a few of long cloth, soap and glass. There is one very substantial large house on the left, and a well built tank with sides and steps at the four quarters, of masonry. As you emerge on to the high road beyond is the Jewish quarter, beyond that again on an open space is the quarantine station enclosed by high walls, to the west of which were our tents, with other houses beyond these again on a hill side rising to the west. The weather continued through the day very cold, the mercury pointing to 58° at noon in the tent.

We rode out at 3 p. m. The Bishop having cast a shoe, Ibrahim, the Mussulman horsekeeper was dispatched to bring a supply of horse shoes and nails from Jerusalem. E. mounted a mule and we had added to our establishment a one-eyed Christian horsekeeper who mounted another. At 4 p. m. we reached a ruined Monastery on a hill east of the road to Jerusalem, close to the village of Nubbi Unoos:—near the trifurcation of the roads, was an opening in the western hills affording a

magnificent view of the country north of Ascalon, but south of Yebnee. The sea lay glittering in the evening sunshine on the extreme horizon. We met a man who undertook to conduct us to the Kessar el Ferang—the ruins of a fort, defended by the crusaders and near Tekoe where we expected to see the labyrinth described by Pococks' guide in pages 180—183 of *Modern Traveller*, and which is supposed to be the spot where David and his followers secreted themselves from the pursuit of Saul. Within the road leading directly into the town on the left hand going to Jerusalem, about 500 yards short of where our tents had been pitched is a small well or rather spring of water, round which the wall has been partly broken down to render access to the water available for cattle, called by the Arabs Ain el Sitke Sarah, *The Fountain of Sarah*. Thermometer stood at 50° at about sunset and fell to 48° at 9 P. M.

20th April, 40° at 5 A. M. in the tent, and no lower outside at sunrise, so that during the night evidently the evaporation from the wet clothes, the heat inside being greater than that out, had cooled the tent as low as the surrounding atmosphere. I walked to the second range of hills beyond the town, on the road which I thought would lead towards the Greek Convent of Santa Saba, I could see the Abarim range plainly but not the sea below it, so that I found another mountain must be crossed before the sea be visible. I afterwards discovered how peculiar were the features of this wondrous inland sea whose rugged borders of precipices prevent any one view of its active surface till we stood with the green chalky surge rippling to our feet over pebbles covered with bituminous mud and salt, but no sea weeds. The morning was misty, the mist cleared up like a veil as I proceeded, vines and olives in plenty—the country well cultivated—peasants out very early—an ass generally carried the plough *reverso vomere*, which is small with one pointed ironshod peg doing duty for the ploughshare, and like the native Indian plough with one stilt only and drawn by two small brown oxen or one large mule—the cattle are few, considering the fine pasturage on these open downs—all the vineyards and olive trees are encircled with stone walls. The best view of the town of Hebron is from the south from a rising ground leading to Ain Jiddi by the mountain road. We could not procure a guide to the convent nor to Ain Jiddi which is not more than four hours' journey due east, and where we believe the American expedition for surveying the vicinity of the Dead Sea at present are encamped. About noon we rode to Nubbi Unoos but did not find our guide, perhaps we were not punctual or he believed we should deceive him. We met at the village a fine looking man armed with a long gun and he agreed to shew us the caves near Russel Ghagee

which he declared was well known as the Christian's fort—pointing to a high hill about three miles from the valley of Nubbi Unoos, to the east of the road which we had followed for perhaps a mile, where we turned to a very fertile valley, which they called Wadi-el-Shinar, the vale of the partridges, one of which I shot. The ruins were those of a fortified building surrounded by a semi-circular watch tower such as we had seen in four or five instances built upon the hills westward, and entirely commanding the road from Ghayza to Ramlah, but the cave which we expected to have been shewn was a mere cavern to conceal sheep in, and filled with fleas, which covered our clothes in very few seconds. The Wadi-el-Shinar was a picturesque ravine in which doubtless at some seasons much game might be found, but we had no leisure for small game shooting, and one or two days' residence among an unknown race would not have afforded sufficient sport to have recompensed us for the delay. While looking for the partridge I had shot we flushed several brace upon the hill side, and generally descending found our way up the bottom of the valley towards Nubbi Unoos. We were joined by another Arab; fine stout ruddy looking fellows were both the specimens of Hebrew peasants with us. The latter offered us some quinces which had grown wild, he called them *tiffa* which I believe is usually applied to the pear. They talked of antelope and of the leopard being found occasionally in the ravines towards Tekonh. They said loaded mules could not be marched from Hebron to Santa Saba without returning to the pools of Solomon, and so round by Bethlehem. That Sheik Abdel Rahemion, the chief of Hebron had been very active in the last insurrection and could set the Pacha of Jerusalem at defiance if he pleased as there were many armed men who would join him, &c. Both men understood our Arabic and walked by our horses' sides. Near a ruined serai and water tank a number of Moslem pilgrims had halted on their way from the tomb of Moses, near Jericho, to the tomb of Abraham near Hebron. They rather rudely addressed us, handled my guns, and at last one coolly took from my belt my powder flask which I snatched from his hand and spoke angrily to them whereupon they all drew back and we mounted our horses and went our way.

Thermometer at sunset 56° 21st 38° in the tent at sunrise, and 34 outside. A clear cold morning. We left the ground at 7-30 A. M. The baggage was packed very badly. One mule fell over, having run against a house as we defiled into the narrow road. The rest marched much faster than on our first journey, and both of us enjoyed the delicious climate highly. While examining some sepulchral caves to the west of the road, upon the site of a large village quite deserted Evans shot a hare which

we lost. I bagged a partridge ; but game is very scarce throughout Syria. We reached the Borak as the pools of Solomon are often styled at 12 o'clock, the kit came up at 12-30. The pools of Solomon have been described, and if Solomon had gardens near these waterworks, but of which gardens I can find no mention in the books of Kings or Chronicles—they must have commenced from a valley perhaps five hundred yards north of the pools across the ridge of hills which surround them, and have run down in terraces of which there are traces of the lamina of stone work, built in such correct straight lines, as to look more like the works of art than of nature, to the level of a water-course which we could trace along the south side of the same valley running round the east end where the terraces are at present filled with wheat and barley. Without similar contrived terraces these fertile valleys would be divested of all agricultural produce after any of the heavy showers to which Syria, early in the year, is subject. The terraces, then, occupy the valley, down which the water-courses are carried from the pools, and a similar succession of terraces comes down from between two hills northward of the valley of the pools, and both works unite at a spot, still beautiful with apricot and peach trees, olives, and gardens of flowers, round a small village hardly to be distinguished, by the peculiar vaulted architecture of its houses built entirely of sand stone. From the hill itself half way up the hill side forming the northern boundary of this beautiful valley lies the ancient aqueduct from the pools of Solomon by which the city of David is supplied unto the present day, and by the side of this aqueduct runs the narrow footpath which conducted our mules and ourselves, during a distance of two miles to Bethlehem. Here the mules being in advance had proceeded to the eastward by most precipitous, broken paths, into a rich valley which extended for nearly four miles east of the town, and is the same in which the admirable cultivation had so impressed us on our first approach to Bethlehem. We however climbed by an almost inaccessible road to a well under the south side of the Greek convent which is supplied with water from the aqueduct of the pools.

Washing their clothes and filling the graceful waterpots with water, were laughing groups of women, mostly Christians—all with the prettiest faces, fine features, and most becoming head dresses I have seen since leaving England. Indeed the women of Bethlehem are allowed by all travellers to be remarkably good looking, and the Christian men mostly handsome. No Mussulmen are permitted to live in this town, Arabs from the desert occasionally visit the bazaar. Though the Mussulman females, whom we daily encountered

during our walks round Jerusalem, are strictly veiled while within the walls or when in sight of any males of their own creed, they gave us frequent opportunity of admiring the delicate pink and white of their complexions, most fair in our eyes, so long accustomed to the dusky daughters of the east. Yet I looked in vain for that beauty of expression, that refined character upon the mouth and brow which can render the most homely features interesting, and without which mere childish beauty of complexion is insipid and forgotten with the passing glance. The Christian women of Syria here, and as we afterwards remarked at Nazareth, had that striking similarity of contour, that regularity of the leading features, that fixed character which marks an unmixed lineage, and with less fair skins than their Moslem compatriots, surpassed them in that classical regularity of feature and beauty of expression which we recognise in the studies of the ancient masters and which haunts the memory as a day dream which has been tangibly realised. We rode our horses up to the convent where we were misdirected by a Turkish soldier, corrected by an Arab, and after mistaking his directions and riding through the town, under an arched gateway were met by a very agreeable looking middle aged woman, with the best expression, I have seen for years on her sunburnt face and broad forehead, a perfect study of EUROPEAN beauty, without a trace of Jewish or Eastern extraction, and after she had replied in Arabic to our questions, she directed us down a steep broad road, into the fine valley which winds to the eastward, on the north side of the convent, under the foundation walls, whence we were told the Greek convent of Mar Sabā was distant three hours, *i. e.* about nine miles. We soon found ground for a canter as it was past 3 P. M., and after about four miles brisk travelling over good cornfields, badly cultivated, but rich in produce, we overtook the baggage. Guiseppe had engaged a Christian as a guide.

We had now been travelling eight hours, and according to our agreement with the muleteers, which limited the day's march to eight hours or 24 miles journey, I informed them of this fact, and expressed a wish to pitch whenever water was procurable. We now left all traces of cultivation behind us—climbed bleak stony white cliffs only affording pasturage to camels. Until now we had never noticed the very feminine expression on the countenances of camel mares—their peculiarly beautiful eyes and heads—the colts not taller than cows were yet exact miniatures of their mammas—frisking in all directions, galloping off as we came by, some covered with thick curly hair, jet black, red or milk white—so that half the mangy appearance of the camel is from neglect and hard usage. We saw neither sheep, goats, nor horned cattle, and the scarcity of the latter much astonished us wherever.

we have been since leaving Egypt, itself nearly destitute of cattle, owing to murrain which happened a few years past : no water was to be found. A well known spot was discovered on our approach to be dry. In this neighbourhood Arab tents were seen, but passed by, although we knew there must be water near them, and on expressing my opinion that I could find water in the road from Jerusalem to Mar Sabah and that I was confident we were close to the said spring, it was said there was water in the convent and about 5-30 P. M., we did reach the convent, but found no water, nor could we pitch the tents as the tent pegs were not to be driven into the stony ground. We were disinclined after their former rudeness to solicit the churlish monks for shelter, and therefore we returned down into the valley of Cedron perhaps two miles further towards Jerusalem, till we halted at springs which we might have been pitched by at 4½ P. M., had the guide been less determined that the convent alone could be our destination, having been travelling for more than nine hours, and as the mules went merrily after three hours' rest, we reckoned the distance to be not less than 27 miles over very hilly, stony ground. We had a most glorious view over the Dead Sea, strange, wild, and manifestly cursed as its barriers are, it lay unreflecting even their uncouth forms, like a pale greyish green mirror, unlike in colour, as it is in its motionless appearance to any other salt lake, receiving the turbid waters of the rapid Jordan, all the thousand brooks which pour down from the numerous ravines around, and yet without a manifest outlet in any direction except by strong evaporation, apparently even now decreasing in its extent. We could see the headland which all till the experience of the lamented Molyneux proved the reverse, had believed to be an island. We saw those wild hills of Moab still inhabited, but by lawless wanderers ; seldom traversed and never yet explored by European foot, and as the western sun threw all before us into brightest relief we longed to traverse those forbidden shores, and anticipate the information of the American mission, but time, poverty and ill health alike forbad the attempt. We turned to take a last farewell of the bright hill enthroned Bethlehem with its vast convent, which contains the accredited shrine to which thousands had prostrated themselves with more child-like credulity and less doubtful hearts than ours. While we yet lingered, lo the sun's rays, ere we had travelled many paces further, lighted up the lordly battlements of Jerusalem, gleamed on the yellow minarets in the town and on the vast buildings on Mount Sion,—threw a rich gilding on the dark domes of the Sakhara and the Mosque el Akhah,—and placed into prominent relief behind them both from the white houses which surround it, the holy tomb of that sepulchre

for which tens of thousands were congregating to visit ! Behind the town on the left of the scene was the scanty foliage of the mount of Olives, and the small half-finished minaret and new built mosque beside it ; while the dreary barren ravines with their sharp outlines of light grey stone, closed like a leaden frame upon the distant and diminished view, which we thought had been our last of the Holy city. The thermometer pointed to 58° soon after sunset, so that as yet this climate is most agreeable to the stranger seeking change from India, but whose official prospects may not admit of a residence in Europe, for although near the end of April, one month after the sun has begun to approach the equator, the delightfully cool nights, evenings, and mornings, compensate for the heat of noon, and enable us accustomed to the intense heat of India, in this month, to regard the present temperature as an extension to the cold weather by full three months. In Gujerat, during April, hot winds prevail at every change of the moon, from two to four days at a time, and I have seen the mercury rise to 103° in a good house in Broach, and stand at 97° at 8 A. M., during April 1846, that is above blood heat for six hours per diem.

The very precipitous character of the bed of the brook Cedron can be imagined with facility if it be borne in mind that the Asphaltic Lake is said to be 1,400 or some such number of feet below the level of the Mediterranean (and, as Dr Robison writes, nearly three thousand feet below Jerusalem), while Jerusalem rises, at least, 1,200 feet above the same sea ; so that during a space of about 20 miles, the bed of this torrent has forced itself through more than 2,600 feet of lime and sand stone, long reaches of its sinuous course being almost level, and again working its way through a cliff in the cinereous rocks, which extend from the convent of Santa Saba to the shores of the sea of Lot. I pretend to no scientific accuracy in the above figures, which I quote, the first from memory, and the second by a guess at the apparent elevation of the pass at Wadi Ali. We had no instruments for determining the heats of elevation, nor had we books of reference to avail ourselves of the labours of others. Dr. Robinson writes, " We estimated the height of the western cliffs at 1,500 feet, and the highest eastern mountain at 2,000 or 2,500 feet above the western."

On the morning of Saturday, 22nd April, our tents were pitched in a grassy meadow formed by one of the broadest bends of the brook Cedron, where it meandered between high, chalky banks, on the southern side of which is a grotto containing a spring of fresh water. The grotto nearly thirty feet long and twenty-five feet broad is defended in front by a circular parapet of masonry, which projects into the open

air beyond the shade of the natural rock so as to be hardly accessible to cattle, but whence the flocks are watered by manual labour, as Rebecca drew for the camels of Abraham's servant, &c. The steep chalky looking hills of sandstone towering above us enclose this valley on every side, so that, look where you may, there is no visible outlet. The road from Mar Sabah winds down a bank, some fifteen feet above us on the south side following the windings of the brook, it has disappeared behind the slope of a hill on the north side and again turns round the ravine westward. Our motley escort has been diminished by one, very luckily the least efficient of the party, a Nazarene horsekeeper named Annoo. The man had been taken contrary to our own physiognomical experience of his one-eyed countenance, remembering as we did the old Hindoo proverb, and aware of the fact of his Christianity. William Laidlaw vouched for him "Good Christian, Sir, has been in the Bishop's service two years, a good Christian, Sir, I will be responsible for him." However at the Consul's request, we paid him and Ibrahim the Moslem groom, a month's pay each in advance, and after finding that we both travelled fast and expected horses to be cleaned after their work at least twice a day, morning and evening, and that his eyes did not improve from exposure to the sun, he levanted without leave this morning. I heard Guiseppe call at 5½ A. M. to rouse him, because he knew the road to some Arabs who were encamped in the vicinity and should be engaged to conduct us to Jericho, and he afterwards told me, on my making my appearance that the man had deserted. He had told his intention to Ibrahim, overnight. He had, it appears, informed Ibrahim, the Mussulman groom, that he found the work too hard and the exposure too great, and therefore he intended to abscond, while our present encampment being favourably near to Jerusalem where his wife and children resided, of course he returned to his own home. To keep faith with his employers and to consider himself bound to work more than half a dozen days in consideration of one month's wages paid in advance, being no part of his Christianity. In spite of having been duped by the specious encomiums of William Laidlaw, the Englishman who recommended him, and who be it said, was of very great assistance to us in procuring horses, &c., and in spite of the unflattering reflection, that with all our Indian experience of the nature of camp followers in general, and native Christians in particular, we had allowed our indolent good humour to be persuaded contrary to our convictions, and to forget that our arrangements being entirely one sided (for the Consul refused to bind over the servants by a written penalty) offered a kind of premium for desertion. We were not sorry to be rid of

a useless and enfeebled attendant. By the way of exhibiting to the rest of our followers, that no loss of time nor expenditure of personal fatigue would prevent us from taking measures to preclude a recurrence of this imposition, we allowed all our baggage to be packed as if for a journey to Jericho, and then having desired Guiseppe to remain and again pitch the tents at this place, we ordered dinner for 7 p. m. and mounting our horses at about half past 7 a. m. rode into Jerusalem to complain to the English Consul. We entered the Sion gate about 9 a. m. rode to the Consul's house, found some Englishmen with him. The Consul full of complaints. There had been another fight. The gentleman whose fly catching fancies had caused him to be shot at on a previous occasion, perhaps on the same day near Jericho, had returned, and wishing to break through the line of guard placed at 5 p. m. round the pilgrims, had a scuffle with the Turkish soldiers—another Englishman came to his assistance with a gun; they and the Guards "Arabs." Shaik Mahmoud and Co. were well beaten and the remonstrance to the Pacha ended stormily. Mr T. remarking that he should write to Constantinople and the Pacha adding "all that you write will be false." So the Consul as he expressed himself has broken off with the Pacha. We were promised every assistance to catch our renegade. Gave the Consul permission to carry the pay when recovered to the poor box, cheap vicarious charity! Met with three gentlemen who had taken our quarters, were most hospitably received by them—engaged them to dine with us at Jerichq on Monday, and went at 2 p. m. to see the "mummery of the Greek fire."

When we entered the church, the Pacha occupied the divan of our acquaintance the horse-dealing door keeper, and by him sat a few of the Turkish grandees smoking. We saluted him and were told by the guard to leave our swords. Verily our travel soiled dresses and belted figures were ill suited to high festivals. Evans seated himself by the great man. I addressed him in French explaining our proceedings, when up started our coffee drinking, pipe smoking, present eating acquaintance the Vizeer, and depositing our swords with a grace, behind the divan cushions either by order of the Pacha or in *gratitude* for *future* benefits (which however he never returned to claim) rushed to conduct us to the best seats in the church. We followed our determined guide who by energetic exercise of his silver sword hilt punching the backs and ribs of all opponents, and by the threatened terrors of his koorbash, elbowed a way through the noisy contentious crowd of fanatics who thronged every portion of the holy sepulchre. We were conducted into the third story of the dome, having taken one of our American friends in tow. We

found ourselves, after marching through wondering throngs of pilgrims and awe struck monks through fane, cloister, refectory and waiting rooms, in the gallery round the central dome, facing the Greek Church every window was crowded. A refractory Copt who resisted the order to descend was threatened with the hide, and I was invited to his place, followed by E. and F., whereupon our courteous ally under a voluntary promise to conduct us to the door when the ceremony was concluded vanished—the Greek or rather Russian princess and suite, who had come up with her party from Cairo to Jerusalem across the desert, under escort of the American gentlemen, mustered in great force at the several windows round the side of the cupola, the gallery passages to which were crowded with well dressed women of all nations and languages. The church was darkened artificially from above the dome, while a dense crowd of ill-dressed and worse behaved Greeks, Armenians, and Turks, fought, screamed, and played the fool in every part of the lower building. After a short time a company or two of the Turkish soldiers filed into the church, and formed a double line round the sepulchre, our friend the Colonel and the Pacha being conspicuous in their unscrupulous application of the rhinoceros hide whips to restrain the crowd, and to clear a space for the procession. We soon saw the Pacha assume a prominent position in a window opposite where we stood. The Greek Patriarch in superb robes, himself a man of lofty carriage and majestic features, to which a venerable beard added dignity and picturesque beauty; a few Priests who looked aghast of their mummery; and a few most disreputable looking “apostles” in white clothes, marched three times round the shrine singing without music. Several scores of priests closed in behind this procession. The guard was soon after withdrawn—the crowd became uproarious. Three men in succession leaped from the south side of the sepulchre with lights in their hands—the most unheard of scramble ensued. Men fought, roared, danced, and blasphemed,—blew out each other’s tapers—one man, as we all distinctly saw, scrambled on the heads of all the others, walking or crawling on them till he had lighted his taper at the flame at the side of the holy sepulchre, and then fought his way back. The whole Greek church shone with candles. Every Greek woman in the galleries held a long taper for a few minutes in her hands, making the sign of the cross with it and immediately extinguished the sanctified taper to be preserved for the last ceremonies at her own death. The most disgraceful scenes of fanatic enthusiasm were exhibited. Men stripped to their shirts and some without any, roared, danced with each other, or in *pas seul*, tossing their tapers high in the air.

We left our perches when the "confusion had comparatively dwindled into a calm," returning to the Maltese shopkeeper's house close to Casa Nova, where we had ordered our squire to attend at 4 p. m., mounted our horses, and with Ibrahim, like Sancho Panza on his ass—returned to camp. I climbed the hill of Evil Council as the Christians designate the south west bank of the valley of Gihon, near its junction with the Cedron, once more to search for the Aceldama, and though among the numerous caverns, graves, and arched buildings, some decidedly modern, I could not distinguish that to bury strangers, yet I too must have traversed on this memorable day the field which was purchased by the price of our Saviour's blood. Within 2½ hours after leaving Jerusalem for the last time we walked into our own camp. Found that Sheik Mahmoud, to whom we had given 100 piasters, according to his agreement to convey us to the Jourdan and Jericho for three days at a charge of 240 piasters, had sent a guard of seven men for that purpose, who armed with long guns and swords, ran forward to meet us, to salute, to hold the stirrup and who declared themselves to be relations of the Sheiks. Thermometer stood at 66° at sunset.—23rd April, 53° at sunrise. We left the ground at 15 minutes to 7 A. M. and cantered on to the place where the road ascends along an artificial causeway, with a wall on the left side along the windings of that mysterious ravine, where in a thousand caverns dwelt the anchorites of Engaddi, once so numerous. We walked the horses over the rocky bed of Cedron until the declivity became impassable for them. Only those who have seen the bed of this remarkable torrent can appreciate the bold imagery which poetic vigour has inspired by the repeated allusions to the Brook Cedron—even as recently as the graphic lines of Sir Walter Scott, who describing the heavy charge of the irresistible crusaders wrote—

"Down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,

"And they dyed their long lances in Saracens' blood."

I walked, climbed, and scrambled, till I, too, was stopped by the impassible heaps of vast stones in the torrents bed; the convent bell came pealing down upon the morning wind, echoed from a hundred caverns, but sometimes loud and sometimes faint. I could still discern that though the sound was varied by the windings of the ravine, yet judging by the ear, I must be too far from the convent to see its foundations which afford, I believe, a remarkable *coup d'œil* from the bed of the torrent. The road now appeared more than 200 feet above my head, the ravine which is almost perpendicular and scarped, is crowned by a stone breastwork seemed to rise at every few yards higher than before while the bed of the torrent evi-

dently descend rapidly towards the sea. We found two of our escort looking for us as we emerged from the ravine, and became aware that their extreme anxiety is to give a much greater idea of the necessity for a guard, and of the danger of the country than reality will bear out. The ravine is here called "El Wadi El Ráháb", Monk's Ravine. We followed an irregular sheep track over perfectly barren bluish hills; the whole country to a considerable distance beyond Jordan seems as though it had been submitted to the action of fire or to some shower of lava. There is pasturage for camels as we could perceive animals in the distance, but goats and sheep were none. At 9½ A. M., while descending a steep declivity, we saw our long train of mules crossing a plain of chalky earth, partially covered by those kinds of bushes, which I have often seen on the salt-impregnated plains of India. Here the guide shouted loud and shrill, and when we joined the group in the place below our former position, we found they had halted at our supposed order. From this spot we could discern the dense gardens of trees round Jericho north of our position, and knew that the Dead Sea lay behind a ridge of rocks which bounded our eastern view; to the west were the hills we had descended from, and on the north the chain of mountains, which divided the hill country of Judea, Ephraim, and Samaria from the "cities of the plain."

The cook whom we believe rejoiced in the classical name Demetrius, was from the first day that he favoured us with his company till his final salutation at Nablous a decidedly bad bargain—while Guiseppe the most patient, the most polite, and indefatigable of attendants, persevered, from the day of his engagement at Cairo till we left him, worn out with fatigue at Aleppo, at his own request, to return to Egypt, the same simple minded-man, desirous of avoiding any offence to any person around him, and of pleasing those with whom his engagement had been made; and when we were obliged to part with him (for his long travels had worn him out and the life of a dragoman involves much unceasing fatigue) we endeavoured as much as our testimonials could to transfer our good opinion of him to those who may be as fortunate as we were in having a kind friend in Cairo to introduce him. The cook, a humped back Greek, with diabolic grin, and atrabilarious complexion, was a conspicuous object in the group: in his turboosh covered with a white turband, his blue frock coat, covering a vast expanse of crooked back, his drab coloured terminations and ill cleansed boots, projecting wide over the large carpet bags and bundles which he had stowed all over the mule allotted to his use: near him grazed the tall grey mule which bore the tents and round her the other black mules, two, with our bullock trunks; one with the large white boxes, patronised by all

travellers who emerge from Cairo under the auspices of Mr Pini, "out-fitter and dealer in marine stores," and two with a heterogeneous pile of tent pegs, sacks, and *cavaches* as they style the wicker cages for innumerable unmentionables: behind as rear guard sat the dragoman Gufseppe with his long single barrel tastily arranged across his shoulders—his picturesque white upper garment gathered into innumerable plaits, his blue schalwan of ample folds and *top boots*, while from his shoulders dangled a piebald capote of the camel's hair "haick".—This turboosh much to our present and subsequent disgust and the cause of much preaching in bad French, being unprotected by the turban, which he always carried in his saddle bags rather than on his head. A few of the Arabs, with red and yellow handkerchiefs, marvelously like Manchester piece goods, bound by the camel's hair rope dangling over their shoulders, which effectually concealed the red turboosh—sat or loitered in idle attitudes round the group as we joined them. The whitey brown shirt begirt with leather girdle fluttered down to their legs guiltless of other incumbrance, sad contrast to the trowsered Turk, "braccali medi" round the shoulders of each, a crooked ram's horn, filled with coarse gunpowder, and on the right arm a five or six feet-long musket, whose wooden stock unproportionably light and short, half covered by the huge cumbrous flint lock, seemed warranted not to be discharged without a month's warning.

I had mounted on that day and generally as far as Constantinople daily rode the little "*muskeen*"* a small blood looking Arab pony 13-1, very poor and thin purchased on the 17th evening of our leaving Jerusalem for £5-6-0; Evans upon the "Bishop," fat, fair, and fourteen hands, with sleek well groomed skin, and pompous paces, who cost us £12—Both were sound, young, and good tempered, and although the Bishop's see had been green grass and no exercise for the past two months, and the small animal from his appearance evidently had altered the fare into much more work than food, we found them good and very useful beasts. Taking two Arabs as guides, and rejecting the proffered escort with the explanation that years of travel in the east had made us indifferent to the chances of a pistol shot, and expressing our firm belief that the name of Mahmoud-el-Anees would be sufficient for us, we allowed the domestics to move on to Jericho and ourselves dived into recesses of the second range of hills.

* Muskeen, as all who have been in Aden, Egypt or Syria well know, is the adjective answering to "wretched," miserable—"object of pity," &c. &c and is generally employed to all beggars, or pilgrims, who are worthy objects of charity.

bordering the Dead Sea. Among ravines more precipitous, bare, and less covered with any herbage, than we had yet seen, but lower and less bold than the former cliffs, and bearing evident marks of repeated inundations upon their barren sides, as we proceeded, the Arabs pointed with exultation to a small ill-shaped monument as Nubbi Moosah, the prophet Moses, lying on the top of the second range of hills below the mountain of Juda and on the western bank of Jourdan; so that we knew that Pisgah and Nebo must ever remain names unknown to the natives who could point out his tomb of whom it is written, "no man knoweth his sepulchre to this-day." The lowest range was utter desolation, from time to time there came sulphurous odours from the sand, which is not pulverous but cased with a saltish yellow coating or crust swelling into precipitous ravines, branching into innumerable intersections as if violent torrents had torn away the surface of the plain while yet soft from inundation. As we determined to reach the sea, Evans and I separated from our companions who appeared unwilling to go beyond the direct route to the Jourdan, and rode up and down the various slopes of the lowest range of sandy hills towards the point where the second range of white cinderous cliffs dipped their rough pedestals in that mysterious flood. As we disappeared among the ravines now more precipitous and inclining bolder to the east, we could not follow the course of our companions with our eyes and they seemed unwilling to direct ours, either from some prejudice or from self-willed obstinacy. At last we stood upon the beach of this wild sea, masked for a few score yards among its treacherous quicksands with the profuse but scattered debris of Jourdan's flood. At 11½ A.M. we rode our horses up to their girths into the dull green whitish fluid, which with scarce audible ripple and imperceptible movement dashed, but shifted not, the pebbles on the beach, which are encrusted with salt and slime. I stooped from the saddle—we were both too much afflicted with coughs and colds and too much afraid of fever to bathe—and scooped out its shiny waters into my hand, and burnt my tongue with its acrid brine: the intense taste of salt was mixed with a chalybeate flavour combining those of iron and pitch, different from all I had fancied, and unlike any liquid thing I know.

As we left its shores to proceed towards the Jourdan, now marking with green willows the north-east horizon of the plain at the foot of the hills of Moab, often did the horses sink into the muddy sand banks undistinguished to a casual gaze, though the animal instinctively shunned them. At length finding a narrow unfrequented path leading into the bushes, but no visible signs of our escort, E. suddenly declared he

saw men armed with guns, running towards us from the left front and crouching among the bushes. We were riding towards the strangers, but on perceiving this suspicious demonstration we stopped to reconnoitre, with the telescope. The ass, Abraham, and the two Arabs were seen on a sand bank near the shore at the mouth of the Jourdan: soon they fired a gun, holding the muzzle over the water, and we cantered towards them. While the horses were being fed, the eldest Arab repeatedly said *Come on, let us go, this is no good place.*—We left the spot to pass over to that which tradition and the pilgrims's enthusiasm has assigned to be that, where Jesus having ascended out of the water, lo! a voice from heaven was heard to testify the divine mission and the divine presence in man! We had crossed a branch of stagnant water, and the guides were pointing to a heap of ruins, projecting like a pier into the sea, whence, they declare, can be seen the ruins of the seven guilty cities, when Ibrahim and Evans who had loitered behind me were joined by three ill-looking fellows. Two were armed with muskets, the third having a short knotty stick. Evans took my double-barrelled gun from Ibrahim—I gathered up the reins and sat still to watch the progress of events. I saluted the first and asked of his welfare, he said he was of Sheik Mahmud's tribe, and had been sent by Eusiff, the interpreter. The Arab who stood at my horse's side had told me as they advanced, that though Arabs they were not of his tribe, nor should they receive any thing they asked for, and that the business was bad—*Mafesh Tyccb*, No good in it. *Moúsh Lágim*, very improper. Evans and the guide descended towards the sea, to inspect the ruins. I unwilling to leave the horses staid on guard. I asked the stick bearer where he had passed the night, as I did not see him at our tents and had never met him till now. Ibrahim suggested that he had not eaten salt and bread with us—a rather stormy discourse ensued—the gun men placed themselves behind each of my attendants, and the club came over to my sword hand as if to pass behind me. I by no means liked the appearance of affairs and gathering my reins well in hand, but still holding the umbrella over my head, so as to avoid the appearance of alarm, took up a pace or two in rear prepared to ride over the stick man, thrust the umbrella in the right hand assailant's eyes, and use my sword and pistol among the others, if the exigences of the service required. He on the left hand who stood by Ibrahim drew his ramrod, passed it down the gun barrel, to shew that it was loaded—no one stirred—had a foot moved the rascals had made their attack. Evans having inspected the ruins, as the Arabs say, of the seven guilty cities thrown up by the sea, and which certainly were hewn stones*

covered with plaister, &c. was returning, when his guide told him that he disliked my remaining alone, that these men meant harm, and we must move on.—After Evans had mounted the Bishop the villains departed back by the way they had come, not without some brief and low-voiced discourse with our attendants which the latter evidently disapproved of.

Evans reported that many of the stones were two feet six in length, and must have been brought there and laid in order, hewn stones like these are not found within miles of that place. They lie just within the present watermark of the Dead Sea, which towards the end of April is perhaps lower than at any other time during the year, and as we could perceive by debris of weeds and vast trunks of trees thrown up upon the shore is very considerably augmented by the swelling of Jourdan which takes place as the snows melt in the mountains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, that is during May, June and July, when the plains of the Jourdan assume their most unwholesome climate. Even as the ancient chronicles remark in situations as elevated as the heights of the fine fortresses built by the Crusaders and named by them Belvoir and Belfont—but which are now known as Kokeel-el-Howat, “The star of the air” and Kulaat-el-Shakeef—both of which we subsequently visited. We reached the Jourdan by 2½ p. m., the heat was very oppressive, the cold of the morning had induced me to carry two coats which felt now almost unendurable, yet the sun had not the heat he pours down in Guzerat, or black pantaloons would have been unwearable. The river was not more than 24 yards wide, and flowed perhaps 5 feet below the banks which were fringed with willows,—a tree called *Turfee*, tall, elegant and white-branched like our birch; the tamarisk, not the bastard cypress, and several other shrubs form dense thickets on either side, the water is turbid, very rapid and fresh—its course winding, and the banks on both sides much undermined, the signs of inundation are numerous, extending nearly two hundred yards west of the channel. The guides were anxious for us to keep to the open space and not loiter long upon the stream bank. Jericho was invisible; white banks of sand bounded our view, and behind them the calcareous peaks of the hills of Mohab and as much of Judah as bounded the valley of Jourdan closed round our position. As we faced the westward on our way to Jericho, we saw a ruined monastery to the right upon the true bank of the river, when in its wildest state of inundation, but which, of late, had been used as a guard house for the pilgrims who assemble here to bathe, and on the left nearly three miles up the road, was a small square looking fort upon an eminence not unrecently occupied doubtless by Mehemet Ali's troops,

by which he could govern these tribes, whom the Turkish Pachas deny to be their subjects through fear of being forced to coerce them. Evans visited a fountain in the neighbourhood of the convent, known as the *Ain Hajilah*, "The Fountain of Diamond" which is a spring of purest water rising from a swamp, (around which bushes rise above a horseman's head) and flowing into a round well of stonework, perhaps seven feet deep; the water is clear as crystal, reaching to the surface, and as sweet as it is clear. We passed on over a level, covered with parched grass and scanty bushes, among which I recognised several plants I had seen in similar soils in India; after having travelled nearly seven miles we came on thick groves of bear-trees, and of that small tree which bears the wood apple, and is, doubtless the original which sat for its portrait, in the fabulous Dead Sea fruit. All very green in leaves and both heavy with the small berries peculiar to their classes.

Passing the encampment of the pilgrims I rode on to an aqueduct of eleven arches across the deep bed of a river now dry. The water-course was too narrow for the horse to be turned when once he had entered upon the archway, which being several feet above the valley, had a dangerous appearance. However, as there was no help but to go on, I rode forward and crossed with safety over this singular bridge, which certainly never was designed by its architect for man or beast, being at most two feet wide, and including a water-course just wide enough to receive my pony's feet. I halted on the opposite bank to admire the tall picturesquely pointed Saracenic arches and the wild bed of the river they crossed, which is fringed with the bauble tree and lined with dark-green waving tamarisk. Emerging from the thicket I saw before me all that now remains of Jericho. "The city of Palms," surrounded by a few fields of barley, some well watered gardens, hedged in by thin fences of dry thorns, and surrounded on two sides by the deep bed of the dry rivulet I had crossed, and on the other quarters by a dense thicket of forest trees, stretching up towards the mountain side. Beyond the Fountain of Elisha lay a few filthy huts, from 50 to 80 in number, inhabited by most miserable specimens of Dheree Arabs. We never encountered more squalid, ill-looking people, bearing in their lean, emaciated and blackened countenances all traces of disease, poverty and starvation, a few never-washed rags clothed their bony hips; verily did they seem as if on them was fulfilled the curse pronounced by Joshua in vi. chap. 26 verse, of the book of Joshua, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth the city of Jericho." Yelling with discordant cries, "bucksheash," "bucksheash," a couple of half starved youths more active than their comrades ran before our horses •

for a short distance of perhaps three quarters of a mile beyond the village, and emerging across a narrow stream of clear running water, pointed to where Guiseppe had pitched the tents, between a mound which rose behind them some twenty feet or more and looked very like the debris of buildings, perhaps of a fortress; and the well-wooded and verdant banks of that stream, into which the prophet Elisha had thrown salt and healed the waters, when the men of the city said unto Elisha, "Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant as my Lord seeth, but the water is naught and the ground barren," and he said, "Bring me a new cruise and put salt therein, and they brought it to him, and he went forth unto the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there and said—I have healed, saith the Lord—I have healed these waters, there shall not be from henceforth any more death or barren land." So the waters were healed unto this day according to the saying of Elisha which he spake, 2 Kings, ii. 19-22,—and over this stream some fifty yards north of our position is a grotto built most probably by that indefatigable relic-hunting Empress, Helena, Mother of Constantine the Great. We reached camp at 5½ p. m. after 10 hours and a half on horseback, the distance from Santa Saba being direct not less than 18 miles, but we had gone over much further in our excursion to the Dead Sea and the banks of the Jourdan. These long journeys tell upon the horses: Evans who had purchased a Turkish saddle, in the mistaken hope of the additional comfort for man and beast, had galled the Bishop's back. Thermometer 90° at sunset, 75° at 10 p. m. The spot is now called Ain-el-Sultan. The weather was perfectly Indian, all night very close and unpleasant, unlike the cold wintry evenings we have enjoyed hitherto.

24th April, 58° at sunrise in the tent, fresh and agreeable the air, but after we had walked some distance through the adjoining jungle to find partridges, of which we had seen some yesterday, but none to day, I fired at a covey of quails, hit two and missed the rest. The last which fell in front of the Arabs appeared to astonish them as he was flying across me some twenty-five yards off. One Arab went to see if I had spoken the truth about crossing the water-course on horseback, of which he evidently satisfied himself by the foot marks. We sat under a tree in the river bed—which must be of considerable size when swollen by the winter floods and was very like many a wild stream in the jungles round the river Mhyee, where I have shot a tiger or two among similar scenery. The aqueduct was nearly thirty feet above the bed and built to form an obtuse angle upon eleven arches bending after the seventh to the southward. On our return we found the mercury in the double-

shaded tent stood at 96° at 10 A. M., 98° at noon, 100° at 3½ P. M. We preferred the shade of the trees across the water of the fountains, and there I left, forgotten, the very useful volume of the "Modern Traveller." Alas! Our friends Barclay and Co. arrived at 4½ P. M. and were woefully oppressed with heat, thirst, &c. We heard that 20 English had arrived during the evening, and white tents, red tents, green tents, were rising on all quarters.

25th. 64° at 5 A. M. intensely unpleasant all night, one everlasting babel of Arabic and asses, mules and Maltese, English and bad French, the four-footed wandering into the tents, stumbling over tent ropes, and the two-footed swearing thereat. The moon when it rose over the peaks of Abarim and began to peep through the thorny foliage of the acacias, woke me from my doze shortly after 3 A. M. and soon after this hour all the camp was in commotion. At 5 A. M. I found our own party and two ladies encamped on our right hand, being all that was left of the large camp of Europeans who had assembled on the previous evening. At a few minutes after six we had mounted and were riding up the hills behind, supposed to be the Mountain Quaritania and to contain the hill of our Saviour's temptation; an imaginary position, but most undoubtedly the whole range, having been perforated with hundreds of caverns accessible by galleries, was once inhabited by monks and anchorites, for whose use doubtless the buildings which now remain on the east slope of the mountain were established to guard the productions and the cultivation of the very pretty table land, which is watered by a stream running along the ridge close to the rocks on the west, and descending along the south end of the plateau into the river crossed by the aqueduct already described, while another stream bounded the north side of the plain, and filtering through the rocks, formed the fountain of Elisha—because had there been other water but this near Jericho, the people could not have said—"The water is naught and the land barren,"—for certainly the valley round Jericho as far as the tree jungle extends, would be fertile, if cultivated with that care which the water privileges and the warm soil deserve. Beyond the village we could see to the N. E. ruins of another aqueduct, perhaps upon the site of Gilgal and Ai—while a few trees eastward nearer the ford, marked the extent once of the old town of Jericho, where the spies were let down over the wall, and instead of the present small village, it must have been a most extensive town, because the whole neighbourhood is full of mounds and ruins. Perhaps the trees seen across the plain towards Jourdan, south-east of the present village of Jericho, is the site of Gilgal, where the children of Israel encamped and

kept the Passover, (Joshua v. 10), and west of Jericho behind our last night's camp rose the mountains where "the spies abode three days."—(Josh. xi. 22.) If therefore the present ford at the Jourdan, be indeed the scene of the passage of the tribes of Israel, there can be no reason for doubting that the neighbourhood of Ain Hajilah, the purest spring of water on the western bank, should be the site of their first encampment, and the vicinity of Gilgal may still be marked by the ruined fortress. "I have already mentioned," Dr. Robinson adds, "in respect to Gilgal no trace of the name or site remain."

Moreover the Jourdan as we looked from the mountain, was more distinctly marked than usual, and there appeared two channels below the Hajaj, or place of pilgrimage, doubtless formed by the stones ordered to be set up in the Jourdan. (Josh. iii. 12, &c.) We returned to the camp, took leave of our friends, who returned to the banks of the Jourdan and the Dead Sea, on their way to Mar Saba, where they proposed to sleep, while our mules marched at 7 A. M. Our American friends travelled light. Besides four horses for themselves and their interpreter, three more sufficed to carry all their property including a tent, which on the present visit to us was omitted, as we could furnish three tents, and ought to have been able on an emergency to pitch four, had not one of the extra tent poles been fractured *en route*, as we availed ourselves of double flies and double walls for our two tents, when more accommodation was not required. The Arabs wanted to be discharged from Jericho! It was suggested that as their boundary was from Ain Djeddi where the American expedition now is, perhaps 30 miles south (one day's hard journey for a horseman, and two days for a man on foot) up to Wadi Tarrah on the North, they ought to convey us to their own boundary which we now discovered to be close to Jericho. We therefore paid 140 piasters according to the agreement and dismissed the guard. One man was sent to shew us the way to Nablous. We commenced ascending from the Ain Sultan and at 10 A. M., perhaps 8 miles off, we came to the Wadi Anjeh, an Arab village, whence one steep mountain pass conducted us up to the country of Israel and doubtless within view of the site of Bethel. We could not discover palm trees around Jericho, "The city of Palm trees," but as we passed from the pleasant valley above the ruins across the brook called Wadi Tarra, we saw that stream high and low crowded with date trees, and fringed with immense high green reeds, as it went rolling to the plain. We now entered a country bare of cultivation, and in large meadows much parched, but pleasant where the sheltered nooks of the mighty hills on our left gave ground for the bear-trees and similar shrubs. After

crossing the Wadi Tarrah, we saw in the partially cultivated land which borders the course of the stream, a few deep pits covered with earth piled as a cupola over them for the preservation of grain, &c.

We crossed another stream of most delicious water which would have turned a mill from its rapidity and volume. Round this also grew date, palm, and other trees, interspersed with vast reeds in abundance. This ravine is named the Wadi Dook. The country here is like the Deccan sloping eastward until a direct descent of some 200 or 300 feet falls down into the plain of the Jourdan too high for the willowed course of the river to be seen, but beyond the valley upon the blue ridge of Abarim, the palm trees and white houses of Zalt glittered in the beams of the morning sun. As we neared the Ghauts we saw Arab tents in as beautiful a vale as ever sun shone on, perhaps five hundred feet above the Jourdan, dates, &c., in profusion, flocks but no herds, occasionally visible. The mountain now became destitute of vegetation. Our guide who had spoken with all who had met him, led us off the road into a rough hill side, where the mules were forced to struggle upwards in single file, instead of racing against each other as they often did for the lead, and here we became aware that one of the men had levanted. Soon there appeared at the first slope, two strange Arabs armed with guns. E. and I rode towards each of them, one was an Abyssinian slave, the other a Bedouin Arab, and standing by their sides we allowed all the kit to precede us when I pointed upwards, intimating to the man who stood by my side, that if they wished to ascend they should precede us, if not they ought to depart their own way. The slave obeyed directly, and afterwards both the men left us, retiring back to their own tents. After crossing the fertile banks of the Wady Dook, we traversed a high grass covered plain, passed one other considerable ravine after our guides had separated, and after our encounter with the two men, whom our servants and ourselves mistook for robbers, or at least men who would most willingly have appropriated the burden of any one of the mules which might have strayed into a convenient defile, we fell in with a foot track leading up the bed of a ravine, which corresponds with that marked in the maps Wadi Anjek, up which we began to ascend shortly after 10 A. M. After having travelled at least ten miles from the Ain El Sultan, we passed a few men on horseback in their descent, but as I was hurrying up to enjoy the anticipated view from the summit which I estimated at full two thousand feet above the river, I made no enquiries of them, and after outstripping all my companions by nearly twenty minutes from the activity of the little Arab pony and my own light weight, I stood on the summit.

about 11 A. M., and "beheld all the plain of the Jourdan" and the whole of the Dead Sea. As I stood on the top of the hill, with several huge stones, piled in a heap near us, I could fancy it the spot on which Jacob had set up his pillar, after the vision of the ladder, and whence Abraham and Lot, perhaps, looked down, before they divided the land between them, and one took the plain of Judea and Lot journeyed towards the east. (Gen. XIII. 8.)

At 12 o'clock we had descended by a precipitous and very difficult road into a valley where men and women were reaping wheat. We halted to water the horses at a spring near the village of Samree, which stands on a hill side about three hundred yards westward of the road. After halting to feed our horses and to rest for a short time, we followed the track of the mules over a very stony hill side, and through a succession of wheat fields, over rich red soil gradually ascending for nearly two hours or about four miles northward, when we turned suddenly among stony hills for nearly a mile and a half further, and found ourselves in the village of Metajeirah (or Mugheriah) where the dissipated looking blackguards of the village wished us to pitch tents without water for the beasts except from a narrow well in the centre of the village. The proposition met with our most decided negative, and Guiseppe, who has a most wholesome awe of battle, murder, and sudden death, predicted all of these consequences to our encamping in a neighbourhood so unquestionably villainous. Our Múkáríck, as the true Arabic generic term for the Caravan and the Muleteers has it, were themselves ignorant of this route. Few, if any Europeans but ourselves, had ventured up the valley of the Jourdan, and it was against our wishes, but on the refusal of the Muleteers to accompany us, that we decided on leaving the valley of the Jourdan so soon as we had done, and thus falling into the beaten highway to Nablous and Samaria. Hitherto we had found the Christian Asaad and his four companions very good and faithful attendants, indefatigable on the journey and more intelligent and attentive than our former *attachés* Shaik Abd El Wahab, Mustapha, and Co. Our fresh beasts of burden were more manageable and better travellers than the "ships of the desert" and long before we parted with our present company at Damascus, we had grown into very amicable terms with the good humoured Syrians, and knew our respective animals by their different habits and appearances. These animals seldom required to be guided. The old white female mule which carried the heaviest load, the tents, generally took the lead and kept it, racing very savagely at a walk with any that attempted to dispute her place. The two black little brutes which invariably "fouled" each other and seemed to

engage in daily matches between themselves, were entrusted with nothing more fragile than our bullock trunks, while the bony mule which carried the Omnibus, consigned to our charge by Mr Pini of ludicrous memory, was too much encumbered by the unwieldy proportions of her load to contend for place, and the wise Guiseppe invariably selected the mangy, old, worn out villain which crept up at every halt, five minutes after time, as the most appropriate vehicle for the crockery, &c.

We left this place determined not to halt. The guide very sulkily said there was no village nearer than four hours' march about ten miles or so, but we had not marched more than three miles, before we halted at the head of a rich valley, with houses about 400 yards to the left, and another large village named as we soon heard "Tarmas Avat." One mile westward to this we betook ourselves and halted at 4½ p. m., after a march of nine hours and a half having accomplished perhaps 20 miles. The people were very numerous and assembled round our horses as we rode from one end of the village to the other in search of the most eligible spot to camp on, before the mules came up, and were inclined to be troublesome; I shewed the Pasha's firman or written order, for our accommodation and for all necessary assistance. We both blustered a little in Arabic, &c., until some man said, alluding to the firman, which he recognised as correct, "On my head be it." Soon appeared water, milk, and all other things requisite, each man or woman vying with their neighbours to supply our market. An old man who said he was 100 years old sat down beside us, saying, that he remembered the French fighting at Acr', and how many Musselmén were killed. Then followed vague inquiries about the state of Europe, Mehemet Ali, &c., till all hands became as delighted as children by being shewn the map, and the neighbouring villages being pointed out to them by name and relative position. Our audience became so numerous, that Guiseppe's arrival was a fortunate opportunity for relieving us of the oppressive attentions of the junior branches. The old Shaik was shewn the list of villages written in Arabic. Wullah! Wonderful! "The English know all things, for they have every thing written down," were among the lively exclamations. In short we had some difficulty in effecting our retreat into our separate tents, in order to indulge in the usual ablutions and change of raiment, which a very hot march had rendered doubly refreshing. The mercury stood at 97° at 5 p. m. in the tent. The heat had, great as it seemed, much diminished as we ascended from the valley of the Jourdan. 78° at sunset, —71° at 10 p. m.

26th April 1843. Thermometer 66°—Air was soft as in a morning in India, no wind. All the village old and young had as-

sembled as we were packing up. We left the ground at 7 A. M. and marched westward a mile to the village of Sindjil thence we turned to the right northwards, and after nearing the side of a couple of hills resembling the stony steepes of Judea, with a valley green with barley below us, we descended a very steep ravine to the village of Leban, within half a mile of which there is a ruined serai and a spring of water. There we waited till the mules overtook us at 20 minutes past 8 A. M., so that it may be 5 miles from Turmas Ayab, our last night's halting place. Thence leaving Leban on the left we traversed the green valley of barley fields, between stony hills more open, less precipitous, less rocky, and more conical, than those of Judea, for the space of two hours and a half, nearly 9 miles, where we halted at a quarter to eleven under some olive trees, till the mules had joined us, when we passed the village of Anaboos, about six hundred yards to the left of the road, another village, Howarah, being up on the hill under the lee of which we passed, while a third village of which we could not decide the name, lay across the valley on our right hand. About five miles beyond Leban we had passed a deserted station house of ancient architecture on the right of the road, built perhaps by the Romans, for since their time these countries have had no good civil government. Soon after the valley divided right and left, and we taking the left hand division, saw a Moslem Saint's tomb at the top of a hill, perhaps a mile or more westward, then passed another valley where the hills, right and left, again divided, and the country appeared to drain into large open plains between low ranges of hills towards the eastwards, so that the land of Israel appears to have had far more available arable land than that of Judah, and we found that notwithstanding the numerous ascents and hills we crossed, the country in general decidedly slopes downwards both to the west and to the north. Once only during this march after crossing an interesting ridge beyond Saliyeh, we saw a village to the right named Gaphatah, in a valley leading nearly east and west: another village within the circle of hills we were climbing is named Yetne.

From this ridge we had a glimpse of the valley of Sharon stretching indistinct from distance and the glare of summer heat, far towards the western sea. As we proceeded beyond Howarah, we began to ascend from the level and travelled on a footpath high upon the hill side. Hence we saw northward, the snow capped ridge of Hermon, and to the east from an opening in the hills, a glimpse of the blue ridges beyond Jourdan, while mount Gerisim or Jebel Heleel (as the Moslems call it) lay west. Perhaps three miles northward from this place, we lost sight of Hermon and found the valley closed by a transverse ridge from which rose Mount Ebal, fronting us. We enquired the name of the spring

from whence, on the hill side, women, like those of old, were drawing water in their picturesque water jars borne so gracefully on the head, and they answered us, "The well of Sarah." I had turned with the road up a valley to the westward and saw the great mountain of the curses immediately before me, at its foot a white-washed Moslem tomb—a man explained it to us, "Hadah Zeareh el Eacoob," but really he meant Joseph's sepulchre, which all classes believe to be on the spot still occupied by the Saint's tomb. Across the valley a sluggish stream spread itself into a swamp, a Syrian water mill projects from a slightly rising ground, and about 80 yards south was a heap of stones, on removing some of which we discovered the well from which the woman of Samaria is said to have drawn the water for our Lord, now dry and deserted. It seemed to be about 10 feet deep perpendicularly, after which it continued sloping to the north as we could determine by the sound of the stones as they rattled down, but reached no water. It is evidently connected with the swamp above it and must have been not very long ago useful, till the mill diverted the course of the natural stream. From this part of the country the kind of water mill which we saw daily throughout Syria was first met with, and in following the fertile and picturesque valley from Nablous to Sebasté, we saw many of the same sort. Whenever the stream which had filtered from the higher part of the hill side, was required to turn a mill, an artificial aqueduct of a few yards length was built horizontally to receive a sufficient volume of water, which being discharged into a stone chamber, perhaps twelve feet high, escaped under the floor on which the mill heel was fixed, and having thus done the work required, was conveyed off to a second or third similar building as the extent of declivity would admit of. Higher up the valley westward, the stream issued from the hill side in a plenteous flow meandering down to the valley which it fertilizes. The well near this spot is called "Beer el Duffeneah," the well of the sepulchre, and the graves in the hill side are very numerous. About one mile from thence we came on the minarets, walls and gateways of Nablous, built on the slope of Mount Gerisim and separated from Mount Ebal by a fruitful vale, the exposed south side of which did not appear so fertile, although evidently cultivated, as did the northern slope of Mount Gerisim. We came to a halt at 12½, I think the distance may be 18 miles. We sat under some olive trees, talking to an old woman and her children, two little girls and a boy who came running down to beg—they were pretty little christians—the eldest a sly looking girl, about twelve years of age, had her long brown hair arranged in ringlets down her back and her eyebrows painted and fashioned like those of a natch.

girl. Her beauty was that of a rather well shaped nose and mouth, a rich brown complexion, ruddy cheeks, soft pensive eyes and oval face. The other was an impudent looking child who begged vociferously, and the brother to this first a very pretty merry boy, eight years old, with a very arch expression of counting, was loud in his attentions. Our friend the Arab who had come with us from Jericho, soon made his appearance, to say Guiseppe had pitched the tents beyond the town. We wished he could return back to the spot we had chosen, which had the advantage of shade and cleanliness—though not of position. Ibrahim who was with us at the well had sat there till the mules arrived, and had told Guiseppe that we had gone into the village without actually seeing us enter, so that as we loitered by the road side talking to these children, all the procession had entered the city unperceived. I rode round to the ground where our mules had halted, leaving E. to discuss oranges and bread, which he and Ibrahim had persuaded some boys to purchase for them. I took the road on the outside of the town, the whole valley was filled with gardens on every gradient, shaded with magnificent walnut, almond, and mulberry trees, and crowded with apricots, peaches, &c. No view of the town can be obtained from the road, but after winding through the stone enclosures, I came upon the Samaria exit from Nablous—found Guiseppe wending his way towards us from the tents, through a crowd of miserable lepers, without fingers, with distorted ankles, no noses and cutaneous disorders of all sorts; and mid a drove of camels, the offensive remains of a dozen encampments, and a thousand other annoyances I found all the boxes on the ground, and the cook preparing to—do nothing! I directed him to assist in pitching the tents or at least to excite the exertion of the men. He shewed his hands and declined. I rejoined he must obey me or leave my establishment. He said, “find another cook.” When the settling took place after our evening meal, he claimed four piastres per diem for ten days board wages in Cairo where we had been told that three piastres per diem was the usual allowance for board wages. He then flung on the table part of the gold, saying that I had given him bad coin. I ordered him out of the tent and rose to expedite the movement, much to the delight of the Shaik who was waiting to be paid, whereupon he vanished incontinently. Before we mounted our horses next morning we paid him fifty piastres for the claim of board wages, besides the wages due for service up to the present day. We parted with mutual polite bows. These trivial details of the rates of service are inserted for the use of any who may be inclined hereafter to visit Syria from India; and it may be as well to add that

the rate of wages in Cairo is usually as low as four dollars per mensem, which is 80 or 85 piastres, at the rate of 100 piastres to the pound sterling for a good table or house servant; 50 piastres for a sais or groom, and for the cook according to his proficiency; in the present instance a very low scale would have been the marketable rate for Demetrius, as it was he received 150 piastres per mensem, while we kept him, provided a horse for his exclusive use, and paid board wages while we lived at an hotel in Cairo. Three piastres per diem are good board wages for the best servants in Cairo, five piastres or one shilling a day in the towns of Jerusalem and Beyrout and ten piastres or two shillings in Constantinople. We had engaged this Greek five days previous to our leaving Cairo, and while we expected to be able to proceed up the Nile to the first cataract in a steamer belonging to the Pacha, which had been promised by the Effendi in charge of the Nile Transit Office, after its return from the conveyance of the overland passengers from Cairo to Alexandria. As we lived during our stay at Jerusalem entirely on our own resources, as if we had been travelling, none of our servants had a claim for board wages there. The Jews throughout this country are very few. Some say that Nablous contained only 50 houses, and some not more than 20 of the Jewish persuasion. The Christians are said to occupy 100 houses, so that the town is occupied almost entirely by Musselmen, except that Samaritans muster stronger here than they do in any other town. The sect is very weak in numbers or in civil influence. They have a synagogue which contains a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch, said to be authentic, and which they are very careful of exhibiting. Thermometer 72° at 9 p. m., being 91° at 3 p. m. 27th April, 71° at sunrise. Weather close and mild. We left the ground at 7 a. m. We rode to the Samaritan synagogue, having climbed partly up Mount Gerisim for the benefit of a view. The hills are not so close as Lord Nugent has represented in his book of Syrian Travels. I question whether a cord of 1000 yards would span the distance between the nearest points, so that the responses of the assembled tribes may have been heard, but the curses must have been proclaimed through a trumpet. The town was entered and left by us from the southward, the track lying between the wall of the town and the steep side of Mount Gerisim. There are houses in Nablous just as good as any in Jerusalem, and very many of that sort. The Samaritan quarter being the most ancient is likewise the most filthy. We traversed streets not more than ten feet wide, consisting of two flat pavements, and a water-course sloping to the centre, which is also paved. We passed under houses by archways so low, that E. had repeatedly to alight from his horse. Those charitable

buildings, the "Sebeel," are numerous, and there are fountains in many places, or more properly water percolating into troughs for cattle, whence the people fill their vessels. We found our way into the main street, where the Bazaar is smaller but better supplied than that in Jerusalem, especially with shops of artificers, such as shoe makers, carpenters, and saddlers. We noticed several heaps of English cloth, evidently Manchester piece goods, in patterns to please an Oriental public. On returning we passed the Jumma or principal Mosque, the doorway of which was once that of a Christian Church, and is highly ornamented with Corinthian capitals and pillars of the same order, small and short, but of the most polished marble, &c. We passed behind this building to the quarters of the richer Musselmén. Not a person insulted us, though our friends from America were much abused and had a sort of personal encounter with the mob to rescue their Dragoman who was a Nazarene, and could not refrain from flogging some rascals for the abuse heaped on all Christians. We attribute our immunity in this and many other instances to our riding ostensibly armed, that is, with swords and pistols well developed. We had taken as guide a Christian with his cunning meek expression, sober, well folded back turban, and black cloak, who was clean and neat in his dress, but his showy red slippers in drawing attention to the feet, also shewed the curse of this part of the country, scrofulous swellings. We had mounted him on Ibrahim's ass, and went to see the well of Samaria, but strange as it may appear he affected to know nothing of our tradition, so that seeing three Europeans together, we joined company with them and subsequently became very intimate with one of them who lived near us at Damascus. We left the town for the second time about 9 A. M., followed the windings of a brook, which babbled of its whereabouts at every petty obstruction, and which seemed to fertilize a wide vale of fruit trees, for some miles below the town. As the fruit trees disappeared we saw merely the olive, and lastly only barley over every available acre on either side. The road sloped rapidly towards the west, while every spot of rising hillock was made the vantage ground for forming the Syrian wheel, let into the earth, so that the water fell from 10 or 12 feet upon the wheel it turned. The interior was generally crowded with men, enjoying the shade, conversation, and business. At the distance of perhaps four miles from the town gate, we passed a large village on the lowest ridge of Mount Gerisim. Here we ascended to the northward, winding round the western slope of the Ebal range, and as the Gerisim range divided off, we saw hills behind hills lower than the ridge we were ascending till they disclosed the Ramlah and Jaffa vicinity and the blue Mediterranean, "Nil nisi pontus et aer."

Jaffa cannot be more than thirty miles as the crow flies from Sébaste, and certainly the Mediterranean is not more than fifteen English miles distant from the same port, therefore must have at all times been visible as we then saw it. After about 1½ miles travelling we turned suddenly on to a lovely landscape. A semicircle of hills ranged east and north, and finally on the south side, cultivated to the greyish top stone, and down to the low torrents bed. That on which we stood was flanked by the village of Nakurah. Beyond the village where the peak rose highest, was a picturesque mosque, up the side of the northern ridge were visible three lines of road all more or less direct routes to Jenneen, our proposed halting place, but each avoiding the great object, Sébasté, the seat of Herod, Samaria with its thousands historical reminiscences, and its picturesque church over John the Baptist's tomb, now appropriated by the Moslem. Following the road to the right we were soon directed by an ancient Shaik to follow a footpath down the hill direct for a Roman looking archway, under which the road and over which the water ran, which dripping from the half consumed stone, gave a venerable moss grown aspect to the tall arches as they stretched far across into the valley from the clear rill which partly natural and partly artificial glittered in its course along the side of the northern hill, serving as watering and washing place for the inhabitants and the herds of the neighbouring villages. Beyond this archway, again rose out from the centre of the mountainous amphitheatre, the stony village of Sébasté, modern;—Augusta, Roman;—Samaria, ancient name. There we saw towering above the mean Arab dens, the glorious crypt in ruins, with its lofty pointed windows, and within highly ornamented cornices with the capitals of eight Corinthian capitals, which appeared never to have been pillars but pilasters merely. There were three recesses. The largest doubtless once held the altar, and halfway down the crypt, at least 120 feet long, (of which one wall was partly its original length, and one was diminished half) a space had been cleared some eight feet below the weed covered earth we trod, on which we could distinguish the original pavement of the church now serving to conduct the Moslem to the painted and whited sepulchre of *Nubbi Hulannon, The prophet John*. Leaving the church, we scrambled over stone walls and through fields of blue Iris, now rich in flowery beauty, to an orchard which in three divisions covered the summit of Samaria's ruins—each division contained blue granite pillars in regular rows. We saw the traces of the ancient walls, a mural diadem around the cereal crown, for we looked upon the most glorious cereal landscape eye ever beheld. Every hill was green with young corn, and though there were a hundred hill tops in the ample scene, yet life

was only round the spot we stood on. And who were they who gazed upon the valley, whence the Syrian fled to the fords of the Jourdan and to Damascus, along the same winding road, upon the same broad hill side which was now animated by a few figures on horseback, like ourselves, pilgrims to these ancient shrines? The pilgrims from India, and the wild dissolute Mahomedans, scoffers of the Holy History, and ignorant of all others, now gazed upon the ruined sites, with thoughts of far less devotion than those zealous and energetic madmen the Crusaders, who, doubtless, worshipped with all the pomp of the Roman church, and with all the fanatic feeling of those days, before the shrine dedicated to the Baptist, in their eyes only second to his Holy Master, for whom unknowing but yet well known, he prepared the way, and of whom he came to bear witness. The festival of St. John doubtless drew great numbers of the Crusaders from their camps at Athleit distant about 32 miles, and from before Acre perhaps 50 miles distant, to the now deserted but beautiful church of St. John the Baptist at Sebasté. To the north east we descended through a colonade of grey polished granite pillars; before the gate of Herod's palace was an artificially levelled esplanade; the hill up which these columns stood had once been terraces accessible by broad steps, but had assumed a slope from water, time, and the plough, while where the colonnade entered the road we now descended, are traces of a broad well made coach road winding up the slope, and through the gateway into the ancient walls, by which doubtless the Roman garrisons had oft marched out, and down which on his last journey to Cæsarea doubtless with great pomp proud Herod rode. We too descended here, and ascending the direct path opposite through the village of Boorkha, climbed a steep hill beyond, perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Samaria and sat under an immense solitary oak, to enjoy the finest and most extensive view we had yet seen in Palestine; to gaze on Carmel and the broad Mediterranean and to find the plains of Sharon and of Esdraelon together below us. A very irregular path led us after $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles further to Gubbough, from which village our enquiries, though worded with all politeness of language and manner, were replied to by that fanatic overbearing insolence which all Europeans encounter especially at Easter, when pilgrims are in great numbers passing through the country. Indignant at rude treatment but unwilling to draw on ourselves a popular tumult, we dashed our horses down the rocky declivity for the valley, and soon found our way out upon an immense plain of rich black soil, in some parts still wet with the winter rains, and in others being prepared by plough and barrow of primitive appearance, for the spring crops. We soon traversed a hard, broad, well

beaten road, leading northward: whose well defined and straight lines led us to believe it the ancient Roman road, which, from the time of Pompey the Great until the last of the Antonies, was gradually perfected throughout Syria, and Asia Minor, until the uttermost parts of that mighty empire which subsequently was divided into the Byzantine and Western Kingdoms, could be traversed even by chariots where now one wheeled carriage is never seen. This broad valley stretched northward for nearly nine miles, passing on the right hand the once fortified hill of Suntoorah, famous of late for the stern resistance offered to Ibrahim Pacha's troops, and is lost among low hills at Gabatnah, a town of insolent rascals celebrated for their impertinence to travellers whenever they dare shew it. Here a Shaik shewed us the way through his own vineyard, and a journey about 4 miles through the passes between low hills, brought us out on the plain of Esdraelon and the camp at Jenneen. Guiseppe was sick with fever, E. and the sais cooked. I prescribed and attended upon our discomfited squire. We reached our tents at 5 P. M., having been 10 hours on horseback distance about 24 miles. Thermometer 66° at 10 P. M., 28th April 61° at sunrise. This morning Guiseppe looked and expressed himself to be much better, for some of the contents of my medicine box. However, to enable him to recover from the combined effects of exposure to the Syrian sun without a proper head dress, and of fatigue, we ordered a halt for this day, and were ourselves refreshed by the rest. As the morning rose, the clouds cleared from the hills and the long plain of Esdraelon, stretching towards the west, was bounded by the range of Carmel and the sea, which it sank abruptly into from the height of 1300 feet. Northward rose hills, behind hills! the lesser Hermon occupying a prominent position, and the old man's grey hair on the snow clad summit of Jebel Shaik, shewed how well the name had been applied to its snow capped heights. Round and streaked with white it rose above all nearer and darker objects, while Gilboa rose from the plain to complete the back ground unoccupied by the skirts of Hermon. We were not during the past night made aware of the pre-eminently dewy nature of the vicinity to mount Hermon. To satisfy the speculative idea that we had seen the mountain from the road to Nablous, we took the bearings and compared them with the map. The ridge of the highest Lebanon was plainly visible. While halting this day at Jerusalem we were overtaken by our American friends, whom we calculated would be able to join us, and with whom we performed the remainder of the journey to Beyrout. Two other parties of Englishmen and women encamped in our neighbourhood during this day. Thermometer pointed to 94° at 10° P. M. The mer-

cury never rose during the whole day above 84° and sank on the morning of 29th April 1848 to 50° inside the tent and to 51° outside before sunrise. We left the ground at 6½ A. M. The "Bishop's" back having been galled by E's native saddle. We hired another horse from an irregular cavalry man on guard in the town. He was a sorry nag, though shewy; in short with much better figures than our native Indian horses, they want size, spirit and endurance, and have no pace but a walk, and cannot gallop except for a few hundred yards. So much for green grass feeding and want of fast work. Their prices are much cheaper than similar animals could be purchased for in India, as they are bought young, fresh, and entire, for sums seldom larger than £10. The town of Jerneen is situated on the last swell of the range of hills of Samaria, and is as all these villages from their compact figure and stone built square buildings are, picturesque enough, while the slender minaret which adorns every Mahommedan village in Syria gives an oriental character to the scene. The streets are dirty and never crowded. There is a want of spirit in all the bazaars and the male population is less visible than the female, and evidently dislike the note-taking tribe of tourists who come in Christian garb. We had encamped on the south-west in a small spot where doubtless every other tourist had pitched his tent, and where all other strangers also encamp; for a large caravan of camels left on the preceding evening as we came up, upwards of a hundred more passed in the morning of yesterday, and this day a large body of light haired Syrians came in from Damascus, their camels loaded with a white grain in huge sacks such as we had never seen before, and the Arabic name of which I have forgotten, but it seemed a species of maize. There is one good spring in the town with excellent water troughs for cattle, but in all these villages the entire goat-skin is used, sewn so as to resemble, when filled, a live goat without his feet, carried either on men or asses. Private houses are supplied from without as in India. There is an overbearing spirit among all these people towards strangers, shewn as often as not by such petty acts of passion as striking one's horse, refusing to allow him to drink, &c., until a few words of authority exact respect, and the armed man commands where the weaker asks in vain. Some one insulted E. while we were passing from Gabbough on the preceding evening. I seeing E. take out his pistol, rode back, and hearing the cause, rode up to the offender, while Evans was engaged in returning his weapon to its holster, and seeing we were two to one, a few words and the threat of the umbrella, extracted a most submissive reply, accompanied by due and amusing gestures of deprecation. "Oh, Agah, go in peace, no offence, all right." My friend

E. was invariably remarkably deliberate in his speech and conduct, and decidedly "slow to anger," so that in the present instance, there must have been some very peculiar threat or insulting sign intimated by the aggressor's speech or action, which roused my comrade's bile. However, as there were many Moslem in the fields around, the rascal must have been perfectly aware he was in the wrong, and hastened by words and gestures to agree with his adversaries as soon as possible, rubbing his fore fingers one over the other, as we had often before and since seen, used as a sign of an amicable settlement, he exclaimed "Sowah, Sowah, I did wrong, pardon, depart in peace. It is all right, I ask pardon." I was accosted by a Christian with the usually subdued air of his tribe: after a few words on both sides he left me. Thinking he was still by my side, I again, without turning my head, added some trifling questions, addressed to him in Arabic, when a passenger shouted roughly to him to attract his attention to me, and he, as if well used to such treatment, returned with humility to answer my trifling remark. The soldier whose horse we had hired rode on Ibraheem's ass, and the groom mounted the Bishop without a saddle. As we rode across the undulating upland of Jesreel, we saw village behind village on the left stretching down towards the sea and up the green sides of Carmel. Upon passing one upon the right, we were told that before the French invasion that was Christian and that there were few Mahomedan villages then on the plain, but that since that time all Christians had been destroyed. Our road now approached the foot of the Gilboa range, from this place and the skirt of the upper Hermon, our path lay between narrow passes whence was visible about three hundred yards on the left an eminence crowned with a castle-like building amidst a collection of Arab huts, now known as Tereen. We cantered over to the spot. We looked from the southern side and saw the ledge of rock fell straight into the valley below. Here said one of our friends is a likely spot to have been the vineyard of Naboth the Jesreelite. Some short distance up the side of Lesser Hermon, perhaps one mile or more distant from us, stands a small village in whose name we recognised the residence of the Shunamite woman whose child Elijah raised from the dead. The hills formerly were not, as now, divested of the vine, but before the French invasion had been well peopled and cultivated as in ancient times. The French invasion was fresh in the memory of many persons that we met, and scarcely regarded with more inveterate feeling than the present Turkish system, whilst all that we conversed with reserved some inuendo as to the time when an English government might occupy this half depopulated and almost untilled soil. At this neighbourhood the English are lauded

because the traces of French cruelties and the signs of English prowess at Acre are still recent; but higher on the Lebanon, perhaps the French government would be preferred by the Christian population. The Arabs, especially in the desert, so reverence the exercise of the strong arm, that we often heard the recent siege of Acre referred to as the sublimest deed of English prowess,—and Ibrahim Pacha, in spite of the oppression of the conscription, the most odious of all measures, praised for the security that his sword gave to property, as it was frequently remarked that the Arab tribes of the desert are now crowding into the cultivated land on all sides, whence they were formerly expelled by him. "With Ibrahim," said our friend, the horseman, "I could leave my horse in the field at night. Under the Turkish government, you cannot secure him in your own house." We soon found a road leading to the valley of the Jordan, perhaps the same which Jehu had come from his camp at Ramoth Gilead, ascending up into Jesreel, by a winding path on either side of which a wall of rocks looked down from a flat terrace on the narrow way, beside which the small green plant-like grain, and young barley now filled the site probably of the vineyard of Naboth the Jesreelite. We had advanced so far by 9 A. M., having progressed nearly 8 miles from Jenneen. Here the road turned due east and descends rapidly towards the Jordan, which must be nearly 12 miles distant from Jesreel. We followed a path close to the skirt of Gilboa on which Saul and his sons were slain, until it brought us to a ruined Caravansera by the road side near the picturesque mills on the winding bed of the Jilloon, near to the amphitheatre and ruins of Bethsan, Bizan, or Sythopolis on whose gates the Philistines nailed up the body of Saul. About two miles below Jesreel, we came to the Birkeh-el-Jellon, the scene of many encounters between the crusaders and the hosts of Salladin, a fine sheet of water under a rock, joining a basin of nearly one hundred yards in length; it oosed out from under the hill to spread its fertilizing power down the valley and to enter the Jourdan, below Bizan. The American clergyman and I cantered quickly at intervals over nearly five miles, till we reached the dirty village of Shateea, when passing by a crowd of men assembled to look at some dancers on stilts, we soon overtook the mules and travelled in company with them, talking to Guiseppe in French and the muleteers in Arabic for about an hour and a half until we reached Bizan, about 4 miles from the last village at noon, too early for the final halt.

We agreed that Guiseppe should continue to march up the valley of the Jourdan for three hours more, then halt. I rode over to look at the supposed Roman ruins, but seeing them on nearer inspection to be merely mills which the water had given

SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SPORTING CLUBS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Nature has meal and bran: contempt and grace."

CYMBELINE.

Shakspeare, a downright and earnest philosopher, is nevertheless gentle in the fashion of his phrase: Eugène Sue, who appertains to a school peradventure as sound of logic though less nice of speech, says "there are two sorts of men in the world—those that are hanged, and those that ought to be." The deduction is, that society has its goats and sheep, which should not be folded together in common. Turn where you will—to Almack's in the West or a "Free and Easy" in the East—and you will find this principle practically treated. The pastime of "ratting," which perhaps has less pretence to "grace" than any other diversion of modern civilization, has its appointed circles. A weekly journal now before me announces that "The Small Toy Dog Club" hold their meetings every Thursday evening. It then goes on to state..... "The committee intend mustering in strong force on Thursday next. Many old fanciers will attend, with their beautiful Toy dogs. The ratting came off at Shaw's last Tuesday: his domestic cat killed rats in the pit, before nearly 100 gentlemen—she certainly is a phenomenon. Jemmy is always bringing out wonders in the fancy. Several matches are made to come off on Thursday evening, and his cat will kill afterwards—also his mon-goose." (?) "And on Thursday evening next a match of great interest between two gentlemen's dogs to kill 20 rats!!".....The Small Toy Dog Ratting Club gives notice of motion with a precision that would become either House of Parliament. There may be those

indeed who will not clearly understand the nature of its "mongoose;" but do not both Lords and Commons; now and-then, put forth matters that are not quite intelligible?

These are not the days of exclusiveness—but even red Paris has its "clubs;" this is the time when especially it pleaseth the popular taste to "fraternize;" nevertheless there is no republic so rampant that it calleth the Nigger to its counsels, and the Bushman to its places of honour, saying "is he not our brother?" The separate system is the great fact of our social policy. Between the Protectionist and the Free-trader there is a great gulf fixed, which whilom divided the Tory from the Whig. Though the philosophy that Horace deplores in his Epistle, commencing "Qui fit Mæcenas," be as prevalent as it was under the Cæsars, the practice of consorting together pervades all the employments of life. Commerce, trade, agriculture, "law, physic, and divinity:" those who labour with their heads, their hands, or their heels, and those who labour not at all, assemble and meet over turtle or tripe, burgundy or bohea, to praise the past and abuse the present. "There is nothing like leather," is still the cry of the currier: the golden age, says the farmer, is when wheat sells at 100s. the quarter. That is, so sayeth snob to snob, and hodge to hodge—

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Hence the sympathy that draws together those of similar interests or common pursuits. Father Mathew—albeit his faith savoured more of churlishness than good fellowship, was chief of the teetotalers—"the army of martyrs" as the irreverent were wont to call them. Unity, if not, brotherly love, is the instinct of civilization; class association is the shibboleth of caste in social life, whether under trial or otherwise.

In all relations thus is it—save in that community, offensive and defensive, known as the turf. For this cause I have held it not inconvenient to offer a second chapter on the subject of Sporting Clubs, the gist whereof should be the adoption of elective societies in connexion with racing. It is a subject very meet for canvass in a work of this character. The world is too busy to think for itself, but on the principle of compensation is singularly plastic to such as take the trouble off its hands. Don't deny it: do not dare me to the proof. Since you will—do you remember the autumn of 1845?.....

My opinion of public betting as at present constituted is well known to all who have been familiar with these pages during the last ten years. I felt it my duty to declare it to be that which I knew it—a delusion and a snare—the resource of desperate and unprincipled men—and from that service I did not shrink, notwithstanding the efforts that were made to direct odium against the warning as well as against him by whom it was given. But full of evil as the practice is I do not think it a subject for legislative interference. As part and parcel of the publican's privilege I denounced it as a monstrous social scandal. As a class corruption, it may be suffered to wear itself out—under the influence of such wholesome alternatives as experience may

suggest as likely to mitigate its virulence. Haply the mention of "The Small Toy Dog Club" provoked a smile—if not, a sneer—as the question of application suggested itself; nevertheless your veteran fanciers are far from *mal-apropos*, in relation to our theme.

Mr Commissiener Fonblanque, in a recent analysis of the matters common to his court, drew the character of a leg as artistically as if he had kept terms at Tattersall's. "When these people commence business," he observed, "it is a question in the first place whether they shall pay at all; and if this be decided in the affirmative—then in the second place, who shall be the losers." Now this peculiarity, it should be had in remembrance, is attributed to persons whose negotiations are amenable to the surveillance of the civil courts. Betting is a speculative engagement, altogether independent of judicial process—or indeed justice of any kind. It would be a subtle passage of logic to determine the moral distinction between those who sell "under prime cost" that for which they never paid a sou, and such as deal in that which never had existence, except in the imagination of the producer and consumer. The materials for the first moiety of the problem are furnished by the customers of Mr Fonblanque's court—the latter is supplied by the ring..... Would that I might leave the proposition thus—that I were not compelled to admit the art and mystery of trading *ex nihilo* is not confined to the exclusively professional—that I were not forced to allow occasionally a masterly "deal" is accomplished by the amateur. How solveth the seer of Mantua a difficulty so delicate?—

"Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?"

There is a world of philosophy in that portion of the proverbs of Pindar wherein is written the story of the artist who made his razors—to sell. Which of the twain is the worst—the poor rogue who steals his wares and sells them for the tithe of their value, or the rich rogue who buys them at a price that proclaims that they were dishonestly come by? Mr "Jolly Green" invests his money on a horse-race in the hope of a hundred *per cent.* on the venture: Fitz-Fleece lays him the odds, with the resolution to "levant" if he loses.....

So with like haste, though different ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

While public operations in the odds have multiplied a thousand-fold within the last half-dozen years, private business has gone on increasing at quite as high an average. The *habitudes* of the ring are little better provided for, in the matter of a place of business, than they were a quarter of a century ago. True there is a new Subscription Room at the Corner, and a very excellent accommodation it is—of the sort; but beyond the expulsion of those that won't or can't pay, the policy is as little exclusive as possible. Except for the subscribers to Tattersall's, no place of acknowledged racing resort exists in London or elsewhere. There is a hotel or two in the metropolis where certain of the *élite* (Anglice "fast") congregate "of an after-

noon" in the season; but these are miscellaneous meetings, whereat the discussions are *de cunctis rebus, et quibusdam aliis*; the consequence of all this is more mischievous than meets the eye at the mere reading for the fact. Not only does it minister to positive ill; but it also tends to foster and promote lax principle, and an indifference to the right understanding of the principle of bets and wagers—namely, that they shall not only be contracted in the letter of fair-play, but that they shall be discharged in the spirit of honour. As things are ordered—or rather not ordered at all—a gentleman loses money to another at a horse-race, from which they take their departures without having met after the event upon which they had wagered. How many feasible, how many plausible pretexts has the loser for allowing payment to "stand over"! He is not obliged to know that his creditor is not absent from his home; he is not in a condition to determine whether, being at home, he would like to have the amount remitted to him; he expects to see him every day; he cannot fail to find him at one of the approaching meetings. In the mean time the winner has God knows how many matters in hand to jeopardy his prospect of falling in with his debtor. He embarks, peradventure, in his yacht, goes to sea, and it may be to the bottom of it; or he catches the cholera and goes to the grave, and perhaps—the Lord have mercy upon us!—to the d—!!.....

Here's a nice hedging for losers, and what is there to prevent them from taking advantage of it? That man has surely little benefited by his initiation into the craft of the odds who throws away a chance. It is a fundamental principle of that parasynexis—the ring—that every hour which elapses after the decision of a race without a settlement, is a point against the probability of any settlement at all to the advantage of the winners. There is the hazard that the loser may die a natural death, that he may lay violent hands on himself, that he may "cut and run," or that he may "ask for time"—which is a practical amalgamation of the other three.....

A nobleman, who but a few years ago was as remarkable for the splendour of his racing establishment as for a stern exaction of punctual dealing from those with whom he transacted business on the turf, won a good-round sum on the Derby from a certain "leg," that we will call "*Waddle*" (he is at present indeed a "lame duck"). Now *Waddle* was among the keenest of his calling, and as other professors of sheer practice had done before him, he had contracted a habit of whistling before he replied to an interrogatory—perhaps to afford him time to weigh his answer, perhaps from mere habit. With a debt of honour to the tune of £4000 before his eyes, and Lord ——— for a creditor, of course he lay *perdu* as long as he could; but at last the "*ineluctabile tempus*" came about. "Well, Mr *Waddle*," demanded the nobleman in a voice which was the very music of aristocratic phrase, "when are you going to pay me the money I won of you on the Derby?" "Why, my Lord," began the professor; "whew—whew; I can't do it just yet; but—whew—whew—I've a nice little farm in a ring-fence, and as soon as ever I can sell it—whew—whew

—whew—I'll pay you, if you'll give me time, my lord." Months elapsed, and the Newmarket Autumn Meetings brought the peer and the plebeian face to face once more. "Well, Mr Waddle," blandly but sternly said his lordship, "I hope you have sold that nice little farm in the ring-fence, and that you are prepared to pay me the money I won of you on the Derby." "You see, my lord," rejoined the leg, "if I sell my farm—whew—whew—I mightn't find it so easy—whew—whew—to get another—whew; so I think, my Lord—whew—whew—I'll make up my mind to keep it—whew—whew—whew!"

In the case of a petitioner to the Insolvent Court on a recent occasion it was urged against him, "that he had made use of filthy language towards a creditor." The petitioner was said on that occasion to have been concerned in the well-known *Qui Tam* actions, which some five or six years ago frightened the racing world from its propriety. In his remarks upon the evidence, Mr Philips, the Commissioner, is reported to have observed, "such language constitutes almost the vernacular of the class of racing men to which the insolvent belongs." These instances are not quoted for the purpose of aggravating any existing objection against the turf, but rather so to account for it that its true nature may be understood. There is an aphorism attributed to France, and which certainly has a strong savour of the *Rousseau* school of philosophy, to the intent that "vice loses half its offence when divested of all its grossness." If the prominent and offensive intrusion of persons of coarse manners and equivocal reputations was not permitted and promoted as it is at race meetings, a great national sport would secure a popular position to which it is eminently entitled, and an acquisition of public patronage of which it is very unwisely deprived. Why incur "contempt" where "grace" might be won by the very means that would insure "troops of friends?"

The question of the "meal and bran," is one whose peculiar province should seem to be a club. In a multitude of councillors (not *counsellors*) we are told there is safety. The committee of a Racing Club would deal with the cases submitted for its consideration with the gravity of a committee of public health, whose maxim is, or ought to be, "prevention is better than cure." It is not meant to be conveyed that a club is a society of *preux chevaliers* of whom it can be written that each and every one is *sans peur et sans reproche*; or that men, as they saunter down St. James's street, or by the shady side of Pall Mall (the thermometer as I write is about the point at which water boils) observe upon each of the Club Houses—

Domus hæc nec prior ulla est.

Individually the members of the Conservative or the Reform may possibly be no better than other people, but they must conform to the rules and regulations of the society in which they have enrolled themselves, or cease to belong to it. The age of miracles is past, and nobody expects that three or four hundred human beings of the male sex will ever again—if ever they did aforetime—gather together, of

whom it shall be said that they are "all honourable men."
 "Brutus was an honourable man;" so was "Binks the Bagman;" but "commercial gentlemen" have been known to pocket silver spoons with which they were left alone in the "travellers' room." You may read in Martin Chuzzlewit, if you please, that "one foul wind no more makes a winter than one swallow makes a summer," a piece of intelligence not the less true because it is undeniably trite. The moral to be deduced from this and the foregoing remarks is, that of the meal and bran furnished by the harvest of society a very wholesome and a tolerably agreeable *plat* may be compounded, for which a most excellent recipe may be had in the modern cookery of clubs.

The betting monomania is a disease for which no specific probably exists. It is pursued by those who know it to be disreputable, dangerous, and ultimately destructive. Its first symptoms are perversion of judgment and distortion of principle—its last stage broken hope, and heart, and fortune. The shame, and reproach, and evil, consist not in the fact that vagabonds of all grades flock to the race course—for, as the philosopher of Avon asks what place is so pure

"Whereunto foul things

Sometimes intrude not?"

but the marvel and ignominy, and the offence, belong to the reception they meet with. There is not even the *auri sacra fames* to plead in mitigation. I have known men make fortunes in the ring, who openly avowed that their intention was only to pay until they were enabled "to make a good haul." It is true no gentleman, who goes to a hazard or roulette hell, does so under the impression that those he is about to deal with are "honourable men:" the majority who visit such places, indeed, do so at seasons when they are not in a condition to think at all. But it is not so with turf speculation. The anecdote detailed a page back relates to a nobleman of high honour, and one whose ultra-social views are the extremest even for his order; and yet we find him in familiar remonstrance, at a race meeting, with one whom in any other possible contingency he would have thought it death and annihilation to interchange speech with. This is but a solitary instance: the practice of which it forms an episode is the *modus* of professional betting.

Anomalies such as this, and the legion beside which beset the present custom of the course, cry aloud for some radical reform. Nothing can be more simple, or would be more sure, than the remedy. As I have already demonstrated, hundreds, if not thousands of men are members of yacht clubs, who are as little concerned with sailing as with ballooning. They contribute their mite, however, and take credit for the contribution, on the pretence of patronising a noble national sport. Islanders though we be, horse pastimes are every whit as national and a little more popular, so far as the "delight in them sets forth," if people would but confess the truth. On the score of sociality and general reference they won't bear comparison. Your sleek citizen of Cheap takes his buxom dame and comely daughters to Ascot, and eke

to Hampton: an excursion to Norway, or round the Orkneys, in a clipper of 50 tons, with four reefs down and the breeze abeam, would be as like a holiday treat to him as an afternoon's penance at the door of his parish church in a white sheet, or a morning's walk on the treadmill. Why is it so correct and *comme il faut* to belong to a cricket society? Because gambling with professional assistance is no part of the purpose of the game. If the puritanical watch-word—"cruelty"—deserve a notice, surely it may be urged that hunting, coursing, shooting, *all* the sports which involve the loss of life or exposure to violence as their consequence, are far more hard-hearted than one, the object of which is to excite an animal to its greatest speed—to a trial of rivalry in the excitement and passionate pleasure of which it so ardently partakes. A prejudice against the turf, where it exists among men of manly minds and honest propensities, refers to its moral, not its physical character. Constituted as human nature is with a craving for strong emotions, (a disposition whose existence proves the necessity for its indulgence), it is the cant of hypocrisy to assume that milk and water is to be the elixir of life. Lord Byron was disgusted with the barbarity of Izaak Walton—because of his taste in angling for trout: his lordship had quite a "rage" for prize-fighting. As it was, so it is, and so it will be till the crack of doom—*we*

Compound for sins we are inclined to,

● By d—ning those we have no mind to.

The club system is the growth of but a very few years—our grandfathers had their rendezvous for whist and gossip at Brookes's, White's, and some half-dozen coteries of that description; but your United Services, Universities, Reforms, Conservatives, Greshams, and the whole service of class clubs strewn over the cities of London and Westminster, are recent institutions which have grown out of the popular conviction of their social benefit and importance. For every taste, profession, and calling, we have peculiar and appropriate rallying points; places of resort, admission to which is a guarantee of character, and good reputation. The *entrée* of a club is, so to speak, a stamp which ensures social currency. Motives of interest perhaps afford too great facilities for such admission; but this is certain, that the man who has run a lengthened course of "black-balling" carries with him as his motto

"Foenus habet in cornu: hunc tu—caveto."

If the convenience of such a warning has been universally approved of in the case of the foxes and the geese, how invaluable would it be in the matter of the sheep and the wethers! The Duke de Stalkpole would have been expelled the Royal Thames Yacht Club, had he not anticipated the form by departing for a better world. I do not apprehend any racing society would have received or retained among its members such individuals, for instance, as those alluded to in the minutes of the Jockey Club, which are appended to the *Racing Calendar* of

'46 and '47. I am not sanguine enough to hope, however, that any immediate results will come of these hints, offered with a boldness which nothing but an entire assurance of their importance could warrant, or indeed induce me to venture upon. But Rome was not built in a day (neither let us trust will it be demolished with such a short notice). It will require time to apply and accommodate that admirable provision for social order—the club—to the service of the turf; but I believe, as I earnestly hope, that there is “the good time coming.”

Sporting Review, for August.

JUGGLERS.

Gardiner.—Prythee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

Butler.—Why, he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard. His beard is at least half a yard long; he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. He has a long white wand in his hand.

Coachman.—I fancy it is made out of witch elm. ●

Butler.—No; the wand, look you, is to make a circle. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.”—*The Drummer.*

Should any utilitarian reader blame us for wasting our time and his upon a class of people not often deemed either respectable or useful, we beg to refer him to the third volume of the History of Inventions, by Professor Beckmann, who vindicates their cause, including in his defence, under the general denomination of Jugglers, the rope-dancers, and such as exhibit feats of uncommon strength. At a moment like the present, when, from the effects of a redundant population, every useful employment is full, and even over-stocked, his arguments ought to be considered cogent, at least by the political economists.

These arts, he observes, are not unprofitable, for they afford a comfortable subsistence to those who practise them, which they usually spend upon the spot, and this he considers a good reason why their stay in a place ought to be encouraged. He is also of opinion, that if the arts of juggling served no other end than to amuse the most ignorant of our citizens, it is proper that they should be patronized for the sake of those who cannot enjoy the more expensive deceptions of an opera, especially as they often convey instruction in the most acceptable manner, and serve as an antidote to superstition. In these observations we fully concur, holding that it is wise on every account to preserve the few harmless amusements still left to the poor; and as to the trite objection, that it is cajoling them of their hard-earned pit-

a very antique hue to, I returned to the mules and ordered them to move on, as we intended to march for three hours longer. Ibrahim fed the horses as usual at noon, and I sat by the roadside to wait for my comrades. A village of Arab huts is near the turning to Tyberias. After the horses had fed and I could not see nor hear any signs of our gentlemen, about 2 o'clock I followed the mules and encamped at 4 p. m.; my friends had not arrived. We fired guns and rang bells at sunset. No one came; and I passed the night in the tents without my friends. The heat was oppressive at one time—the mercury stood at 71° at sunset, 66° at 9 p. m. Before our separation, while Mr Ward and I were approaching the valley of the Jourdan, we could distinguish the smoke of many an encampment of Desert Arabs, and perceived upon our arrival at a large square building of dark grey stone which evidently now served as a modern Caravanserai, but had been a Roman amphitheatre, that no provision for men or beasts could be obtained in this neighbourhood, while the vicinity of the Desert Arabs made Guiseppe warn us against encamping here. He was therefore ordered to march during three hours up the bed of the Jourdan on the western bank towards Tyberias, distant hence seven hours journey or about eighteen English miles, as many persons whom I met afterwards, whilst leisurely following the course of our mules in company with Ibrahim, who was riding the Bishop without a saddle, informed me. Our tents were pitched about six and a half miles northward of Bizan. The small rivulet which had accompanied us from the pool of Jelloon here became very picturesque, and I rode my horse, separated from my friends, to admire a few deserted but picturesque buildings, which were modern Syrian mills, on either bank of the ravine, which assumed the appearance of a rapid rivulet as it hurried towards the ford on the Jourdan. The Syrians, like the Arabs, only feed their animals in the morning and the evening, and only then allow them to drink; but we found that our horses were so refreshed by the allowance of barley given three times during each day, besides as much grass or bran as could be procured at night, that they preserved their condition throughout the long journey to Constantinople, and invariably tired out the wretched starved hacks, which our companions rode, and which were fed at the discretion of the owner who accompanied them. My companions missed their road, after having visited the very interesting and picturesque ruins of a Roman Citadel, an amphitheatre, and a deserted stone built city, and then ascending instead of descending into the valley of the Jourdan, they visited the Crusader's fortress known as "Belvoir" now called the Star of the Air, but failed to perceive the tents, which at the moment, about 5 p. m., that

they were on the spot, had been pitched in the valley below. They subsequently entered an Arab village, and E. came out wonderfully in the interpreter's department, and succeeded in making the Sheik hold himself responsible for their safety, supply them with poached eggs cooked in oil, their barley cakes, and to their horses as much barley as they could eat. But the king of the fleas who resides at Tyberias, had many subjects in their Arab houses, and after passing a wretchedly sleepless night, during which some rascal stole E.'s sword belt, but nothing more valuable, they made the Sheik a present for his hospitality, and leaving the village at day break, reached our tents, on the fort of Tyberias, about noon on 30th April, and their fatigue and our mutual anxiety, compelled us to halt in that interesting but rather unpleasantly warm scene.

THE STRANGER.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WEEKS' SHOOTING IN MHOW.

On the 1st of April, Pot and myself started for Durrumpoorie, to join Snippoo, the sporting resident at Maunpore, who was awaiting our arrival with elephants and all the establishment necessary to ensure sport.

Scarcely had we swallowed some breakfast, ere the elephants were brought up and we mounted, to proceed in search of three tigers, khubber of which had been brought early. The ravine in which the tigers were marked down, was on the opposite side of the Nerbudda, at four miles distance from our tents. We had not proceeded far in beating, before the elephants appeared to telegraph the tigers, as all showed symptoms of disinclination to proceed. All at once a pair of ears were seen, but before the elephants could be stopped they had disappeared: two shots fired at the spot had the effect of sending out a couple of tigers, but owing to the unsteadiness of the elephants (this being the first day of the season) and the density of the jungle, none of the shots took effect. Convinced that the animals had not left the jungle, we beat over it for the remainder of the day. In one of the turns a ragged scoundrel with a matchlock, saw the tigers and fired at them, they went off and were not to be found again. We, however, still continued our search which, after a couple of hours, proving fruitless, we returned to the spot from which they first

broke. A whole host of niggers who accompanied us, not expecting any tiger, made a line through the ravine, and what with shouting and beating, started a large tiger out of the very patch from whence the two small ones had bolted; he sneaked out so quietly, and at so long a distance a head of us, that Snippoo only saw him and took a long shot; he went off, and although we spared no pains, never saw him again. Thus luck was against us, and out of three tigers we did not get one.

Next day having heard that a tigress had taken up her abode in some jungle a little off our direct road, we sent Himta, (than whom a better tracker or bolder little bheel I have never seen) to mark her down.

The small man returned to camp about breakfast time, saying he had seen the tigress and three cubs enter an isolated bit of jungle, out of which it was impossible they could escape without being seen. About a mile from the village, the Bheel pointed to a small hill, the top was covered with large stones and very thick Googul jungle; at the highest point there was a large Devi. The tigress was called the deity of the place, and of course we were told that she was not to be killed by our guns; the people moreover assured us, that when the devotees brought offerings to the shrine of Devi, the tigress was frequently seen close by, but never offered the smallest interruption to such proceedings, occasionally she slew a cow in the fields about the hill; but altogether she seemed to have a much better character than her species generally.

The elephants being posted, a party with tom-toms, trumpets and fire works were sent on the opposite side, to endeavour to induce the lady to break cover; this she would not do for an hour and a half, when one of the Bheels saw her walking across the maidan: we immediately gave chase and were not far off, when she saw us and set off at a gallop over a ploughed field in the direction of the river. We had a glorious run after her for about a mile amongst ravines, occasionally sighting her; she evidently had had quite enough walking and we were drawing on her. At last on coming round a corner, we saw our friend on the top of a hillock about 70 yards off; we fired simultaneously, one ball entered her shoulder, another her spine, and over she rolled roaring with rage. Another ball or so did the business. We were now only a short distance from the tents, and thought it would be no bad move refreshing the inner man, we accordingly did so, and returned with renewed spirit to the hill, where we had some capital fun in dispatching the three cubs.

The following morning we rode to Chikulda, where we found a snug little bungalow built by the political agent at Bhopwar: he had most kindly placed a chuprassie at our disposal to faci-

litate our progress through his districts, and more especially for the purpose of affording us every assistance in getting to the hill of Tobranmall, a trip to which we had been looking forward with great pleasure. In this we were disappointed, as we found there was not a drop of water to be had between the river and the bottom of the hill, a distance of thirty miles over a rocky and difficult road, so much so, that only tattoos and bullocks half laden could proceed at all, and the journey could not be accomplished in less than two days. The hill is one of the Satpura range, and from the description which I have heard, must be a delightful place during the hot winds; the thermometer under a tree at mid-day in April, was never higher than 83°. It has been spoken of as a sanitarium, and the Bombay Government have, I understand, sent a medical officer to report fully on the climate, &c. The want of water for the servants and cattle was not to be overcome, and we relinquished all idea of attempting to proceed with great regret. After a halt for two days, not having heard of game, we crossed the Nerbudda and pitched at a small village some miles off; the shikarrees had gone on the previous evening—and on our arrival one of them had just returned to camp, having left his companions watching the movements of a tigress and two or three cubs in a ravine within rifle shot of our tents. It was early and the animals had not couched for the day, so we had time for a hearty breakfast and various speculations as to the probability or otherwise of our succeeding in bringing one or all to bag. Snippoo and Pot were on one elephant, the third having proved unsteady on previous occasions. We had scarcely entered the ravine and taken our places (they on one side, my elephant on the other, with the pad in the centre,) when I saw a tiger creeping slowly under the bushes a short distance in advance, two unsteady shots made him increase his pace, and he disappeared; we beat up after him, and near the head of the ravine two cubs rushed out from a patch of cover close to the other elephant, they had a couple of shots at them, and one rolled over, but picked himself up and retreated into a thick bush. Placing a man or two so as to watch the movements of these, we continued in pursuit of the large tiger; my elephant saw him before it was possible to fire, and as he rushed from under the bank with a roar, the elephant turned and retreated a little. Snippoo and Pot went ahead and kept him in sight as he trotted over the broken ground, grunting vehemently. At last he took to a bit of jow, and as I came up a little below them, the tiger came rushing out, apparently with the intention of charging my elephant, but he was stopped by a couple of well placed bullets from their howdah, which brought him to the ground with a broken shoulder; two more shots finished him as he lay almost

powerless; he was a very fine male, one of the largest I have ever seen killed in Malwa.

We returned to the cubs, and with a great deal of difficulty, made two break cover, one was killed by the first volley, the other managed to beat a retreat and kept crawling under the bushes: the elephants seemed to dread the snarling little brutes much more than the large tiger. I dismounted and tried to creep under the bushes, to get a shot: on the discharge of my first barrel the little animal charged at me so furiously, that I was fain to bolt and clamber up into the howdah; it had not strength to return to the bush, and one more shot finished it. We still went on beating, as the villagers affirmed that there were remaining a tigress and cub. We had not gone far when we turned out the latter, and after a pretty long chase, succeeded in adding it to the bag. It was most exciting hunting these little fellows, they were about half grown and as active as cats, dashing across from one bush to another with great rapidity. We collected the four and were about to return home, when one or two men insisted that they had seen the tigress go down the nullah. Snippoo and Pot thinking the fellows were only talking for the sake of doing so, went home. As it was still early, I thought there would be no harm in proceeding on the chance. After a long beat, during which I had full time to cogitate on the improbabilities of getting a fifth tiger on one day, to my great delight, she sprang out of some brush in the bed of the nullah, and went off like a greyhound. Out of four shots only one appeared to have struck; fortunately the blood issuing from the wound formed a trail there was no mistaking, and the Bheels tracked her back to the same jow in which we had killed the others. I soon beat her out and after a few shots killed her. It was very satisfactory thus destroying the whole family.

Our route now lay towards the Taptee, on the banks of which we expected to find game; for several marches however we were unsuccessful in even hearing of anything. We had been informed that there were jungle fowl at one or two of the places we were likely to pass; in this also we were unfortunate, as we fagged for several days in search of them, but saw not even the slightest trace; we were more fortunate with the deer, having met several large herds of spotted deer and neilghaie; there were several brought to bag.

The country through which we passed, was a continuation of very heavy jungle, in which with the exception of a few Bheel huts at intervals, there were no signs of habitations; so that supplies for the servants and cattle had sometimes to be laid in for four or five marches. From our camp at Shadah we could plainly see the hill of Toorunnull, and here too we were told that the

Bheel agent of Kandesh had gone to the top, expecting us to come up from the opposite side. Had there been time, we might easily have ascended from this place to join him, but unfortunately some of us had been warned to return sooner than we at first expected. It was very tantalizing, certainly, the description which our friend sent—the thermometer ranging between 75° and 83°, whilst in our tents it was seldom under 100° at mid-day.

We reached the banks of the Taptee in a few days. In the neighbourhood we had intelligence of tigers, and what surprised us, several shikarrees asserted that they had met with black leopards. We were fortunate enough to bring a skin of one of the latter back to cantonments: we had some difficulty in convincing our friends that it had not been dyed: the skin is jet black and as fine as velvet; looking on it as it lies on the ground the spots are scarcely to be distinguished, but on raising it a little so as to throw the light on it, each spot is seen distinctly, being a shade or two darker than the rest of the skin: the head appeared smaller than that of the common leopard, and the tail is very long in comparison with the other. The tigers we could make nothing of, as a certain sect of the people resident here worship the animals, and threw every difficulty in the way when we sent the shikarrees to mark the animals down. At our next march on the day previous to our arrival, a tiger had attacked and severely wounded a hurkaru, who had gone out to try and kill the beast. The man was brought to our camp, and after dressing his wounds with "Holloway," he described the place which the tiger was in the habit of frequenting, so we ordered the elephants and went out, but were unsuccessful in meeting with him.

In a few days after my companions returned to Mhow, whilst I continued my course towards Asseer. For some eight or nine marches I did not even hear of any game. On reaching Burlhampore, I was hospitably entertained by a Bengal Officer who was there on duty. After a halt for a couple of days, I rode to the fort of Asseerghur to visit an amiable Duck, whose acquaintance I had had the pleasure of forming a few months previously on his visiting Malwa. I spent a short time on the top of the hill very agreeably, and before leaving I did all in my power to induce some of the sportsmen to accompany me to a celebrated bison jungle some two or three marches off; unfortunately those who cared about shooting, had been on leave only a short time before I arrived, and had then visited the Manjrode jungle, so that it was necessary to forego my intention of going there. Instead, however, of proceeding direct to the Nerbudda, I diverged a little to the north-west of Asseer; and having sent my servants on a couple of marches, followed the next evening; they had pitched my tent at Boree, a Bheel hamlet amongst the hills.

For two days there was no intelligence of anything, although upwards of a score of Bheels were hunting in parties of two and three each in every direction : they had all spoken confidently of showing bears at all events, perhaps a tiger or bison ; as the latter were known to keep to the heavier jungle a few miles off, there was not quite so much chance of meeting with any here.

About eight in the morning of the third day after my arrival, they brought me news of a couple of bears ; there were several men watching the movements of the animals, so I had ample time to reach the hill in which they were ; it was bad ground for the elephant to travel over, but still more fatiguing to go on foot, so I had nothing for it but to exercise the virtue of patience. At last we came within sight of two Bheels who were perched in a tree overlooking the hill side, they pointed to a patch of high grass in which the bears had lain down ; the elephant was advanced towards it, but each step occupied the careful animal nearly a minute, as the declivity being covered with loose, sharp stones, he found it difficult to get secure footing ; some of the stones were unavoidably sent rolling down the hill, these alarmed the bears and I could perceive their heads only peering above the grass. On seeing the elephant they were about to make off, and I had a very long shot at the first one which issued from the cover, as they scuttled down the hill ; the ball rolled him over faster than he seemed to like, as on recovering his legs, he immediately turned on his companion and pitched into him ; my second barrel brought them both to their senses, as they went off together, the wounded one in the rear. They ascended a hill on the opposite side of the ravine ; one of the Bheels had got the start of them, and was running along the crest of the hill nearly parallel, so as to prevent their getting out of sight ; the man having taken off his shoes to facilitate his clambering over the rocks, carried them in his hand. The bears had ceased running and were walking, occasionally looking towards me, when they caught sight of the Bheel, and to my horror charged at him. The fellow stood his ground, and as the foremost bear came within a few yards of him, he threw his shoes in its face and shouted lustily ; the combination had the desired effect, as they turned and went off at a gallop. A hearty laugh at the means employed to check the bears, was a very great relief, as I had fully expected to have seen the poor fellow dreadfully wounded at the least, my being able to see every action so distinctly, without the power of rendering him the smallest assistance, would have made it more aggravating. I could not have descended the hill on which I stood, and ascended the one on which they were, under ten minutes at soonest.

The bears were marked down into another ravine, and I

dismounted from the elephant and went up on foot. I had only two shots when they charged me; as I had no shoes to throw in their faces, the experiment of throwing an empty gun might not have succeeded, so I bolted, and just reached the elephant in time; they turned off on coming within a yard or two of him, and disappeared in a rocky ravine out of which I could not drive them.

On the first of May I left this, and advanced five coss into the Korsekarkora jungle. My servants followed a footpath, whilst I made a detour and beat through the jungle with about a score of Bheels, on the look out for anything that might show. I had a shot at some sambur, and knocked one over out of the herd. I found my tent pitched under the shade of a large mango tree on the bank of a little mountain stream; there were traces of ruins all about, and I saw a few temporary grass huts, the Bheels coming out at this season to collect and prepare the chironjee (or wild cherry) seed. Late in the evening, I had a note from a Duck friend, saying that he had arrived at my last encamping ground expecting to have found me, his horse was done up, his kit had not arrived, and he had nothing wherewithal to console himself, but some parched gram and a cheroot. I immediately sent off a bottle of beer and some cold meat which he got about midnight, and after doing justice to it and having a good sleep, he joined me the following morning. The Bheels had gone out before day-break, assuring me that they would speedily mark down a bison; but the forenoon passed and up to one o'clock there had been nothing heard of them; at that hour I did not think there was a chance for the day, when one of them came in to say that a solitary bull had been seen about three coss from camp, and that there were men posted on the hills and trees around to prevent his leaving the shade in which he had sheltered without being observed. As my friend's horse had cast a shoe, he rode one of mine, and as the jungle seemed very open and tolerable ground, we talked of trying to ride the bison, a feat to the accomplishment of which I had long looked forward. On coming up to the men on watch, they pointed to a clump of trees into which the bison had entered. I could see him distinctly with the telescope as he lay in the shade. We soon settled the manner of approach, and walked up to within eighty yards. I had given orders for the horses to be kept out of earshot, but on the first discharge of our guns they were to be brought up. I had some difficulty in pointing out the bison to my companion, he, never having seen one before, mistook the brown mass for an ant-hill; however, I got him to kneel down, and we together took a steady shot. The ant-hill soon got to his legs and looking round for a moment, received another shot

which had only the effect of making him trot off; my pony had been brought up and I sprang on his back and gave chase. On seeing me the animal went away at a great pace and I soon lost sight of him, but could easily follow at a canter and trace the footstep: on again getting near to him he stopped, the blood was trickling from a body shot. I gave him one barrel from horseback when he again went away: once or twice when I approached within 15 or 20 paces he seemed to wish to charge me, but on firing he invariably turned: thus I chased him till sunset, the blood was running from his nose, mouth and every part of his body, but I could not manage to put a vital shot into him. He fell once or twice apparently from weakness, and at last went into a patch of high elephant grass where I could not follow. My position was now rather unpleasant, I had been cantering along at a good pace for nearly four hours, and as my friend had not felt inclined to come with me, I was quite alone, with not the slightest knowledge of the jungle, moreover the sun had set and the jungle, I was aware, had a pretty good stock of tigers and other brutes, unpleasant customers when hungry. I scrambled to the top of an eminence at no great distance and commenced collecting all the dry wood and grass within reach to make a fire; this after a long and fatiguing ride was no easy task. It was getting dusk when I descended to search in the bed of a nullah for a pool of water which I was lucky enough to find. I certainly never enjoyed a drink more, albeit I should have been sorry to have tasted such nastiness under ordinary circumstances; my pony too seemed to enjoy it; unfortunately, thinking he was pretty well tired with his day's work, I did not take the precaution of securing him whilst I had a good wash; on trying to catch him when ready to ascend the hill, I found that he just kept most provokingly out of reach, so after one or two attempts I let him alone. It was now quite dark and I was busy with the flint and steel to set fire to the wood collected, when I heard the voices of the Bheels who had come on my track. A shout soon brought them all to me, several carried leaves full of clotted blood which had fallen from the bison; they said that it was impossible that he could ever leave the cover which he had entered and persuaded me to start for the tent. My pony was not to be caught by any manœuvre, so we left him and after a long walk, we reached the tent about 10 o'clock. I was talking a cheroot and trying to discover my friend's reasons for not coming in pursuit of the bison, when the confounded pony trotted up to his picquets as quietly as possible; how the animal had found his way it is hard to guess, he could not have followed us as he did not arrive for a couple of hours after we did, and there were no footpaths of any kind.

Next morning we started very early expecting to find the bison dead. On reaching the spot we found pools of blood in various places where the animal had lain down, but saw no other trace. He had got away during the night and the wounds having ceased to bleed it was not possible to track him over the stones. I had good right to be disgusted at not finding him, as it is scarcely possible that he could have recovered from the wounds; and had my friend only accompanied me, we should have been sure to have killed him at the time.

On my return to the banks of the blue Nerbudda, (which I now regretted ever having left, my luck apparently having gone at the same time) the Raja of Burmai sent a polite message, saying that there were lots of tigers about, and that if I would go out that day, he would accompany me. Having ordered the elephant and sent it on a little way, we rode to the cover in which I was told a tigress had taken up her abode. After beating a very short time, I saw her as she awoke apparently and was stretching herself; the elephant had passed within a few feet of where she had been lying. The first shot struck her in the breast as she made a bungling attempt to charge, this made her turn and break cover, when I had two more shots wounding her heavily, one more bullet in the head sufficed. The male had been killed from a machan about a week previous to my arrival.

Having made an engagement to meet friend Mark, in the Katkot jungle, it was necessary to hasten forward. On reaching the village where we had agreed to meet, I found his tent pitched alongside of mine, and very shortly after my arrival he came up in good spirits, but tired from a fifty mile ride, no joke in the month of May in Malwa even.

Owing to the kindness of the resident at Indore, we were supplied with elephants, and every assistance was afforded in collecting men.

The day after arrival as no kluibber had been brought in, I proposed beating up the quarters of an old man-eating tiger which had baffled all the attempts of D— and myself last year. We took the opposite sides of the nullah and soon came on the remains of a kill a few days old. Mark caught sight of the tiger lying on a rock by a pool of water, he took a long shot and struck the animal in the belly, causing him to roar lustily and show himself to me, I saluted him with a couple of barrels as he disappeared amongst some bushes. We gave chase, Mark came on him face to face in some jungle and hit him, when he took to a hill, we followed with some difficulty, and from this point the chase lasted for five hours, sometimes in sight and getting occasional long shots and again tracking by the clots of blood; at one time M. dismounted and tried to approach the

tiger on foot, but the elephant making a noise set the brute off at a jog trot again. As it was getting near sunset the men were impatient and over-ran the traces, one or two were roaming about trying to hit them off when the tiger rose from a bush thirty yards from us, and the fellow nearest had a narrow escape. M. again got the start of me and had a shot at him as he limped away; at last he could run no longer and was obliged to fight. A pariah dog belonging to one of the mahouts flew at the tiger as he lay at the foot of a tree, and yelled and barked as only a pariah can—this so raised the tiger's ire that he charged Mark's elephant, but was stopped by a fallen tree which lay across his path; he then retired a little way, and I pushed on my elephant to get a near shot and put an end to him. As I approached (the dog baying at him all the time) he again charged, my elephant turned tail and only gave me time to fire one barrel which fortunately broke a fore leg thereby preventing his springing. He caught the elephant's hind leg tho' and left the prints of his teeth pretty legible there, he shock him off and bolted for half a mile through the jungle, greatly to the detriment of my guns and countenance.

During this time friend Mark had succeeded in disabling him. On my return I put a ball behind his shoulder, and the roar he gave sent the elephant off again. On again returning the tiger was still struggling. I wanted to dismount, but before I could do so M. sent a ball through his head, which was a settler. We were glad indeed that we had slain this brute, it was a long day's work and I never saw so many dodges resorted to by a big coward die so hard. Last year he killed five men, and although D—— and I had hunted for three days we never could see him.

The following day we sent the tents on to the Kanar river. There is a delightful spot for pitching on during the hot weather, the grass seems to keep green, and the water cool in defiance of the scorching winds which blow in the month of May. We went out in the morning, having heard of a tigress and cubs, but did not succeed in finding them before 9 P. M., so mounted our horses and cantered on. Mark carrying his rifle in case we might see deer. We had not got very far when we lost the track of the camels, but as the road was stony we determined going on a little to make sure they had not passed. Greatly to our surprise on issuing from a rather thick patch of jungle, we beheld a herd of bison grazing quietly within two hundred yards of us, we immediately dismounted and M. went in chase. After some interval I heard him fire, and on riding up found him standing over a very fine bull which he had dropped by the first shot; the herd had turned to charge, but he scrambled up

a tree and by shouting had scared them off. We measured the bull 6 feet 4 inches from withers to sole of the foot; he had splendid horns. Having marked a few of the trees, we returned to the foot path. Fortunately the Bheel (who had started as a guide) came up, and told us he had seen the foot prints leave the proper track, so followed to try and bring us back: he would not believe we had even seen a bison, so I went to point it out to him, and M. started for camp which we reached together after dark.

Next morning we went out early and set men to skin the bison and take the skull and horns to camp: we hunted after the herd but without success. On our return we found a poor wood cutter who had been attacked by two bears, and one of his legs severely torn. We stitched up his wounds in the best way we could, and proposed going after the bears next day. The man had been cutting bamboos amongst some rocks when the animals rushed out of a hole and attacked him, two other men who were near ran to his assistance and the bears made off. They were too cunning to return to the same place, as we could see nothing of them on going there. We were coming home, when some spotted deer rose a long way off. M. took a shot and wounded one, whilst I slipped off my elephant, and gave chase, expecting to find them on the other side of the hill. I was creeping cautiously along, when the man at my elbow whispered that there was a herd of bison near; on raising my head, I saw a couple of them watching our movements. I took a shot at the nearest, and the ball, entering close above the shoulder, rolled it over; but she recovered her legs, and the herd trotted off, whilst the wounded one tried to walk away: on reloading a near shot brought it to the ground. I sent a man to call M. who had not dismounted, and went after the herd: I had two more long shots, but did not succeed in disabling another. The one killed was a cow, and greatly to my disgust had one of her horns broken. The marrow bones and the tongues of these animals are almost the only parts eatable, the meat is well tasted, but salt and very tough.

Some tigers having done much mischief to the cattle of the wood cutters, we beat up the river and certainly saw one, but at such a distance the only two shots which we could fire were of no effect. M. had a shot at a veritable wild dog. In the afternoon we dismounted from the elephants, and in walking up some dry nullahs thickly wooded with bamboos, we put up several deer and bagged one or two. We separated a little, and I had only gone a short distance, when a hyena got up from amongst the rocks. I killed him. On reaching the spot where we had agreed to meet I sat down to wait M.'s arrival. About half

an hour after, I heard two shots, and on running in the direction, I found that he had come on a herd of bison (having tracked them for some distance) he had killed one and was in pursuit of the herd. On his return he said he had fired a right and left shot, one of the animals falling the other going off very speedily. He had then chased the herd as long as he could run, and wounded a third; but in reloading lost too much distance to catch them again, so came back to look for No. 2. The one killed was a cow. It was too late in the evening to commence skinning her, so we cut the tongue and tail off and set out homewards; hardly however had we gone fifty paces, when a bison jumped out of a patch of long grass, this was the No. 2. M. struck; however he had recovered a little as he went off at a great pace, we ran after him, but my companion's legs being a good deal longer than mine, he was speedily going ahead, so stopped and took a long shot which fortunately had effect in the animal's back and made him pull up. We now approached nearer, and a few more shots rolled him over: a fine young bull, not quite full grown. During the night we were suddenly awoken by the most frightful screaming; as we slept outside we were surrounded by our servants and animals, and the noise they made was quite horrible. I seized a tulwar from the head of my bed, and noticed that M. clutched his pillow as the nearest weapon. The yelling lasted about three or four minutes, and when quiet was restored and we came to enquire into the cause, they said that one man having awoke saw or fancied he saw a tiger close to him, and sung out lustily. Each man as he was roused, joined with all the power of which his lungs were capable, and certainly the noise sounded most unearthly in the darkness and silence of the night. One or two fires on the skirts of the camp were barely visible, and only showed the black jungle beyond. I think the tiger must have been imaginary. Only a couple of years ago when a party of us were encamped on the same spot, a leopard came into the camp at night, crept between some horses and seized a syce by the throat; his struggles awoke his companions and we all were aroused; the brute let go and slunk off: hardly however had we begun to bathe the poor fellow's throat, to see the extent of his wounds, when a great noise on the other side of the tent made us all run over there, and we found another man had been seized in the same manner: both men died, and the following evening we cast lots to sit in a muchan over an unhappy little cur, ycleped Tow Row, which was tied up as a decoy. Powder and the Guardsman had the luck to have first watch, whilst we turned in; but were soon aroused by eight shots within fifteen yards of our beds. The leopard had come down on the dog, but on proceeding to the spot he was not to be seen. The following

morning he was found dead fifty yards from the tent with five bullets in him. Poor Tow Row was the victim of circumstances, for though he escaped the leopard he was shot by ——. Since then the servants generally have been more careful to keep fires lighted at various parts of camp.

Mark having received an unexpected order to return to cantonments, we started early the following morning, intending to ride through the jungle and shoot anything and every thing we saw.

We sent the elephants by the road. Towards the end of a long day we had given up all hope of seeing anything, as there was only one old iron pit which we had not examined. On reaching this, we dismounted from our horses and stood over the mouth, which was no more than three or four feet below us. The Bheels and old Jungly Baba (the prince of trackers) were throwing a few stones down a shaft a short distance in our rear, but all that came out was a poor little hare which seemed quite dazzled on coming into the sunshine: the Bheels attempted to mob it, and whilst we were watching them, I heard a rustle among the leaves in the pit, and on turning saw a tiger galloping from under our feet up the opposite side. We fired instantly, the animal rolled over but recovered her legs and went across the plain; we each fired the remaining two barrels and commenced reloading; when to our amazement a terrific roaring in the pit was soon succeeded by the appearance of an immense tiger which rushed from within a few feet, and on reaching the brink, stood for a moment and looked round at us—greatly to our relief he appeared to think we were not exactly what he would like to eat and galloped off. He had a large wound on one shoulder which had been given him from a muchan a few days before. It was most ungallant to his fair mate, allowing us to empty all our barrels at her before he showed himself. On reloading we followed the track of the one which we had wounded, and in 300 yards or so came on her, lying dead at the entrance of another pit, with seven bullets in her of which one was in the heart. A storm that had been threatening now broke, and we sought shelter in the pit, out of which we had turned the tigers. The attempt to trace the second failed, as every mark of him was destroyed by the rain. We got to camp at 5 p. m., and our regret at not having been ready to receive the tiger added to ten hours of walking on a cruelly hot day, made us feel both disgusted and tired. Mark returned to cantonments, I remained a couple of days in the hope of getting the large tiger; once I saw and wounded him by a long shot, but losing the track as soon as the blood stanchd, we could not again find it.

I took leave of the Katkot jungle with great regret; this was my third season in it, and had my companion not been unexpectedly recalled, we should, I think, have made a very great addition to our bag, it was even then larger than that of either of the previous years. The encamping ground our Head Quarters, on the Kanar river, is alone, I think, worth one's while visiting. The spot on which our tents were pitched was grass sward, within a stone's throw of the river, and shaded by magnificent trees; numerous springs of water (considerably impregnated with iron) issued around, and from one of these we regularly took a long draught previous to leaping into the fine clear river in which we bathed at least twice a day; the water was always cool. There are very fine mahseer in some of the deep pools, and to a fisherman there would be ample amusement in killing them and the millet which I think would rise to artificial fly.

On my ascending the ghats at one of the marches, the villagers brought me news of a family of tigers which had taken up their abode in a nullah at no great distance from the dāk bangalow. Not expecting to have heard of more game, I had sent the elephant back, so I had to go on foot; after several hours walking, as there was no appearance of the tigers, the villagers persuaded me to ascend a tree and sit in a muchan constructed directly over a very small pool of water, to which they said the tigers came every afternoon at 4 or 5 o'clock to drink. After an hour or so I was getting rather tired, when the man sitting with me, drew my attention to some pea fowl which were moving about in the bed of the nullah a hundred yards up. I was watching them when a tiger appeared walking leisurely down amongst them, they seemed to take no notice of the animal, only hopping out of his way a little; the tiger came steadily on towards the water, stopping occasionally under the bushes and branches overhanging the bank and rubbing his back against them, at the same time uttering a low sound; as he advanced I almost forgot my intention of shooting him, so occupied was I in watching every movement; he certainly looked very grand. I could see the action of every sinew in his body as he came slowly towards the water; I allowed him to come under the muchan where he remained about a minute, suddenly however he growled and walked away. I suppose he must have smelt us, as we were not more than twenty feet above him: the instant he reappeared, I fired and he rolled over the bank to all appearance dead; but as I prepared to descend the tree, he recovered himself and sneaked off through the bushes; I gave chase and saw him going away very lame, but the only shot I had must have been intercepted by the branches which intervened. Numerous small ravines rendered all my

hunting for that afternoon fruitless. Next morning as I prepared to go out again, an officer who happened to be travelling dāk to Mhow arrived at the bungalow; he required little persuasion to accompany me, so we started, but after a long and ineffectual search, we were obliged to return empty handed, not having seen the smallest trace; this I regretted the more as my friend had never seen a tiger killed.

Here ended a few weeks of tolerably good sport. Should the opportunity offer of another hot season in Malwa, I do not despair of making a considerably larger bag than fell to my lot this year.

HOTSPUR.

September, 1849.

ASSISTANT SURGEON E. HARE'S LAST REPLY TO MR WESTERN.

Whether tartar emetic will produce nausea, and raise, not pustules, but a blister; whether calomel* is used alone as a purgative, or with a draught in the morning to assist it; whether a new born infant may be sponged with impunity with spirits of turpentine; whether Mr Western has *demonstrated*!! that turpentine blisters where the hair grows and not on the smooth skin; or professor Coleman ever told him so: these are questions,† which can at once be answered by a medical reader, and

* There is no contradiction in my observations on Calomel. After it has salivated, it always purges, sometimes severely; but *before* salivation and given as a common dose of physic, it requires, as every one knows, other purgatives to help it.

† Many more might be mentioned which I put in a note which the reader may look at or not as he feels inclined, such as catarrh which he still maintains is a disease of the head! and that John Hind is a fool, and cannot see lacteals as well as himself (Mr Western). Again, in Mr Spocner's experiment, of course a tube can be made weak enough to coil on itself, instead of passing up the bowel; and another might be made strong and hard enough to rupture it, perhaps, if sufficient force were used, though to do this with a rounded extremity to the tube, very unwarrantable force indeed must be applied. Some such an instrument I fancy was employed by Mr Spooner as the Probang with the "knob cut off," which Mr W. tried to pass, p. 58. A Probang is a stiff, strong, only partially flexible tube covered with string, and is made for the purpose of pushing down lumps of turnips, mangel wurzel, cabbage, stalks, &c., which often stick in stalled bullock's throats in England. It is a barbarous instrument enough for its own purposes, much more for passing into the intestine of horse, for which it was never intended; but all this is no reason why a properly proportioned and smooth elastic tube will not pass with perfect ease and safety. The same sort of objections were raised against the stomach pump tube when first invented for pumping up poisons. Swarms of cases occurred, or were

to a general one they must be uninteresting. I will leave these, therefore, and apply myself to one point only, and on this I am content to stand or fall. If Mr Western's large plate p. 58, be a *true* drawing of the rectum, my plan is manifestly impossible, utterly so; but if it be not a plate of the rectum, but of the coilings of the *small* intestine divided by himself at A, to form an anus, and separate it from the stomach with which, before he divided it, it was continuous, and if the real rectum is *cut away*!! with the colon, whose other extremity it forms, out towards E; so that it does not appear *at all* in his drawing: then I say that Mr Western's argument must be indeed a weak one, to urge him to such extremities in defending it. Give me your patient attention reader for only half an hour, and I will explain what I mean, in such a way that you can decide for yourself, without trusting to Mr Western's assertions or mine, merely by comparing my rough diagram, with a sketch of the bowels in Blaine, Youatt,* or any book you can find; but if you will not take this small trouble, I cannot help you: and do the same with other important disputed points, you will be like the French Canadians, who trust their souls to the priest, their bodies to the

manufactured in the periodicals, of stomachs lacerated, throats ruptured, &c. &c., and some tried so hard that they got the tube into the wind pipe, and pumped the lungs full of broth, chalk mixture, &c., intended for the stomach in cases of poisoning with acid—see an amusing lecture by Dr. Watson in the Med. Gazette, vol. 17, on injuries inflicted by the stomach pump tube; and yet it is still used with perfect safety, and saves the lives of hundreds, and is justly considered, now prejudice has subsided, with only common precautions, the most valuable of our improvements in medicine.

On one point I am wrong, and I confess it most willingly, I believe on second thoughts that the acetic acid may be the more active ingredient in St. John Long's liniment. The union of the two, acid and turpentine, in fact accomplishes what neither could do singly.

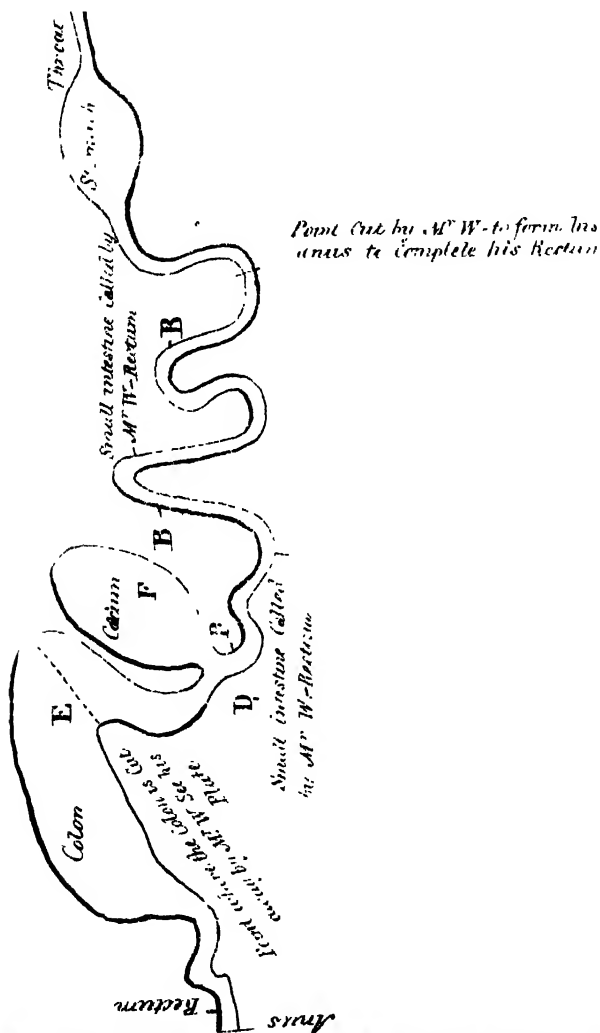
The situation too of the most numerous proportion of the lacteals, he may dispute supported by good authority, it is still an undecided point, and probably ever will be, for the lacteals are visible enough where the fluid they absorb is milky and white, but in the large intestine the nutritious fluid is of a dark colour and they cannot thus easily be seen. It was the opinion, however, of Abernethy as well as John Hind, fool as he calls him, that they are very numerous there, and it is manifest that some absorbing apparatus *must* be there or how were Dr. Watson and others (see his lectures, p. 474) able to feed their patients for 5½ weeks entirely by beef, tea and egg injected by the rectum without a particle of food by the mouth.

Except these points, if you examine Mr Western's paper, you will see nothing but facts and demonstration, supported only by his own "faithful" plates, and assertions, the value of which must be decided by the main argument above.

* They are of course all alike, no one but Mr. W. disputes such well known facts as the shape of the intestines.

doctor, their property to the lawyer, and never thinking for themselves poor animals, are robbed by them all.

Now look at the point marked D in both the drawings, and you will see that at that point three roads meet; viz. F, the cœcum,



N. B.—Mind this is not intended as an accurate sketch of the bowels, it is merely a diagram to simplify the explanation. The correctness of the ideas which it conveys must be verified by reference to drawings from nature, vide Blaine 1848, Youatt, Todd's Encyclopædia of Anatomy, June 1849. p. 735 (fig. 511) and many others.

a blind pouch; B the small intestine twisting about continuously till it joins the stomach and mouth, and E the colon, which if not cut away by Mr W. at b, would run on as in the above figure, to the true rectum (i); whereas he makes his rectum by dividing the small intestine some way up at A, and then talks about the cells and twistings of this small intestine, which he has manufactured into a rectum, and shews the impossibility of passing a flexible tube up it; which, the real rectum being some 10 to 15 yards distant from it, out at the other end (i) of the huge colon, I never wish to try, for I can't reach it.

The piece of intestine given, is a true bit of intestine, and Mr Pybus has drawn it most faithfully, and it was not his fault that the wrong end was given him to copy, cut across and incorrectly named as it is by Mr Western.

The whole question may be decided by asking *any* anatomist, human or veterinary.

I. Is it the small intestine, or is it the rectum!! which joins the cæcum and *head* of the colon at D?

II. Does the rectum join the cæcum at all; is not the rectum a continuation of the tail of the colon at (i) yards away from it (the cæcum)?

I have now given you, reader, the rough facts, which will enable you, if you compare my diagram with any common plates, and question your doctor the first time you see him, to decide for yourself. If Mr Western has done what I now affirm, you will know what weight to attach to his other assertions of demonstrating!! That turpentine will blister the hairy, and not the smooth skin, &c. &c., and form your decision of the whole matter accordingly.

It must indeed, I think, have excited your suspicions, when you read Mr W. boldly asserting that men like Percival and Youatt (p. 57), do not even know the names and shape of the different parts of the intestine which they spent their lives as professors in the university in describing; but he must be bolder still and fight it out with professors Todd, Rymer Jones, Blaine,* and every writer who has ever described the horse's bowels; for they, as he says of myself, are "miserable martyrs"†—witnesses of the same mistake, and all name it rectum, from *rectus* straight,

* See Blaine 1848 and Todd's *Encyclopædia of Anatomy* so late as June 1849. Rymer Jones there, page 735, gives a plate (fig. 511) of the cæcum of a horse shewing the small intestine B and caput coli E joining the cæcum F at D, and says, "the small intestine terminates in the cæcum and the colon forming a viscus of vast capacity, becomes gradually contracted into its dimensions (funnel shaped) and terminates in the rectum" and p. 736 that the rectum is separated 21 feet from the cæcum.

† From *martyros* a Greek word meaning a witness.

because it is the only part of the bowel which is straight, and *not twisting*.

I must now, for the present, leave you reader to Mr Western's tender mercies, his forthcoming "faithful" plates, his bold assertions and demonstrations; other important duties will prevent my writing more for some years to come in the pages of this ably conducted Journal, but I will be a reader of it nevertheless, and hope ere long to broach another subject, and have another friendly fight with Mr Western, for your edification and amusement.

E. HARE, *Assistant Surgeon*.

THE SONEPORE MEETING OF 1849.

DEAR ABER,—The sword thank God has been driven home into its scabbard, and time afforded for the resumption of the quill in your cause. Though thousands of miles have been traversed over since we last met, and new scenes and adventures have passed in review, worthy of being recorded, yet these must form matter for some separate article—Sonapore and her prospects, as of old, must now engross all our thoughts.

It would be well, indeed, if we could give a picture of the past fit to dwell upon. Behar has been asleep, or, if not asleep, some influence must have been at work to paralyse and disunite her sporting fraternity. The young hands, who, in days of yore, sported their odds freely, and who had become older, at least, in their apprenticeship, gave out no fitting bait to tempt the idler. Profound listlessness and indifference prevailed to portend that the meeting would be a failure.

When we thought of the glorious and unrivalled sport, which the years 46, 47, and 48 afforded—we had some difficulty in persuading ourselves that this could be; but conjecture is at an end. The year of grace 1849, as regards Sonapore, has gone from us, and left nothing behind—but a miserable feeling of disappointment and despair!

When at the commencement of the season, we wandered over the pages of your Review, we then recoiled from the list of aspirants to Turf fame. Where are you, Mr Williams? Have the misfortunes of 48, which commenced at Sonapore, frightened you from our shores? Mr Forester too! Why did your Pretender

change hands; and is it possible that you have gone from us for ever? Your absence having been proclaimed, we grieve your loss, yet hope that the fervour of youth will lead you into the path of greater distinction! Mr De Vaux, Mr Grey, Mr Charles, Mr Return, Mr Cunyngham, Mr D'Arcy (we conjure up all names that are familiar) will you not come back to us? All apparently have gone, proclaiming, as it were, that some pestilence has been pervading the land, and taken with it all that was valuable.

We could as easily, as before, have given you an account of the horses in training; but the inducements held out for indulging the public were few. Mr Fox kept his lot (if lot it can be called) consisting of two Arabs and a mare, till the beginning of October—in the North West. In Mr Holdfast's string there were no new faces—save Bonanza and Firefly. Mr Fitzpatrick, it is true, had a Honeycomb, which has neither proved sweet, nor valuable. But what of all this! On the 15th of September no less than three cups were said to be at the disposal of the Stewards, for want of subscribers. Voices innumerable were exclaiming hurrah for Handicaps, at heavy weights, and gentlemen riders! A still small voice proclaimed that the cups, having been entered for by Mr Holdfast, and being private purses, must fall to his net with a walk over. Yet all this roused us not from our lethargy, nor induced us to make a fair show up of all the absurdities and protests (protests forsooth!) which were threatened to be perpetrated. It was a scene, Abel; but, as I have before stated, a dull one. Though life was at times imparted to it by some, yet it gained no head; and indeed it was long before we could put our “stout heart to the brace,” and think of betaking ourselves to Sonapore.

But we are off; and though in our transit thence, we sought slumber, yet it was a fitful sleep. That lovely moon, our constant guide on these occasions, broke through our rest, and urged us to cast a look around, and to dwell, in wonder, upon the scene, which, even at that time, could be presented. And what a scene! the whole earth, as it faced us, seemed to have been re-peopled. A stream of life was pouring onward to the summit of hope—men, women and children dragged not their lengths lazily along; but with hurried step proceeded—impatient to seek that expiation which they felt sure would be afforded; and thus did we progress, until we also became mixed up with the heterogeneous mass of corruption that had collected at the junction of the Gunduck with old Gungajee. It is not at Sonapore only that such multitudes assemble; Hadjeeport, which is on the eastern banks of the Gunduck, could disgorge, at this season of the year, perhaps even more of the nations of the

earth, than its near neighbour—and the perpetual hum and din which reached our ears on the western bank, shewed, at least, that the gathering crowd was neither idle, nor unhappy.

But poor Sonapore, why have the European part of the community deserted thee? Thy trees have not diminished in size since we last met; thy beauty has not flown, yet for what are thy branches now spread forth? The canvass, to which, for years, they offered covering, seems now to disdain thy shelter; some twenty tents alone seek refuge in thy shade. No speculation is abroad. There is but one question (the cup question) which inspires hope—that there may still be running; but it is soon shelved by the declaration of the Stewards that the cups are Mr Holdfast's; and in this state we arrive at the morning of the running, which produces the following bill of fare.

FOR THE MAIDEN ARAUS.

| | |
|---------------|------------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. h. <i>Blood Royal</i> |
| Mr Fox's | c. a. h. <i>Sea Gull</i> . |
| Mr Seymour's | g. a. h. <i>Soothsayer</i> . |

FOR THE COLONIALS.

| | |
|------------------|--------------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. n.s.w. g. <i>Firefly</i> . |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. n.s.w. m. <i>Woodbine</i> . |

FOR THE DURBHUNGA CUP.

| | |
|---------------|-------------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. n.s.w. m. <i>Bellona</i> . |
|---------------|-------------------------------|

Walks over.

This, reader, was not likely to be a feast for the sportsman! But men will talk: the admirers and frequenters of the ring, wearing for the occasion their most knowing attire and looks, said that *Blood Royal* was not in wind—that *Soothsayer* could gallop, and that *Sea Gull* was not an unlikely nag at 3 to 1 against him. If, Abel, I had been betting, I would have put my last shilling against the *Gull*; and afterwards have felt quite happy and secure in having done so. There was no impatience manifested to get to the scales. No George Barker—no Joy had to weigh: a knowledge was abroad that while there were no horses to contend against Mr Holdfast's, there were no riders who could, in a masterly style, land a winner, or shew even decent riding, if called upon at the finish. The bugle sounded for saddling again and again! Whether by order or by instinct the buglar traversed the encampment, blowing his call, I know not. But out they came, when, with little difficulty, as you may suppose, they were started. To describe the race would be absurd. There was no galloping. The *Blood Royal*, so much for royal blood—ran the course in 3-15, a proof of our assertion. But notwithstanding all this, our dark friends on the opposite

side of the rails, who alone had been hurrying and jostling for place, delighted in the tomasha, and result; and vehemently exclaimed—"Wah! Wah! Collector Saheb ka Ghora jita!" How different this ejaculation to that which was forced upon our ear by a son of Mars, with whom we have no acquaintance—"Here's a go!—I'm jiggered if there will be any sport!"

But to our next race—the Colonials—it is hardly worth recording. Firefly galloped as he pleased, leaving Woodbine half a mile from home, unable to reach the goal.

For the Durbungah Cup, as it is shewn, Bellona walked over.

This show up, Abel, was not likely to buoy up the hearts of those curriously inclined, and though we observed some countenances unusually lengthened and angular, yet others glistened in the throng—the faces of happy mortals, portly, and of course rich, who appeared never to have known care, and who seemed doubly happy for having secured liberty and a holiday. Sunday, I must tell you intervened, and this day of nought was permitted to pass off quietly. But, at the early hours of Monday (I assure you they were the early hours of the latter day) we were roused by the song of some merry bird, who was with difficulty giving forth these cherished lines—

If any cares or pains remain,
Let's drown them in the bowl!

The songster ceased, but there came the hip! hip! and the bravo and the—you're a trump, youngster; all of which may be called the concomitants of such scenes: and if not—the outpourings, at least, of those, who, on the occasion, would swear by the maxim—"In vino veritas." We skip Monday with this remark as applicable—"Ex nihilo nihil fit," and on Tuesday are told that a day's racing has been brought forward—to give the public one race. On that auspicious morning then we commence with, at sunrise,

THE CHUMPARUN CUP,
for which Mr Holdfast walks over!

THE DUMRAON CUP,
for which Mr Holdfast walks over!!

THE CIVILIANS' PURSE,
for which again Mr Holdfast walks over!!!

and now arrive at the Race for the Sonapore Cup—originally fixed for the 4th day—which brings to the post

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | c. cb. c. <i>Pretender.</i> |
| " | b. a. h. <i>Bonanza.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. a. h. <i>Referee.</i> |

The great Pretender was now to be put to his mettle, and how? An Arab—no less a horse than an Arab from another stable, with something like 11 stone on his back, was to start to cut him down! Ye gods and goddesses—come to our rescue, and prevent the ejection of much wrath! The brute strided not. Barnes, with unusual dexterity, kept him sufficiently behind to show the more knowing how he could canter. Till impatient of the curb that had been put upon him, the great horse forced himself to the front, and could barely be held back on the post to Bonanza, with whom the sporting owner declared to win. The time was not Derby, being quoted at 4 minutes.

The threatening clouds now begun to lower and to warn us of some further change. Wednesday was a soaking day within and without, and Thursday became in consequence a “dies non” as regarded sport, i. e. there was no racing. With the first peep of sunshine, however, on Friday the world turned out, and we were accosted by the salutation of “Well old fellow! They say that things, when they are at their worst, will mend.” Our friend became a true prophet. The Secretaryship immediately changed hands and passed into those of the able and energetic Mr K. Hawke. Shortly after—the words “Vive la bagatelle” were heard issuing from his “Sumiana,” and in less than no time, as some wise-acre before now has remarked, two races for gentlemen riders were on the card for Saturday. Of the first only we will give an account, as the other being a mere hurry-scurry affair of half a mile, claims not our attention—and we go therefore to the Modénarain Cup—for which we have the following entry :

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|--------|----|-----------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. | n.s.w. | g. | <i>Firefly.</i> |
| Mr Mortlock's | b. | n.s.w. | g. | <i>Nimrod.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee.</i> |

At the ordinary there was nothing done on this race, *Firefly* was considered by the owner, a sure trump card; but the condition in which gentlemen are to be found on the morning of running, appears to be of more consequence, than the actual condition of the horse to be ridden. The world requires not to be told that, on all such occasions as the present, there is great delay. One gentleman will complain of the inconvenience of his attire, which requires adjustment before he can be considered well got up by the ladies; while another coming on the course, then and there has occasion to dismount, finding his stirrup leathers are not right—a third, and certainly the most knowing, waits to see all others at the post, and gives fidgetty horses an opportunity of taking it out of themselves, and settling down before he advances. They are now together. *Firefly* with the 10st. looks as if nothing could stop him; but at the word off he is seen lengths behind.

At the next view he is as far in front ; and as a matter of course, before 58 seconds are over, the wind is pumped out of both man and beast. Referee now takes first place, and without resigning it for an instant, comes in far ahead—the worthy owner (all hail to him) cheering *On*—cap in hand—his young followers and himself to victory !

And now reader, for your convenience and our own, we will compress matters ; we will say nothing of the miserable cracked instruments and voices belonging to Mr Bartels and his company ; we will dismiss the Hutwa Cup with a mere passing note—that Blood Royal ran just as he pleased—and will bring you to the Handicap of the 5th day, which produced before us, for a Purse of 20 G. M.

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|-----|----|-------------------|
| Mr Holdfast's | c. | cb. | c. | <i>Pretender.</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee.</i> |

Whether for this money it was judicious to start the Pretender, deponent sayeth not. Bat Mr Holdfast could expect no favour from the handicappers. The impatient public said nothing under 10st 7lb would do ! The stewards decreed 1 stone off ; and the weights were thus declared.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
| | | | | | st. | lb. |
| Pretender.. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 | 7 |
| Referee.. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 8 | 6 |

At the post once more they dart off with the word. Referee forces the running, and satisfies us, for once, there is some pace. "Barnes ! Barnes !" shouted an old stager near me, (as if that worthy could be heard a mile off) "The old thing. Cock sure of winning, he's running his horse outside. By gad he'll get licked !"—But it was not on the boards ; as they round the last turn, Barnes makes a rush for his horse, gets up to him, and on the post wins by a head, the time having been declared 3-6. Of the horsemanship of this race we must say little. It was a near squeak at the finish, which it would not have been had we had George Barker in the pigskin—of the time we may with safety say—prodigious !

Of the sixth day it will suffice to say that Bonanza won the winning handicap in 3-10. Blood Royal handy if need were required.

And now, Abel, YOUNG TURFITE is about to bid you adieu for the present ; but he cannot let the quill get dry without calling on all not to take warning by the past year : they must think only of the three previous seasons of noble sport, which preceded it. The tide of our affairs is already almost at the flow. The public have now their picked and favorite Secretary, who is working double tides to redeem the errors—if they may be call-

ed errors—of the past. The stakes are not to be diminished ; on the contrary the Turf Club, which has a footing on something like more fitting rules than those which were previously concocted, is to give a Cup ! A large subscription has already been got up. People are even now talking of what they mean to do next year, and I have no doubt, in my own mind, but that the keen "Hawke," our Secretary, will be able, before long, to announce another 100 G. M. for a handicap!!—Of Mr Holdfast's stable we feel certain, at least the *nomme de guerre* is a sticker in its literal interpretation ;—and we know the sportsman to be one of ten thousand, in liberality and heart. To Mr Pybus, Mr Charles and Mr Grey, *et hoc genus omne* of good and true men, we offer a hearty welcome, and one word only of advice which is, send your stables early. Do not be led into the belief that a summer in Calcutta is equal to a summer in Behar, when horses have to run in that neighbourhood, in the Autumn. Again I say farewell, and invite one good cheer for the prospect of 1850.

YOUNG TORFITE.

SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XX.

SIR JOHN CHEAPE, C. B.

Our Gallery, opened with the portrait of a jockey: we have added civilians, country-gentlemen, merchants, dealers and a doctor, but it has taken us just five years to bag a soldier! Though not without very considerable trouble in the catching, owing to the extreme diffidence of our victim, (on whom we have long had a design,) we have him at last; and in presenting to our friends Sir John Cheape, C. B., we introduce a gentleman, whose claims to have honour done in him in these pages are great, albeit he has modestly persisted that he has no claim at all! The responsibility of his appearance here rests entirely with us: we pledged ourselves to declare as much, smiling at the time we did so, since we felt that the real responsibility would have been incurred, by our permitting any personal disinclination, or other difficulty, permanently to interfere with our good resolve. The right sporting spirit does not always evince itself in the Field or on the Turf: it may animate the man who never pulled a trigger or ran a horse: half a score of circumstances may interfere to prevent the natural inclinations having full scope; and even more,—the sporting spirit may, and very frequently does, exist in men who have no hankering after personal exploits. We have known it break out on occasions in men absorbed in books, or harassed by business, or the slaves of a low fortune. We detect it in manly, generous sentiments; in a love of nature; in the interest with which they hear of Nimrodian life; and, when within their means, the liberality with which they support the amusement of others.

It is not to be supposed that we are suggesting the sporting propensities of the gallant Colonel to have been passive. It is true he furnishes us not with a memo of a single beast of the field or fowl of the air that has fallen to his gun; he has said nothing of the cunning of his right hand, at that sport which Johnson savagely described as a line with a fool at one end and a worm at the other; he does not record that he ever rode feather weight or won the Welter; but the Calendar discloses that he has been the owner of running horses—and some good ones too—during different periods of his Indian career. Tulip, Crafty, Palaveram, Magic, Ali Pacha were of twenty years gone, when Sir John came out at Balasore and Midnapore and subsequently on our Course, which he also reinforced in 1832-33 and again 1842-43. We have known him, however, chiefly as the strong and liberal but quiet supporter of the Turf, and as a gentleman never to be passed over in any appointment of trust or delicacy in Racing matters. We find him now a Steward of our Meetings, as he has often been before; and commanding, as he has ever done, the confidence and strong personal regard of every one who knows him.—A. B.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG INDIA.

No. II

A TALE OF YESTERDAY.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

When the great commercial crash which took place in the City of Palaces some sixteen years ago, suddenly changed the circumstances of many old Indians from comparative wealth into absolute poverty, by some strange decree of the fickle goddess, it as suddenly caused a select few to rise from the scrubby calling of acquiring a competency within the precincts of the Ditch, into a lofty position at the Directorial Board of Leadenhall Street, and invested them with control over fine houses in those aristocratic localities which are supposed to indicate the abode of *Dives*.

It afforded much consolation to many poor widows who, perhaps, had only half-a-dozen children to bring up and educate, to think that their poor dear husband's old friends, in whose care their little all had been left, should have been able to save themselves amidst such universal ruin. Pure-minded creatures—they were thankful that the Military and Orphan Funds would save them from the discomforts of water gruel and poor-house accommodation, and that as the saving of long years spent in a hot climate had imperceptibly vanished, they could no longer hope to realize the enjoyment of many little luxuries they had often talked of when the day for their return to England was drawing nigh—and as for the children, dear things, it would be a long time before they grew up, and then something of course would turn up for them.

No one could but admire and appreciate the charitable spirit that pervaded these patient, meek and forgiving souls, and no one was more sincere in his admiration of it than my wealthy and of course profoundly respected friend, Sir Joshua Graball, Knight, of Graball Park, in the county of Kent, and of Portman Place, London.

No one assuredly was more worthy of the world's respect than Sir Joshua. He had devoted ten years of his valuable life

to the improvement of Calcutta society, and to the protection of his friend's property. But feeling he could no longer exist in such a questionable atmosphere, and that his prolonged absence from London was nothing less than a downright injustice to the social, commercial, political and moral prospects of that city, with a resolution worthy of emulation, Mr Graball determined on setting sail for his fatherland with a quarter of a million in each of his trowser's pockets.

The Chuckerbutties moved an address to him on his departure, his friends and acquaintances drank his health at the Town Hall. His portrait was subscribed for, and old mother Hurk set forth his manifold virtues in a leader of unusual length and brilliancy. His junior partners gave a tremendous spread to show that they were rising in the Ditch world, and in token of their gratitude for having secured so fine a business to themselves.

London welcomed Mr Graball and his half million with open arms. One who was so well acquainted with the wants and internal resources of India, was of course deserving of a seat in the direction. He became an hon'ble master! a patron of turtle venders, a possessor of some thousand acres of Kentish soil, a member of the British Legislature, and as he had not hitherto received any mark of royal favour, he kissed the sovereign's hand and rose up Sir Joshua Graball, Knight.

Every body rejoiced at the discovery that virtue at last had met with its reward, and on the news of the great Calcutta crash arriving (which it did about six months after Mr Graball's eyes had beamed with delight on beholding Albion's white cliffs) every sensible person at once came to the conclusion that it was the absence of Sir Joshua's financial talents and integrity that had engulfed thousands in a whirlpool of bankruptcy!

The new made city knight received the dire intelligence with all the firmness of a stoic, and on being consoled with by some half-dozen of his colleagues in the Leadenhall Street chamber, (who by the way were Sir Joshua's dittos) "he was grateful to think that his late partners were in some degree above want, one was his son-in-law, who had most providentially taken his advice and settled every thing upon his wife, the other was his brother-in-law, he had no doubt he could give him a thousand or two to go on with, and as for the Insolvent Court Commissioners in Calcutta, they were intimate friends of his, sensible good fellows in every way, and there was sure to be some great joint stock company started on the ruins of the houses, and then £300 a month, and a small palace to live in, made the oriental existence of a man who never had possessed any thing but his wits to live upon, pretty bearable; and as he knew of fre men

more fitted for the secretariat of some grand concern, than his dear wife's youngest brother, he would not forget to hint as much when the next ship left with letters."

Of course when the columns of the morning papers teemed with appalling accounts of the misery entailed upon some hundreds of retired Indians, one half of it was attributed to the imaginative powers of the penny-a-liners, and as for the other half, why the £50 subscriptions from Sir Joshua and each of his dittos, which appeared in the largest type that the printing house compositors could select, was almost sufficient to allay the suffering as well as the sympathy so foolishly shown by the morbid drivers of the editorial quills.

A little more assistance was however necessary, commission plates were therefore held out at the doors of St. George's, Hanover Square and the five pound notes dropped into them by Sir Joshua and his rich friends, caused them more than ever to be admired by the world in general and the pew-openers, who held them out, in particular.

Thus it was that Sir Joshua was enabled to thank his Maker that he was not as other men were, and that if he *had* committed such a thing as one small sin in his life, why that day's charity had more than covered it, and having determined to adopt as his motto that expressive line—*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*—he became more corpulent and respectable than ever.

Money in the hands of so skilful a financier and so powerful and respectable a director as Sir Joshua, was not likely to be lying idle. As time rolled on, so did his half million roll into a whole one, and the disinterested way in which he provided for his tradesmen's sons, and the really kind manner in which he used to regret his inability to do the same for the sons of his late Indian friends and constituents, did credit alike to the goodness of his heart and head.

The fusileer guards with an allowance of £1,500 a year was the only place of course for his eldest son. Several noble friends had assured him of this, and he agreed with them. As for the youngest, he must go through Eton and Christ Church, and if his tastes did not allow him to fill his father's shoes in the mercantile world, a fat living could be purchased for him, and some quiet needy curate with a dozen children to support could easily be hired to discharge his duties for him, and be considered "passing rich" at the moderate sum of £75 per annum. This was all just as it should be. Then his unmarried daughters, they certainly were not beauties, but then the plum apiece which he could lay down for them would be far more acceptable than pretty faces to the numerous eldest sons of Dukes and

Marquisses, who would be doubtless proud of laying down their coronets before his feet, and bestow upon his daughters their hands if not their hearts. Hard indeed if the children of so worthy a man could not go through life in ease and quietude !

* * * * *

A battery of cannon was announcing through one of our up-country cantonments the glad tidings that Bhurtpoor had at last fallen, when a party of ladies, whose husbands were absent at the siege were congregated together in Mrs. Harcourt's verandah. This lady was the wife of Major Harcourt of the Company's service. She was about nineteen years of age, and was certainly one of the most fascinating and amiable beings in existence. She had been married about a year, and as her infant son then two months old, was sleeping in her lap, her visitors who had been congratulating each other on the happy prospects in store for them, could not understand why a tinge of melancholy should shade a countenance usually so bright and happy.

The fact was that the salute had not succeeded in dissipating certain presentiments that had taken hold of her thoughts during the past few days. Her husband—who was twenty years her senior, and whose many fine qualities commanded her respect, though not perhaps her love—was in the field when her first-born made his appearance—and the poor girl could not divest herself of the idea that the father was destined never to set eyes on his son. The last *regular* post from camp had brought her the usual letter—full of hopes, tenderness and kisses for the little one; but the last news had been conveyed by express, and of course particulars were not given; but on their arrival, it turned out that a stray shot fired from the walls a few minutes before the British flag was to float triumphantly over them, had struck her husband—who only lived long enough to commend his widow and her child to the good offices of one of his brother officers, who was to see that she arrived in safety at the house of his old school-fellow and agent Mr Graball, in whose strong box were deposited his will and every thing he had to leave.

The shock she received on hearing that her fears had been verified, deprived her of reason for some days—which period I shall pass over in silence; for though it has been my lot of late years to witness scenes of a similar character, yet my pen refuses to perform so painful a task as a faithful description of this one would entail upon it.

The kind hand of a warm hearted friend administered to her wants until she was sufficiently recovered to be placed on

board a budgerow, and in due course of time she found herself with her infant comfortably settled down in Mr Grabb's elegant mansion in Chowringee. From that good man she learnt that by her late husband's will she was the possessor of one lakh of rupees invested in the house, and that the interest of that together with the pensions she and her child were entitled to, would give her a good £700 a year to live upon—but that there was no necessity for her continuing to do so beyond a year or two, as with her face and fortune, she might make a second very eligible venture either in England or in India. This he pointed out to her in the most impressive and parental manner—but the shudder that shook her delicate frame and the melancholy smile that pervaded her countenance as she hugged her infant to her heart, plainly bespoke her resolute intention of living in this world for her little Edward and for him alone.

She fixed upon Kensington as her future residence for numerous reasons. It was not quite in the noise and smoke of the busy city—and yet it was near enough to obtain the best medical advice in the event of Edward ever getting ill. Then there were nice squares for him to go out in on fine days. The most careful, attentive nursery maids were to be got there—as the best of them always preferred the vicinity of the Kensington gardens and the Knights-bridge barracks to any other corner of the known world. Then there was the most moral of maiden ladies who kept a preparatory school wherein little boys learnt how to hold their tongues before they were taught how to use them—and there was a Mr Birch, too, a young Dominie who had a pale face from never drinking anything stronger than elderberry wine, and that only on Christmas eve, was celebrated for rendering the Latin grammar more palatable to little boys, than even toffy or the fairy tales!

Under such auspices master Edward became a fine little fellow of seven years of age, with the most endearing and affectionate manners imaginable—and what with his lustrous eyes, his dark curly hair, and his brilliant complexion, he was upon the point of becoming a spoilt boy, had not his mother, contrary to the expectations of all her good natured friends, seen the threatening evil, and very wisely determined on sending him forthwith to Eagle House Academy—a fine hotbed for young gentlemen who are not considered old enough by their fond mammas to rough it at Eton.

Eagle House was just the place—situated in a fine open common, conducted by an Oxford divine upon the most orthodox principle, with the best-tempered of servants, the whitest of bed-curtains, and the most delicately cut bread and butter—it was within an hour's drive of Mrs Harcourt's house.

The master had no objection to Edward being taken home every Saturday at noon, provided that he was back on Monday morning early, as that was prosody morning, and no one could expect to rise in this world if he displayed ignorance on so important a matter. But then he remembered that the Reverend Divine was but a human being, albeit a School-master; and the tear that glistened in the young mother's eye when she asked the above favour, was too much for him.

As for poor Mr Birch, he was dreadfully cut up at being deprived of his diurnal visit to his young pupil. During the two hours that he attended, Mrs. Harcourt was sure to peep into the room for a few minutes, for the purpose of drinking in her darling's recitation of "*Propria quæ maribus*," indeed the day that he reached as far as "*Mars; Bacchus; Apollo*" without a mistake, she saw nothing less than a future prime minister in the cherub before her. But then during those few minutes—"those sweet and fleeting moments," as the tender-hearted man expressed them in his most impassioned ode,) he had the intense gratification of gazing upon the most angelic countenance in all Middlesex. But now that Edward was removed from his care—he could scarcely think of a plea upon which to make another call, and when she shook him by the hand and thanked him for the tenth time for his kindness and devotion to her little boy, a mist came over his eyes and it was not until he reached the road, that he perceived there was something still in his hand wrapped up in silver paper. It was his last quarter's salary, three sovereigns and three shillings. Had they been melted and poured down his throat, they would have been far less painful to him than the choking sensation he felt. From that day the rest of his alumni liked the Latin grammar less—his white neckcloth was tied with less care, as each succeeding Sunday saw him creep into church, and his house-keeper feared that her elder wine would have no farther attraction for him, as a most suspicious looking bill had been left with her at the door by the fur-capped pewter boy of the King's Arms.

Master Edward soon established himself as a favourite amongst the boys at Eagle House by subscribing half-a-crown towards the fire works for the forthcoming fifth of November, and by kicking bully Smithers on the shins the first time that worthy ever attempted any of his tricks upon him. The bully, though voted a great brute by the boys, in consequence of his propensity for clobbering the smaller ones, was seldom punished by the doctor for a very valid reason. He was the son of a wealthy butcher, and the meat contract was obtained from him on very advantageous terms. The bully's origin, undoubtedly had a great deal to do with his being disliked by his companions,

for school-boys of gentle blood are the most exclusive aristocrats on the face of the earth, and in my day preferred fighting with the snobs to even ransacking a hard bake warehouse. What they are in these radical-ridden times I know not, but fancy that they are taught to practice the *utile* instead of the *dulce*.

In the course of time, however, the bully became the biggest in the school, and he took that opportunity of paying off upon the tribe of new-comers those scores which he had been forced to put up with at the hands of their predecessors, a proceeding which did great credit to his physical courage. Young Harcourt however had not been accustomed to such treatment, and of course made good use of the first pair of thick shoes that he wore on assuming the scholastic garb.

The doctor and his assistants soon took a fancy to him. Though high spirited he was docile, was always prepared with his lesson, and neither stole the cherries from the garden, nor told lies when he had broken panes of glass, or had played any such funny little joke as sticking cobber's wax on the French master's chair.

He reported favorably of everything except the bully, to his mother in the first letter that he ever wrote to her, and when she received it written in the largest text hand, she did nothing the whole of that day but read it over and over again.

As regularly as the big clock at Eagle House struck twelve on Saturdays, there was seen the same sweet face smiling out of the little carriage window which was standing at the awful green gate, and away ran Edward to be kissed a thousand times—to be asked as many questions, and to be carried away to Kensington, there to undergo the same operation at the hands of his old nurse, the good tempered house-maid, and the fat butler. And then those Sundays! What days of happiness were they! He had always a hymn ready to repeat to his mother—and those calm and peaceful Sunday nights too, when she could sit by his bed side, and watch her sleeping boy! Monday mornings, blacker in the eyes of the mother than of the son, saw him enveloped in cape and comforter trundled off in the little carriage in company with the fat butler, who never failed on arrival at the green gate, to add at least a shilling to "the master's" weekly allowance.

"Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume
Labuntur anni!"

This state of things lasted but one short year; Ditch rascality had done its worst—and the poor widow whilst one day engaged in the pleasing task of preparing a juvenile entertainment in commemoration of her only one's eighth birth day, received a

polite intimation from Sir Joshua Graball, that her ten thousand pounds were no longer in existence, and that she must be content to live upon her pension; "but," added that great and worthy man "remember that you are a mother! resign yourself to the will of heaven, behave yourself in a manner becoming a sincere Christian, and the widow of an officer whose memory the East India Company had just reason to cherish with respect and regard"!

Tender thanks were returned for the healing balm thus generously offered to her wounded spirit. It was, however, scarcely needed. With that invincible fortitude so inherent in woman, she at once determined upon getting rid of everything that was not absolutely requisite for herself, in order that she might carry out all the projects she had formed for Edward's education and advancement. The carriage and plate were sold—the establishment reduced to one woman-servant, and the house exchanged for a small room in a lodging. Her own expences were thus reduced to £500 a year, and the rest sufficed to push her boy through all the forms at Eagle House and into the fourth form at Eton. Here he was allotted as lower boy to Master Graball, and he had the honor of cleaning that young gentleman's boots—of bringing his rolls and sausages from the Christopher and of writing all his impositions; but as one day Master Graball chose to vent his ill-humour on his fag in a manner that young Harcourt's spirit would not brook, the pseudo tyrant found himself suddenly laid low by a well aimed Scapula Lexicon, and forthwith wrote home to his father a very highly coloured account of the youngster's haughty and unbecoming demeanour—"for a little beggarly brat like that to do what no nobleman's son in the college would dare, is more than I can put up with, and either he or I must be removed from the place!"

Sir Joshua had been some little time a widower when this filial appeal was placed in his hands, or else he would have left the answering of it to the young gentleman's mamma. As it was he was contented with sending his injured son a five and twenty pound note, some good advice about sticking to the classics, and a short essay on the virtue of forbearance.

Sir Joshua's mind had in fact been seized with a new project. He would confer a great favor upon the widow Harcourt, and get rid of her son out of the country at the same time. Though a city knight, an East India Director, and as such highly respected and looked up to by all classes, he was a good deal past the meridian of life, and of anything but a prepossessing aspect. The widow was verging on a state of beggary, at least according to the knight's ethics, but was still young and divinely beautiful. He would obtain possession of her gratitude

by his benevolence, and as she was poor, and he was rich, she could not of course refuse to endeavour at least to repay his kindness by becoming the lady of so important a personage as himself.

Time was too precious to be lost. He therefore thus wrote to her.

"My dear friend,

For the last six years I have watched with inexpressible interest and admiration, the noble sacrifices you have made, for the purpose of rendering your son an upright and useful citizen of the world. Such conduct is indeed worthy of its reward, and I have all along reserved to myself the gratification of conferring one. Your boy is now fourteen years of age, and it is time that he should prepare himself for his entry on to the stage of life. Let that be my especial care. I have an Addiscombe appointment ready for him, and for any expence that may be incurred during his stay there, and for his voyage to India, I will hold myself personally responsible. I offer this under the conviction that it is the bounden duty of every virtuous man in possession of the means of doing good, to assist his more helpless fellow-creatures, and that without any hesitation. Feeling that without charity, I can never hope to be blessed hereafter, I shall await your reply with anxiety, and in the mean time subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

JOSHUA GRABALL."

The widow at once saw that as her son was totally dependant on her life, it would be ungenerous towards him to refuse this offer of a provision. The pecuniary assistance she however declined. She had hitherto proved to herself that she was capable of making any sacrifice for her boy, and she would continue to do so as long as he was left to her care.

It cost her many bitter tears to think that only two short years would elapse ere he would be launched into the great world—ere he would be sent forth, a mere child, to struggle with mankind. No one save a mother can understand the thousand fears that irresistibly present themselves on an occasion of the kind. Trusting, however, to the sound principles she had endeavoured to instil into him, and to the education he had hitherto received, she consigned him to the care of the Addiscombe authorities, and made him promise that he would not waste the little time he had still before him, and that he would try hard to get out in the scientific branch of the service.

The promise was unhappily soon broken, such being not unusually the case.

A school-boy, not even having commenced that finish to his education which is so essential to a youth's well being in society, he was thrown among a number of others similarly situated. At the very time that a wholesome dread of the admonitory rod should have been held over these urchins, they were equipped in military uniforms—taught to consider themselves men—to vote study a useless bore, and to look upon the public-house parlour, clay-pipes and raw gin as the acme of human enjoyment, and the great end for which gentlemen lived. In vain did the high tone which pervades the great mass of Etonians recur to his memory. He became impregnated with the Addiscombe atmosphere—his tongue was imbued with its slang—and when his disappointed though still forgiving mother, with tears in her eyes, asked him how it was he had only come out with an infantry cadetship, he unblushingly replied that his Eton course had been thrown away—that no mathematics were taught there, and without them, a fellow might consider himself lucky if he even got out in the infantry.

The good woman believed this—he had never, to her knowledge, told her a falsehood, and when a morning paper arrived in which Sir Joshua's speech to the Addiscombe lads was duly reported (and which by the way, Sir Joshua had taken especial care to forward to Mrs. Harcourt) she drank in his expressive sentences with delight, and entreated her son to learn them by heart and never to forget them. The speech in good truth was such as could only have been delivered by a man whose mind was conscious of never having harboured an evil thought, and when she gloated over the part in which were set forth the advantages of attending church regularly, of studying the languages, of writing to parents monthly, and of owing no man anything, her face became saturated with tears, and she commanded Edward to bless Sir Joshua as his benefactor in particular, and a father of the fatherless in general.

Such was the effect that Sir Joshua, remarkable for the keenness of his insight into the inmost recesses of the human heart, had truly anticipated, and it was under the influence of such anticipations, that his speech was rendered so pregnant with vigor and virtue, that it excited the unbounded admiration of all who had the good fortune either to hear or peruse it.

During the three months that Harcourt was allowed to prepare himself for the voyage, his mother contrived to give him a most perfect outfit, by means of a mortgage she effected on her pension—three-fourths of which she was to give up to its liquidation for the three years following. Her son, however, got through that period in a very pleasant manner, by paying farewell visits to his old school favourites.

It was a sad office the poor widow had to perform, but she faithfully fulfilled what she considered her last duties to him, by taking care that nothing was wanting either for his personal comfort, or mental welfare. A mother only could have done this. But the day of separation at last arrived, that sad day on which an interminable gulph opens between parent and child—and then occurred one of those heart-rending scenes in which numbers now out here have once been partakers in.

She had to surrender up the only object she lived for in this world—to see it cast like a weed amidst the stormy waves of life. She saw her son carried away from her at the very age she was most anxious about him—at the age of sixteen—that slender hinge upon which an entire career hangs—an age at which the human frame is least able to bear a change of climate—an age at which the human mind is in its bud, which if prematurely forced open into a full blown flower, the consequences are self-evident to the most disinterested observer—how infinitely more so to the maternal one! Take a rose-bud, tear it violently open—and destruction of it follows. Transplant the school-boy of sixteen into a hot-bed of idleness, dissipation and self-control—and the result must be the same! True there are exceptions, but so few, that they prove the rule.

And can the imagination picture to itself a more awful ordeal for a mother to pass through whose common sense, and keen perception dictates to her the above reflections?

Is it credible that the India House has been so long cognizant of this crying evil, without having attempted to apply the slightest remedy? Is the vision of that august body so hopelessly oblique, that it is incapable of effecting the simplest reform?

The forefinger of Observation points at certain "great facts," the enormity of which almost stagger our belief. "Military tribunals" and "Bank dividends" suggest the question, which the voice of Truth replies to in the affirmative!

Sir Joshua now become more mighty, more profuse with his charitable donations, and more respectable than ever—having allowed Mrs. Harcourt what he considered ample time to become reconciled to her late bereavement, determined at once to gratify those earthly sentiments, that the widow's beauty had before awakened in him. He sent her formal offer of his hand, the calm but determined rejection of which caused him to soliloquize very vehemently on the black ingratitude he had met with. That she—a beggar in a mean lodging house, should presume to thwart the wishes of him, was more than he could comprehend, and as he drained his first glass of old port that night,

he smacked his lips at the satisfactory idea that the day might be at hand when the rich man might revenge himself upon and crush the penniless woman!

Three years rolled by. The widow had repaid the outfit money, and was enabled to improve her style of living—eleven years had accustomed her to the practice of self-denial. It was a labour of love, or of something even more intense than love that had enabled her to undergo that which man would have accounted a series of hardships. It was her true woman's nature! that total absence of self-regard, that beauteous self-devotion—which man in his inability to control his lust and appetite, and in his hourly veneration of *his* world's opinion and of the heartless conventionalities of an artificial society—is totally incapable of practising—while but he too seldom appreciates them in the opposite sex!

For the last three years the widow considered herself amply repaid by a long monthly letter from her son. Who reported everything regarding himself in the most pleasing and favourable terms.

The young hypocrite! if hypocrite the son can be called, who holds back from a mother situated as his was—all the evils that had befallen him. He got into a Regiment, the seniors of which neglected him. Nay, more, one of them plundered him—the benefit of kindly proffered advice was totally denied him, and the boy intoxicated with the idea that a tether no longer held him from roaming at liberty, plunged headlong into all the excitement that horse-dealing, gambling, and drinking afforded.

Two men, a few years his senior and of desperate circumstances, gutted him of all his property. The money lender was sought, and Oriental usury poured the crowning libation on the altar of his ruin!

The Insolvent Court protected him from his trades-people. But he still owed innumerable *debts of honour*! and the second letter that his mother received from him after her change of circumstances for the better, was to tell her that these must be paid! or else that he could never again show his face in society.

The pension was once more mortgaged for five years! and the money raised was at once despatched—but this only sufficed to meet half his demand. Where was the rest to come from? "It must be got," the widow said to herself, "or my Edward will be dishonored!" She had not accepted of the pecuniary assistance offered formerly by Sir Joshua. He might possibly be inclined to give it now on hearing of Edward's dreadful position! She straightway made application to him. This was his reply.

"Madam,

Your conduct towards me justifies my refusing to assist an

evil-doer. Such ingratitude as yours merits no favour at my hands. To throw you a sixpence would be for me to break a law imposed upon Christian society by God and man. No woman! your brat may rot in a ditch—and you may weep for him in a work-house! but my hands hitherto clean in the sight of the world, shall not be blackened by rendering assistance to the undeserving and the ingrate.

Yours obediently,

J. GRABALL."

All hopes of the salvation of her son—the only tie that had connected her with life, being now gone, the broken-hearted widow sank slowly into the cold grave.

Sir Joshua however lived and prospered—and still lives and prospers, and poor Edward Harcourt is to this day a living example of a system that is radically bad—and he can likewise with fidelity point out how commercial vice and hypocrisy can prosper when robed in the mantle of respectability, and how virtue, unsupported by wealth, is allowed to slink away neglected and despised!

If the reader in his praiseworthy desire for what is just, has all along been expecting a contrary result, he will doubtless cavil at the conclusion of my tale. But for this the inequalities of our social code must be blamed!

The writer has merely arranged upon paper that which he has himself been a spectator of! Imagination might have painted the pleasing beauties of the ideal! Observation alone can set forth the real in all its ghastliness! Common sense may some day assert her rights and eradicate evils complained of. But it has been ordained by One—that virtue must be her own reward in this life, and that the vices of the Pharisee, even though they offend not our legislative code, will assuredly meet with their deserts hereafter.

TODGERS.

DELHI, Dec 1, 1849.

THE ANTELOPE HUNTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Under a fine mango tope, near the extensive gardens of a village, situated in a large plain about 10 miles distant from J—, a military cantonment in the Deccan, two men were on one fine November evening standing engaged in gossip.

The village, like most of its compeers in that part of the world, was any thing but prepossessing in aspect, with its old dilapidate fort, broken down mud wall, and mean hovels. The population lingering in idle talk about the choultries, or squatting on its hams beneath the gateways, seemed numerous in proportion to the size of the place. It differed too, in appearance, to that usually found in the villages thereabouts,—the peaceful Hindoo folk. For in truth the village owned for lord, an old native officer, once of high rank, who still kept up some shew of equipage, and in lieu of regular followers, allowed a strange medley of fellows, a cross between the ruffian and the vagabond, to hang about him. These were principally of the same caste as himself—Rajaput. Each individual was a fine specimen of cock-a-hoop swagger and vanity, and with a *lungottee* for his whole apparel, strutted away, and carried his sword under his arm with an air of most absurd importance. Of the parties we have alluded to as engaged in gossip beneath the shade of the tope,—one was a man who despite of an advanced age, showed an erect form and gallant bearing. Of the middle size and spare in figure, his movements still told of lightness and activity, whilst his bare arms and legs looked nervous, and fitted yet for considerable exertion.

His dress, common enough here, consisted of a short, sleeveless cotton frock reaching down to the hips, and a pair of cotton drawers. His waist was girded about by a belt, from which depended a sabre with a curiously engraved silver hilt, and also a powder horn and bullet pouch. The face of this man alone betrayed his advanced age. Entirely devoid of flesh, the skin hung in huge wrinkles over the brow, whilst the cheeks were so sunken in, that had any grinders been still in their place, the owner could not have taken his meals, without danger of chewing his own leather.

The face was clean shaved, save on the upper lip, where still in full vigour flourished, white as the silver belly of a black buck, an enormous mustachio. This old gentleman was the owner of the village, being Jaghurdeer of that and four others,

and not being great man enough to cut a dash in any large town, resided among his people by whom he was much respected, and familiarly called by the title of his former military rank—the Jemadar.

By the side of the jemadar squatted on his haunches, native fashion, a man similarly attired, bearing a matchlock, well polished and ornamented with silver. This man was our jemadar's personal attendant, and the matchlock the old sportsman's favorite piece for shooting deer. In conversation with the jemadar stood a person who was employed as a Shikarri by a Feringhee gentleman residing at J—. At this moment the jemadar was the spokesman. "Your master is late," said he, "the sun is setting; I thought he intended to take a round with me this evening; it will now be dark very soon." "I expected him here long ago," replied the shikarri, "he sent his guns on, and there"—pointing to a bullock cart coming in the direction of the village, "there is his tent and servant. He has perhaps been chasing a fawn, for he is on his best horse to day." "Surely," said the jemadar, "he can't keep up with antelope, fleet things such as they are, young or old." "Not keep up with them," said the shikarri, "why, my sahib has run down many a fawn of six months, at which age the speed is equal to full growth."

"Don't tell me," said the jemadar, "that fawns of six months can run like the old black buck: you know better. But to run down a fawn of even that age requires a faster horse than I have seen for years." "He runs them down though," replied the shikarri, "and also full grown ones if one of their legs be injured by a shot ever so slightly, as you perhaps will see to-morrow." At this moment the bullock cart the shikarri had alluded to, came up, and a clean looking white robed servant, with the aid of a little boy and a horsekeeper, commenced pitching a small tent. The shikarri having turned to lend his lazy, shuffling, talkative assistance to the new-comers, the jemadar laid himself down for a short nap.

It was now the time when the moon gains the ascendant over the last feeble light left behind him by the sunken sun. She poured down a clear broad light from above, causing the wide spreading and thickly foliated arms of the venerable trees of the tope to appear to those beneath, like a mass of dark green, gilded, fantastic carving, placed before a ground of silvery blue. A horseman cantered up. "Ha! jemadar," cried he to the latter, who awaking, started up, "Salaam ulaikum; here, Khan Singh" to the shikarri, "take this little fawn and see that it does not die." Saying this, he took from before him, lying across the saddle, a little antelope that showed small symptoms of life,

gave it into the shikarri's hands, and dismounted. Of the new comer it is sufficient to say that he was a Feringhee, of middle age, a keen sportsman and an acquaintance of the old jemadar. More must be said of the steed for it *was* a good one. Chesnut was the colour, nor was a flick of white to be seen save a star in the centre of forehead—which forehead was broad and flat and beautifully tapering towards the nostril. Long and wide was he in the quarters, full and slanting in the shoulder, broad in the chest, bent in the hind legs, and firm and straight on the fore.

His flesh was as hard as a brick-bat, what there was of it, and his coat shone like satin. His prominent eyeball, bright as a mirror, and intelligent as a human being's, flashed forth determined game and unflinching bottom. Of him, we shall hear more anon. Two dogs that had been led by the boy, now commenced barking in recognition of their master. One of these was a large, long-haired bitch of the breed used by the Bunjarries—a wandering tribe who subsist in an irregular manner—to hunt hogs. The other was a powerful Arab greyhound. The Feringhee having pacified his dogs, turned towards the jemadar, who saluted him with, "you are late Sahib this evening:—you have run an antelope down?" "A fawn only," answered the Feringhee, "but a severe and singular chase I had after a larger one the other day. Two large wolves sprung out of a nullah, took up the chase as if they had been my own dogs, seized the little thing, which bleated in their mouths like a lamb; and after I had dismounted to pick up the fawn, which had fallen from exhaustion—prowled about me with the addition of two or three others, perfectly unscared, at the distance too only of some fifteen or twenty yards, until my rifle came up. How is it jemadar, that every small fawn is not picked up by these ravenous brutes, so numerous as they are here?" "A number of bucks combined together in a herd, will keep them away," replied the jemadar. "There are times when they will run over men if unarmed with a gun, and I myself have lately had a proof of the savageness of a black buck." He bared his breast as he spoke, and exposed the scar of a deep wound scarcely healed. "This," continued he, "was done by a large black buck a few weeks ago. I struck him, and he fell. It was a long shot and the bullet could only have stunned him, for on my going to pick him up, he suddenly sprung up and attacked me. He luckily butted with only about half the force of his neck, as I immediately closed on him, seizing his horns, without however being able entirely to stay the blow. As it was, I had to make my way home, staggering and fainting with the loss of blood." Here an exclamation from Khan Singh arrested the attention of the speaker and

the Feringhee. On looking round, the latter perceived his shikarri crouching down, about thirty yards off, and pointing in the direction of a garden which adjoined the tope. "Ha," said the jemadar, "that is no doubt a buck come to feed on my journey to night. We must get him." The Feringhee made no reply, but hurried to the spot where his shikarri was crouching, and concealing himself behind the trunk of a tree, looked intently in the direction of the garden. Thence he caught sight of a buck which the moonlight magnified into a monster, with a back like polished ebony, and belly glittering like a silver mirror, and horns terrible to look upon. Lightly treading and bending low, the hunter made his way towards the tent which was now standing, loaded quickly his double rifle and fastened over the sight a piece of cotton rope, such as the natives use to discharge their matchlocks. This he ignited, keeping the lighted end towards the breech, by which method an excellent sight is secured for night shooting. This done, he desired the boy to follow him with the bitch in a slip. Creeping gently to the extremity of the tope, he got unperceived a full view of the buck walking along leisurely in a little open space of sward that laid between the tope and the garden. He knelt down, rested his elbow on his knee, took a slow and deliberate aim at the buck, and fired. Away went the antelope as if unhurt, but the boy understanding his business, on an exclamation from his master, slipped the bitch who darted like a tiger after him. The chase was short. The buck, wounded in the breast, soon slackened his speed, and in a few seconds the bitch had her fangs buried in his throat.

The Feringhee having received the congratulations of the old jemadar on his success, called to his shikarri to look to and blood the buck and then turned to his tent. Here a fire burning brightly, a hissing sound and savory smell, told him his supper was preparing. The jemadar excused himself to go and get his evening meal, but acceded to the request of the Feringhee to come and take a pipe with him afterwards.

In about an hour the two were seated cosily smoking together beneath one of the tress of the tope. "Now then jemadar," said the Feringhee, "you must fulfil your promise of telling me your adventures." The old man gazed earnestly at his companion as if to ascertain that he was not mocking him, and then answered "the tale of only a few of my adventures is a long one, and will weary your patience, Sahib." "The longer the better," replied the Feringhee, "I will sit all night if necessary." "Very well," said the jemadar, taking his pipe out of his mouth and laying it beside him, "the old man will give you a few only of his ups and downs, and I think Sahib Bahadur they will astonish you. I will commence with my youth."

CHAPTER II.

THE JEMADAR'S STORY.

My father was in the service of the great Scindia, but the latter days of his life were passed on his jagheer, at a village in Malwa. After his death, my uncle succeeded him in the jagheer, and took up his residence in a strong fort situated on the property. Unlike my father who was the most generous and just of men, my uncle no sooner arrived at authority, than he put into action every species of tyranny and oppression. He trebled his rents and dues every where, and if any unfortunate wretch endeavoured to escape, or throw up his tenure, he was seized, imprisoned and tortured, and not unfrequently put to a lingering death. Such too was the address and cunning of my uncle, that he ever managed to be in good odour at court, where his bribes, his presents and his acknowledged valour had made him a general favourite. Hence no redress was to be obtained from his tyranny which daily grew more and more unendurable. I, a young hot-blooded, vain vagabond, at that time, easily fell into becoming his willing abettor and right hand man. What scenes I passed through! Created by him chief of his sepoy's, I had several desperate engagements with the villages that owned him for lord. But the poor inhabitants, stirred up by his oppression to revolt against his authority, had no chance whatever against my band of cut-throats, and were time upon time crushed down, to writhe still more fearfully beneath the heel of the tyrant. At last it was ordained that a change should take place in my fortunes. About a year younger than myself was a sister whom even my callous heart could love. She and my mother dwelt together in a large house, without the walls of the fort. She was beautiful as the mind may picture a woman, and her heart as gentle and as pure as the moon that is smiling above us. What a contrast was it, when on returning home from some one of my brutal expeditions, I was hailed by the sound of her dear voice echoing through the halls of my mother's house in the strains of some plaintive melody.

Many a time did she, with tearful eyes, add her entreaties to those of my aged mother, that I would leave the evil courses I was pursuing. But all these had no effect on me, until an event happened which even now I cannot bear to dwell upon. One day as I was returning home from hunting and had several fine skins to present to my sister, I observed a man in the act of leaving my mother's house. The fellow I knew well. He was one of the meanest and most infamous instruments of my uncle's pleasures. He was a man employed to inveigle young girls into the tyrant's

harem, the first milder method of proceeding which if failing, my uncle was fully prepared to follow up with means of any violence. The reins dropped from my hand, and I was nearly falling from my horse at the sight of the wretch. My heart sickened. I saw at once that, the likelihood of which had never before occurred to me, my uncle gloated upon my sister. Even now, what might not have happened? The thought palsied me for the first moment, but the next frenzied me. I leapt to the ground, sprang into the house, and rushing into my sister's apartment, there beheld her and my mother weeping together. At my entrance, they arose simultaneously and flung themselves on my bosom. "Mother," said I, hoarsely, "say not a word, pollute not your pure lips; I know all; I saw the villain leaving this house; in an hour hence you shall be avenged." Saying this, I darted from the room and hurried to the fort. I was soon in the presence of my uncle with whom was the old wretch I have mentioned. My rage was such that I could not speak, but I went straight up to my uncle and spat in his face. He seemed paralysed with rage and astonishment, but quickly springing up he called out for assistance, clutched his dagger and sprung at my throat. I was then stronger than four men such as he. I seized his dirk and hand together, and shrieked with wild laughter as I buried the former again and again in his polluted heart. I flung him from me and he fell quite dead. I trampled on him, whilst the horrid wretch, his companion, fled. Footsteps approached, and I drew my sword. Armed men rushed into the room, but they were of my own band. I knew these fellows well, and addressed them thus.

"There said I," pointing to the corps, "lies what was your late lord; behold (pointing to myself) your present."

The men seemed to hesitate. "You pause," said I, "but to save your wives, sisters and daughters from being violated I have done this. Not satisfied with what we had done for him with the cost of our blood and at the risk of lives, his evil thoughts urged him to turn against us. He has made me his first object. He dared to invade the sanctity of my mother's house. Had he done this with impunity, think you, any of you would have escaped. For my own sake and for yours, I have slain him." A murmur of something like approbation arose from the mob of armed men before me, for the chamber was now filling fast, and I quickly added. "The miser has left a large treasure in gold behind him, which treasure is the property of my faithful servants. Say, am I not your lord?" The creatures saluted me most abjectly at the last words, and one and all declared their readiness to spill the last drop of blood in my behalf. I became Killadar of the

fort on the moment. But the news spread far and wide. A party of horse was sent to arrest me and I cut them to pieces. I would have fled, but the whole country was stirred up against me: my person was described; an immense reward set on my capture, and all this while a strong force was advancing to level my fort with the ground and take me prisoner. I deemed all that remained to me was to sell my life as dearly as possible. The force arrived at last, and I was summoned to surrender. To intimidate me, it defiled in gallant order beneath my walls, little thinking what a warm reception I had prepared for it. I banged away at horse and foot with my great guns, and down went long lanes of panic-stricken sepoy, never to rise again. Now was the time for a sally. In a few minutes we were among them cutting right and left, till faint with the work of death, and from the vast superiority in numbers of the foe in danger of being surrounded, we retired almost unscathed within the fort. I had supplies of all kinds for a long siege within the walls, but the enemy deemed a blockade ignoble against such a foe as I was, and resolved to take the place by storm. The next morning he opened his batteries upon me, his artillery being directed by a Feringhee officer of great renown—and the walls soon began to totter. One day when I had worked at the guns incessantly for many hours, and was at last so exhausted as to be forced to retire for repose and refreshment, I observed in passing one of the inner courts a smoking pile of ashes. This I deemed to be the bier of some one or other of my sepoy's widow, who had devoted herself with the corpse of her husband. But—I shudder to proceed, Sahib"—here the old man took a few whiffs of his pipe and mused for a minute or two in silence. He then went on. "Some sepoy" that I met eyed me in a strange manner, and seemed to shun my glance. I seized one of them, and demanded what he meant by his looks—was he afraid? There was a regard of something like sympathy and pity in the man's eyes, certainly nothing of fear, as he murmured out some indistinct sentences about my mother and sister. I will dwell no more upon this scene than to say that the remains of the funeral pile I had seen was theirs. The heroic old lady and her equally heroic daughter, well knowing the desperation of the defence of the place, had sacrificed their lives for their honour, the destruction of which they had feared. They had taken the opportunity of my absence, of the length of which I previously had warned them, and had rapidly raised a pile from which their pure spirits had now passed upward to heaven. Then did I call to mind my sister's parting embrace that morning, its fervour and continuance and the more than wonted warmth of my mother's blessing, and understood it all.

But away with the recollection of that awful moment—away with the horrible pangs it yet brings to my heart. I now called together the few able men that still survived, told them to be prepared for one desperate effort, and ordered them to horse at once. This was the work of but a few minutes, and when done, I jumped upon my gallant Arab, and ordered the gates of the fort to be thrown open. A strange and wonderful incident now occurred.

The moment the gates were opened, a violent rushing wind arose, such as before or since that time I have never witnessed the smallest approach to,—rooting up trees, throwing down walls, raising dense clouds of dust, and striking awe and panic into the hearts of the enemy. They saw us not as we, like demons of the storm, dashed wildly through their ranks, our swords drinking blood and every moment offering up fresh victims to the manes of those with whom all that was good relating to me perished. Before the foe had recovered from his consternation we were miles away. It was the spirits of my mother and sister who aided my escape, and who have watched over and protected me through life. The desperate chief of a desperate band, I looked upon every one as my enemy. Hunted like wild beasts, and compelling a subsistence from the different villages we passed through, after some months of robbery, murder and suffering, we managed to escape out of the territories of Scindia. There we fondly imagined was an end of our troubles, and we agreed to enter into the service of some great man or other. One day we arrived at a deserted village in a wild spot, whose old and dilapidated fort seemed a fitting abode for birds, beasts and *men* of prey. In it we piquetted our horses, which done, the whole band with the exception of myself, laid down their tired frames to sleep. I was restless and uneasy, my mind horrified—for it never was utterly callous—at the scenes I had passed through, and the remembrance of their fate whom I had loved so well. I wandered up and down the empty streets and mouldering courts, until my ear was arrested by the sound of approaching hoofs. I looked out through a rent in the old wall of the village, and beheld a number of horsemen coming up. The one who seemed highest in rank rode in front. He was a fine powerful man, and was laughing and chatting with his attendants, who seemed to be listening to him most obsequiously.

Arrived at the well of the village, the party stopped to water and all dismounted. Water was drawn, and he who I have mentioned as being in appearance the chief of the party was in the act of drinking from the cup which had been handed to him, when suddenly one who was close behind him flung a noose over his head, and in another second he lay a quivering corpse upon the ground.

Three others of the party shared his fate at the same moment; and so sudden was the whole affair, so utterly incomprehensible to me, that I scarcely deemed myself awake, and rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was not dreaming. But a strange sound soon aroused me from my stupor. This consisted of a loud, fervent and doleful chant repeated again and again, the whole band kneeling and turning their eyes upward in the attitude of worship:—the words were *Bohwanie, Bohwanie!* Darting back to the fort I quickly aroused my men, who were ever prepared for desperate deeds, and ere the murderers were aware, was upon them. "Kill all; spare none of the cowards," was my cry, and our swords again and again drank blood. The ruffians resisted fiercely. Three of my band were laid dead on the spot; but the whole of the murderers lay around them, save one, who springing upon a loose horse was out of sight in a few minutes. Even my fellows, villains as they were, shuddered at the horribly treacherous species of murder adopted by the ruffians they had slain. Upon the murdered man's person and in his baggage was found a considerable treasure which having appropriated, we deemed ourselves fortunate. We knew not what remained in store for us. Having started away from the place of murder, we made a long march, nor halted until we were some fifty or sixty miles distant therefrom. We stopped at our halting place one day, but in the morning, when about to start, discovered that one of us was missing. This we little heeded, but were surprised after our next march to find that two who had lagged behind on the road to drink water, did not come up with us when we halted. We remained a whole day waiting for them, but to our astonishment they came not, and we went on without them. That very day another of our party staid behind for some purpose or other, and as he did not come up, we resolved in this instance to return and ascertain his fate.

We went back to the spot where he left us and then agreed to search the jungle in all directions. We had not proceeded far on this errand before one called out loudly to the rest. On going up to him, we saw, lying on the ground, the corpse of our missing companion, who had been strangled by a noose which was yet around his neck. His breast which was bare, appeared to have some characters inscribed upon it, and as I was the only one of the party who could read, I stooped down to endeavour to decypher them. I shall never forget my sensations, when I saw roughly traced there the word, which after the murder at the well, was yelled out by the assassins—*Bohwanie?* Awe-stricken, we buried our comrade, and hurried from the spot. We felt ourselves the victims of some dark,

silent and mysterious power; and those among us who feared not death in the field, who had indeed almost courted it, trembled like children before it in the dark. We observed too a strange demeanour in the manner of the country people towards us. When we arrived at a village, they shut themselves up in their houses, and we were forced to compel them to deal with us at the sword point. When we past along the road they fled our presence as if we were all gifted with the evil eye. Demons could not have inspired more horror. A curse hung over us. Daily men dropped off in spite of all precautions. At last when the band was reduced to myself and three others, we agreed to separate.

Alone in the province of Hyderabad, I determined to make my way to the capital and seek service. In a few weeks I had arrived within a few miles of my destination, and was wending my solitary way in the jungle, when I observed a horseman on a neighbouring hill, apparently watching my movements. I immediately made towards him, and succeeded in catching a glimpse of his features ere he put his horse to the gallop and disappeared. What think you, Sahib? He was the very same wretch who had escaped on the day of the murder at the well. I proceeded on my way, and reaching Hyderabad, spent the last that remained of my money in equipping myself with arms and gay clothing, in order that I might cut a gallant figure when presenting myself to some great man or other. I was then a dashing young fellow, Sahib, and excelled in all manly accomplishments. I was soon in the employ of a nobleman of renown who gave me a small command. I had hoped now that my troubles had ceased and that I was in a fair way of honourable advancement, but I was soon doomed to disappointment. One day when about to mount my horse, I was suddenly set upon, disarmed, taken into a courtyard and there chained to an iron ring fixed in the ground. No reason was given for this. When I asked for one, I was threatened, and ordered to be silent. Two days and nights I sat exposed to the elements. No food was brought to me, nor was I allowed to leave the spot for a moment for any purpose whatever. On the second night of my suffering, just at dusk, I caught sight of a man eyeing me through the half-closed gateway of the court.

His person was nearly concealed from my view, and he started away as I looked towards him, but I saw enough to reveal to me the features of him who had escaped after the murder at the well, and who now seemed to haunt me like a spirit of evil. That night was the first of the monsoon. A guard was standing near me, armed, lest by some accident I might get loose. Small chance did there seem to me of this,

bound as I was by strong fetters fastened to a ring so securely fixed in the ground, that the strength of ten men scarce might seem sufficient to heave it up.

It was pitchy dark, and I had begun to resign myself to my miserable fate, and even to hope that ere the morning my sufferings might be ended in death, when the vividest flash of lightning I ever beheld lit up the court as if it were day, striking the guard at my side to the earth whence he never stirred again. His pain was over in a moment. Crash like a battery of artillery followed the thunder and down came a deluge of rain. It poured incessantly for hours, and miserable, wet, cold, and famishing, I crouched and crouched absolutely wining under the weight of affliction. Suddenly urged by some mad impulse I started up. To my surprise and rapture, the massive ring following the impulse given to the chain by my body, slowly issued from the ground, now nothing but a mass of mud. I was free, but from my waist still depended the weighty chain and ring.

Throwing my compelled burden over my shoulder, I groped my way to a corner of the court where I had observed a flight of steps that led to the top of the wall. I ascended these. It was still pitchy dark, but though I could tell by the distant light that this was the outer wall, I could not guess at its height nor the nature of the ground below. However, I was desperate. I leapt—I was received in a bed of soft mud, several feet deep, out of which I scrambled unhurt. But I was in chains: what was I to do? I resolved to throw myself on the generosity of a great man whom I knew to be on terms of enmity with the one from whom I was escaping. I fled to his palace and laid myself down near the gates till dawn of day, when I was discovered and taken prisoner. It suffices to say that I was well received and immediately assigned a post in the military part of the establishment. But I felt not secure. Whenever I stirred abroad my steps were dodged; men watched for me at street corners, and several times I saw the hated features of the villain who haunted me and to whose cursed influence, I attributed all my latter misfortunes. How I burned and thirsted for revenge I cannot describe. But I doubted my power, and my rage increased with my doubt; especially as I felt myself sometimes trembling. For there was something so strange and mysterious in everything connected with my meetings with this man, that his aspect inspired me with a sensation almost like fear. Not personal fear though, for I could then and there have drank his blood like a tiger.

In the middle of one night, disguised, I left Hyderabad. I made my way southward, and after a long dangerous

and tedious march reached Seringapatam, where I entered into the service of the renowned Tippoo Sulthan. Under his banners I first encountered the Feringhees, and I remember well the universal hatred their presence inspired, coupled with the equally universal belief in their invincibility.

I took part in the principal affairs Tippoo was engaged in, all of which you are of course well acquainted with Sahib, and rose rapidly in rank. Thus some years slipped away. However, the revengeful part of my nature was not stifled; I turned to inflict retribution on the men who had caused the death of my mother and sister. After the taking of Seringapatam by the Feringhees, having managed to escape with a party of horse that I commanded and also to secure the greater part of my treasure in gold and valuables, I made my way northward and entered the service of Holkar, the Mahratta. I was one of the first who joined that great chieftain when he was flying from the persecution of Scindia. I passed through a multitude of adventures with him till the battle of Poona, when he defeated Scindia and became master of the Peishwa's capital. I was then in consequence of my proven devotion to his cause, promoted to be his principal personal attendant. He knew not though the reason of that devotion, and that it proceeded alone from my hatred of his rival—the son of the man who had desolated my home. I was one of those who embittered his mind against Scindia. My purpose was revenge, but I was disappointed. And perhaps it is as well that I was, for what good could have accrued to me from it? As you Sahib must be well acquainted with all the events of the war in question, I will not dwell on them. I will however just mention one incident that befel me.

A gallant Feringhee by name Monson was pursued by the army of Holkar. His force was very small in comparison with our's, but these Feringhees are wonderful in everything relating to fighting. We hung upon his rear, cutting off stragglers, and making frequent attacks upon him. The latter were always repulsed with slaughter. One day I was pending a charge upon his gallant and steady little band, which Monson was himself cheering on to stand fast, when I saw a man ride up to that sirdar and point towards me. Monson immediately spoke to some horsemen who were near to him, and these on the retreat of my fellows, dashed after me and took me prisoner, seriously wounded, and conducted me before him. "I am told," said he, "you are a deserter from our side, and as such, if it be the last punishment I may ever be able to inflict, you shall die a traitor's death. Hang him up," said he, turning to his attendants "to yonder tree." I was taken away and a rope was already about being fastened round my neck, when one

whom I at once recognized as the fellow who had pointed me out to Monson, came up.

In a delirium of rage and astonishment I discovered in him the bane of my existence, my stealthy and mysterious foe, the murderer who had escaped me at the well. With the strength of madness I shook off my captors and grappled with him. At this moment, a horse whose rider had been killed, and who had been galloping about in all directions, came up, and stood beside me perfectly quiet. I caught at the chance. Dashing my foe to the earth I was mounted in a moment, and though a score of bullets whistled after me, got clear off without a fresh wound. When at a safe distance I turned to look behind me : judge of my feelings when I saw the villain-my betrayer and worst foe, strung up by the rope destined for my neck, and wriggling in the agonies of death. When we arrived at the spot, on the retreat of Monson, I found his corpse, and on enquiring of a wounded man near it the reason of his death, was told that the executioners thwarted in my case, and in the hurry not knowing the man, had hung him up in my place, hoping to impose his death on Monson for mine. The morning is at hand, Sahib, and this is the last adventure I may now tell of. After the termination of that war, I took service under the Nizam of Hyderabad, then an ally of the Feringhees. I fought on the Feringhee side in the war in which the Peishwa was overthrown. And then, as the reward of my services, I got the Jagheer which is now my support, consisting of this and four other villages; and residing on which I have ever since remained at peace.

Now, Sahib, we must sleep, if we would rise at cock crow.

END OF THE JAMADAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

"The timid antelope that starts when'er the dry leaf rustles in the brake,"

SHELLEY.

In spite of their long confab over night, our two keen sportsmen arose with the dawn, shook themselves, and turned out to hunt. The Feringhee rode his horse, the Jamadar a tattoo. Behind each ran a man bearing his master's gun. The Feringhee's chokra with the dogs, a led tattoo to carry the game and Khan Singh with "eyes skinned," as the Yankees say, amusing himself as he went along by vomiting out abuse at the female relatives of two or three attendant coolies, completed the party. The air was as delightfully cool and refreshing as it always is in the cold season in the Deccan. The scene too was exhilarating.

The party was traversing an immense rumnash or grassy

plain undulating in its character, and in many places broken up into small dells, but on the whole presenting to the eye a tolerably regular surface. Numerous villages with bright green topes and gardens were dotted down here and there like delightful little islands in this vast sea of dry and withered grass. At this hour the labourers were lounging along to work in the gardens, and herds of cattle were being driven out into the rumnah pasture for the day. The light laughs of the young village damsels trotting off to the wells to draw water, echoed a pleasing music across the plain. In the distance, the prospect on all sides was bounded by hills of wild and irregular aspect, sometimes destitute entirely of verdure, at others covered with thick jungle to the very top, and the haunts of the fierce denizens of the forest, the tiger, panther, bear, and wild hog. The sportsmen proceeded for some time in silence. There was an abstracted dreamy look in the Feringhee's face which seemed to betoken he was musing deeply. Perhaps, however, he was not; perhaps he only was allowing the fresh, invigorating, divine impulses, caught from the lovely aspect of nature to stray wildly over his passive mind. Or perhaps he was regretting that far from the haunts of civilized man, the turmoils and unhealthy excitement of the world, its gewgaws and tinsel absurdities—he could not pitch his tent in a spot like this, and there dwell apart from all his race undisturbed—and perchance unregretted. His musing however was cut short by an exclamation from Khan Singh, whose restless eyes had been traversing the plain in all directions, and who now stopping short, called out his master—*Heeran*, (antelope). The Feringhee strained his eyes in the direction his shikarri was pointing, and saw what looked in the distance to be merely some grass shaking in the wind, but which his experienced ken immediately detected to be a herd of antelope. "Do you see?" said he to the jemadar. "Oh yes, I see," replied the old man, I saw them some minutes ago. "We are lucky too, for these," pointing to some cattle close by "are mine, and I will have them driven up toward the antelope who don't care for them the least." Having dismounted, the two hunters went into the midst of the cattle and crouching low, advanced with the latter toward the antelope, who grazed away and played with each other perfectly unconscious of the dangerous enemies in their vicinity. Having arrived within easy rifle shot, they prepared themselves for action. The jemadar knelt down and took a steady aim from a rest. The Feringhee laid his piece across the back of a bullock that was standing quietly and also took aim. Bang—crack, crack, and down dropped an antelope; to the bang of the matchlock though, not to the double crack of the rifle. A man however was sprawling on the ground. This

was the Feringhee whose bullock-rest starting at the moment of his taking aim, disturbed it, and frightened at the report of the piece, kicked out lustily, laying our sportsman doubled up, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, on his mother earth. The Feringhee forcing a laugh at his own expense got up, and in a very good bad humour complimented the old hunter on his success, and went with him to pick up the game. This was a young buck. It was quite dead, the bullet having passed the spine,* just above the kidneys. Having blooded it, and laid it across the tattoo, our sportsmen mounted again and moved onwards. Another herd was soon viewed feeding in the distance. Having reconnoitred it, the Feringhee called to Khan Singh to bring him one of those comlies or common black blankets worn by the natives in these parts. With this, when brought, he enveloped himself and his rifle, and having observed that the wind blew from him towards the antelope, started off in a wide circle to the opposite side of them, calling to the chokra to follow him with the dog: this course was imperatively necessary, as the keen scented antelope would otherwise not only have winded him quickly but also his powder.

The Feringhee went along in the slouching and crouching manner of the native coolies, for these the antelope little heed; after taking the precaution of desiring the party he was leaving behind, to remain in its present position in order to take off the attention of the herd from himself. This time the old Jemadar did not stalk, but left a clear field to his friend. The latter having made a tedious and wide circle, succeeded in getting to windward of the herd which as yet had not noticed him. He then took long tacks in direction of the antelope, affecting to be occupied as a cooly, and never turning his head towards them as he gradually drew nearer and nearer; at last when he had arrived within two hundred yards or so, the herd began to take alarm. Old black bucks began to paw the ground, shake their heads, gaze at him with evident trepidation and wag their tails, whilst the timorous hinds were already leaping off, stopping now and then to look back on the intender. Now was the time to fire, so the Feringhee kneeling down, singled out a buck blacker and longer horned than the rest, brought his rifle steadily to bear and fired. The whirr of the bullet through the air told the hunter he had missed. The buck gave a dart away and then turned and stood still for a second or two looking at his foe. Crack went the rifle again, and this time the report was followed by a "flop," resembling the noise made by a stone flung into a heap of soft mud. The buck bounded gallantly away though the hunter knew by the sound that he was wounded.

* A wound I have always found *immediately fatal*.

Calling to his boy who was at some distance to slip the dogs, the hunter made rapidly after the retreating herd with his rifle ready; in case the wounded one should lag behind. This however was not the case. The antelope went tearing on at a furious pace, and now pursued by the dogs charged right down on the spot where the hunter had left his party, which in their blind terror they ran completely upon. Bang went a fowling piece, and over rolled a buck, seized immediately by the dogs, one fastening on his hind leg, the other on his throat. The jemadar, for he was the slayer, on going to pick up the deer was saluted with such fierce growls and regards from the canine brutes, that he was constrained to wait till their master came up. The Feringhee on his arrival, though out of breath with running, sprung upon his steed and calling off the dogs galloped off in the direction the herd had taken. He soon came up with the antelope cantering gently behind a rising ground which had covered his advance. Having laid on his dogs, he pushed behind at a dashing pace, but not as yet pressing his horse to the utmost. He went on thus for perhaps a mile and a half, when a large black buck fell behind the herd, showing evident symptoms of distress. The tongues of the dogs too were out, although they still went along fiercely and gamely. Now then for a rush; the reins were slackened, and on bounded the gallant chesnut like an unchained fury. The buck strains every nerve: the horse puts his whole soul into every bound! They are a spear's length apart, and thus they go for half a mile. Now the buck's panting is audible; his bounds fail shorter; yet he still dashes on wildly—desperately. Three more tremendous strides from the horse and they are level. A quick double from the buck and the horse is twenty yards off. But the dogs are at hand, gallantly striving to live the fearful pace, and he runs right into their teeth. Now he lies on the ground too exhausted to make any resistance, whilst the fierce bitch seizing on some entrails protruding from a wound in the belly, tears out and bolts them while he is yet alive.

On the coming up of the Jemadar and the rest of the party, it was agreed that all should proceed to a tope near a stream some distance off, as by this time the sun was high and too powerful for the dogs to be exposed to. Thither the party therefore wended its way, intending to watch from beneath the shade of the trees for antelope who might be going to drink in the stream. Arrived at the tope, the horses were picquetted and fed, and the hunters after a short smoke, laid themselves down for a nap. Khan Sing meanwhile mounting one of the trees to keep a look out for game. In about half an hour the latter called out from the tree to his master, who instantly awoke and climbed up, and was shown by his shikarri a small herd in the distance frolicking

and feeding, yet gradually making its way in the direction of the nullah. Between this and the tope there was a space of about half mile covered with low bushes, the banks of the stream being similarly clothed for a considerable distance. Both hunters got their pieces in readiness and concealed their persons behind the trunks of trees. The herd approached and slowly passed the tope on its way to the nullah. One old, long-horned ebony showed a tempting broadside within long rifle shot, but the hunters bent on more wholesale murder, restrained themselves. When the antelope had disappeared among the bushes, our hunters lightly arose, and stooping low, followed—the bushes covering their advance. This time the Feringhee, in addition to his rifle, had, carried by a boy behind him, a double barreled fowling piece loaded with ball. The herd went on towards the nullah, utterly unsuspecting of a lurking foe. Arrived at the banks, one by one the antelope descended.

Peering through the overhanging bushes, the hunters looked down upon the antelope and beheld them frolicking with each other, and taking long refreshing draughts of water. The banks of the river here were some twenty or thirty feet high, and nearly perpendicular, and the bed, though a fine body of water dashes over it in the rains, was now dry, save just in the centre where a silvery stream rippled and bubbled over the sand. The Feringhee having noiselessly motioned with his hand to indicate which he intended to fire at, placed his fowling piece by his side on the ground, and brought his rifle to bear. Bang-crack, crack-bang, bang!

Six antelopes lay in the nullah, some dead, others in their last agonies. Two were killed by the Jemadar, a buck and hind at one shot. Standing side to side the same ball proved the death warrant of each. And two bucks and two hinds were the victims of the Feringhee, the latter two also killed by one ball. The shots having been fired within the distance of only about twenty or thirty yards, every wound was in a fatal place.

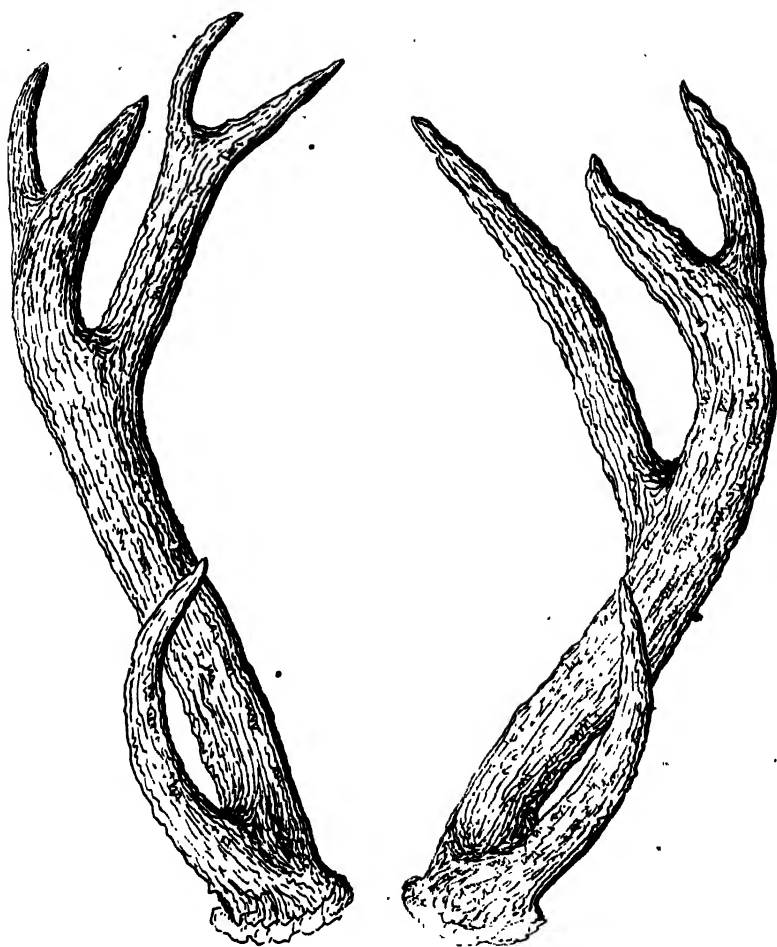
This terminated the day's hunt, and after returning to the tope, our sportsmen bade each other farewell and separated.

THE WANDERER.

SAMBUR HORNS.

I send you a drawing of the most gigantic pair of Sambur horns I ever beheld. They are a pair that have been naturally cast by the animal, and were doubtless picked up in the jungle. A mercantile friend obtained them from a batch of horns collected, as he believes, somewhere on the Cuttack coast, or further south towards Madras. I examined the heap of them myself, but could find no others of remarkable size, or even approaching to the magnitude of the huge pair figured. The drawing is reduced precisely to one-eighth of their dimensions, so that the only measurement I need give is that they are $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference immediately about the *burr* or basal ring, and 8 inches midway up the beam. Weight 25lbs. Other Sambur horns which heretofore I had been wont to consider as fine and even first-rate specimens, quite dwindle to insignificance by the side of these enormous ones. What a giant brute must he have been who bore them!

ZOOPHILUS.



Horns of Sambar Reduced to $\frac{1}{4}$ th

SELECTIONS

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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tance by useless deceptions, we reply that their money is much better thus expended than in the gin-shop or the ale-house, to which they are already too much driven by the curtailment of their appropriate recreations.

Juggling is certainly of very great antiquity. Pharaoh's magicians may be deemed the earliest practitioners of the art. Some of the slaves in Sicily performed the deception of breathing out flames, about 150 years before the Christian era; and, according to Plutarch, Alexander the Great was astonished and delighted with the secret effects of naphtha, exhibited to him at Ecbatana. Wonder has been excited in modern times by persons who could walk over burning coals or hot iron, which is easily done by rendering the skin of the feet callous and insensible. Beckmann asserts that the Hirpi who dwelt near Rome jumped through burning coals; that women were accustomed to perform a similar exploit at Castabala, near the temple of Diana; that the exhibition of cups and balls is often mentioned in the works of the ancients; and that the various feats of horsemanship exhibited in our circuses passed, in the thirteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court, and thence over all Europe.

The *joculator* or *jongleur* of the Normans, whence was derived the juggler of more modern times received about the fourteenth century the name of *tragetour*, a term more especially applied to those performers who, by sleight of hand, with the assistance of various machines and confederates, deceived the eyes of the spectators, and produced illusions that were usually attributed to enchantment. According to the descriptions transmitted to us, the wonders they performed prove them to have been no mean practitioners in the art, and excite the less surprise that in a credulous age they should have been ranked with magicians. Chaucer, who had no doubt frequently seen the tricks he describes, thus speaks of them: "There are," says he, "sciences by which men can delude the eye with divers appearances, such as the subtil tragetours perform at feasts. In a large hall they will produce water, with boats rowed up and down upon it. Sometimes they will bring in the similitude of a grim lion, or make flowers spring up as in a meadow; sometimes they cause a vine to flourish bearing white and red grapes, or show a castle built with stone; and, when they please, they cause the whole to disappear."

He then speaks of a learned clerk, who, for the amusement of his friend, showed to him forests full of wild deer, where he saw a hundred of them slain, some with hands and some with arrows: the hunting being finished, a company of falconers appeared upon the banks of a fair river, where the birds pursued the herons and slew them. He then saw knights jousting upon a plain; and, by way of conclusion, the resemblance of his beloved lady dancing. But when the master who had wrought this magic thought fit, he clapped his hands, and all was gone in an instant. If these illusions were not produced by means of a magic lantern, or some similar device, they must be confessed to equal all that is recorded of the ancient Eleusinian mysteries. Chaucer attributes such deceptions to natural magic;

meaning probably some occult combination of natural powers: a solution which would hardly pass current with the vulgar in those days, when the properties of matter and of the elements were very little understood.

Froissart records a scarcely less marvellous instance of a juggler, who possessed not, however, the art of saving his own head from the block. "When the Duke of Anjou and the Earl of Savoy," says that author, "were lying with their army before the city of Naples, there was an enchanter, a cunning man in necromancy, who promised the duke that he would put him in possession of the castle of Leufe, at that time besieged by him. The duke was desirous of knowing by what means this could be effected, and the magician said, 'I shall, by enchantment, make the air so thick, that they within the castle will think there is a great bridge over the sea, large enough for ten men abreast to come to them; and when they see this bridge they will readily yield themselves to your mercy, lest they should be taken perforce.' 'And may not my men,' said the duke, 'pass over this bridge in reality?' To this question the juggler artfully replied, 'I dare not, sir, assure you that; for if any one of the men that passeth over the bridge shall make the sign of the cross upon him, all shall go to nought, and they that be upon it shall fall into the sea.' The Earl of Savoy being made acquainted with this conference, said to the duke, 'I know well it is the same enchanter who caused by his craft the sea to seem so high, that they within this castle were sore abashed, and feared all to have died. The earl then commanded the enchanter to be brought before him, when he boasted that by the power of his art he had caused the castle to be delivered to Sir Charles de la Paye, who was then in possession of it. 'By my faith,' said the Earl of Savoy, 'ye shall never do more enchantments to deceive him, nor yet any other.' So saying he ordered him to be beheaded; and the sentence was instantly put into execution, before the door of the earl's tent."

In England the King's juggler continued to have an establishment in the royal household till the time of Henry VIII., in whose reign the office and title seem to have been discontinued. Our learned monarch James I. imagined that the feats exhibited by these people could only be performed by the agency of the devil, who, he says, "will learne them many juglarie trickes at cardes and dice, to deceive men's senses thereby, and such innumerable false practiques, which are proved by over many in this age." His majesty proceeds to inform us, in explanation of the mystery they employ, that "the art of sorcery consists in diverse forms of circles and conjurations rightly joined together, few or more in number according to the number of the persons conjurers, and the form of the apparition. All things being ready and prepared, the circles are made, triangular, quadrangular, round, double, or single."

This, Grose observes, may be a very accurate description of the mode of conjuration styled the circular method; but with all due respect to his majesty's learning, square and triangular circles are

figures not to be found in Euclid, or any of the common writers on geometry. But perhaps King James learnt his mathematics from the same system as Dr. Sacheverell, who, in one of his speeches or sermons, made use of the following simile: "They concur like parallel lines meeting in one common centre." Reginald Scott tells us that these magic circles are commonly nine feet in breadth, but the eastern magicians must give seven. He was a liberal, however, for the age in which he lived (1584), for he adds, "howbeit, if these things be done for mirth and recreation, and not to the hurt of our neighbour, nor to the abusing or prophaning of God's name, in mine opinion they are neither impious, nor altogether unlawful; though herein or hereby a natural thing be made to seem unnatural."

Ady, in his "Candle in the Dark," p. 29, speaking of common jugglers, that go up and down to play their tricks in fairs and markets, says, "I will speak of one man more excelling in that craft than others, that went about in King James his time, and long since, who called himself the *king's majesties most excellent HOCUS POCUS*, and so was he called, because that at the playing of every trick he used to say 'Hocus pocus,* tontus, talontus, vade celeriter jubeo,' a darke composure of words to blinde the eyes of beholders."

In the fourteenth century, the tragetours seem to have been in the zenith of their glory, from which period they gradually declined in the popular esteem. In an old morality, or interlude, written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a servant describing the sports at his master's wedding, says:

What juggling was there upon the boards!

What thrustyng of knyves thro' many a nose!

What bearing of formes! what holdinge of swords!

What puttyng of botkins through legge and hose!

These tricks approximate closely to those of the modern jugglers, who have knives so constructed, that when they are applied to the legs, the arms, and other parts of the human figure, they have the appearance of being thrust through them.† The bearing of the forms or seats we may suppose to have been some sort of balancing; and the holding of swords alludes probably to the sword dance.

In a short chapter, entitled "Prestigie, or Sleights," published a century and a half ago, we have a view of a juggler's exhibition. It consists of four divertisements, including the jocolator's own perform-

* Archbishop Tillotson tells us that those common juggling word *hocus pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the church of Rome in their trick of Transubstantiation. *Hiccius doctus*, also a common term among our modern sleight-of-hand men, is probably borrowed from the old Roman Catholics, the presence of whose priests in the assemblies of the people was usually announced by exclamations of *hic est doctus*! *hic est doctus*!

† A full description of these tricks with knives, illustrated by engravings, is given in Malcolm's Customs of London, vol. iii. p. 28.

ances; the other three are tumbling and jumping through a rope, the grotesque dances of the clown or mimic, and dancing upon the tight rope. In modern times the juggler has united songs and puppet-plays to his show.

At the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the profession of the juggler, with that of the minstrel, had sunk so low in public estimation, that the performers were ranked not only with "ruffians, blasphemers, thieves, and vagabonds," but also with "heretics, Jews, pagans, and sorcerers." In more modern times, by way of derision, the juggler was called a *hocus pocus*, a term applicable to a pickpocket or a common cheat.

These artists were greatly encouraged in the middle ages; they travelled in large companies, and carried with them such machinery as was necessary for the performance of their deceptions, by which apparatus, with the assistance of expert confederates, they might easily produce illusions of a very startling and inexplicable nature to spectators totally ignorant of natural philosophy, and prone to every species of superstitious credulity. Probably they had no exhibitions so astounding at first sight as the modern phantasmagoria, the automaton chess-player, the balloon, the sympathetic inks and several of our chemical wonders, phenomena of which the principles are now familiar to many a schoolboy. Even our fire-eaters and incombustible foreigners, who walk into an oven at a heat that will cook a beef-steak, are but renewing pyrotechnic wonders that were known and practised centuries ago. The little black-letter "Book of Secretes of Albertus Magnus," which discovers many "mervelys of the world," gives full instructions how to perform the following exploits: 1. "When thou wilt that thou seeme inflamed, or set on fyre from thy head unto thy fete, and not be hurt."—2. "A merveyulous experience, which maketh mienne to go into the fyre without hurte, or to beare fyre, or red hot yron in their hande without hurte." Dr. Fordyce, Sir Joseph Banks, and others, went into a heated room of nearly as high a temperature as M. Chabert's oven; the girls mentioned by M. Tillet supported a heat of sixty degrees higher; recent experiments fully confirm the capacity of human beings to endure a still greater exposure to heat, without any very serious inconvenience; and, in short, an extension of our philosophical knowledge will outjuggle jugglers of every description.*

Our sapient monarch, James I., was not altogether without grounds for ascribing the marvellous exploits of the tragetours to witchcraft and demonology, since instances occurred wherein those performers, in order perhaps to excite the greater attention, assumed to themselves the possession of supernatural powers, and even suffered death, under their own confession, as wizards and sorcerers. Upon

* See Hone's Every Day Book, vol. ii. p. 780. An account of the ignivorous achievements of Powel, who exhibited in England about fifty years ago, may be found in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, 4to., p. 213, from which book, and Brand's Popular Antiquities, these brief notices have been chiefly gleaned.

this subject, Lord Verulam's reflections* form a fine contrast to the narrow and bigoted ideas of the royal author of the *Demonology*. "Men may not too rashly believe the confession of witches, nor yet evidence against them, for the witches themselves are imaginative, and believe of times they do that which they do not; and people are credulous on that point, and ready to impute accidents and natural operations to witchcraft. It is worthy the observing, that both in ancient and late times the great wonders which they tell are still reported to be wrought, not by incantations or ceremonies, but by anointing themselves all over. This may justly move a man to think that these fables are the effects of imagination; for it is certain that ointments do all (if they be laid on any thing thick), by stopping of the pores, shut in the vapours, and send them to the head extremely."

The age of superstition and credulity is rapidly passing away; a smile of contempt is the principal effect produced by the cozening priests, who at Naples go through the annual mummerly of liquefying St. Januarius's blood; a new Faustus might spring up in Germany, or a second Galileo at Rome, without any fear of their being punished as magicians or heretics; and that juggler must be a conjuror indeed, who, even at the ignorant village of Tring, where the last of the witches was put to death, could now persuade his spectators that his legerdemain tricks were of a supernatural character, or performed by the aid of demons.

Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.

SKETCHES FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS."

THE EMIGRANT BOER.

"Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey."

PRINGLE.

The great Winterberg range of mountains—itsself a distant ramification of the lofty Stormberg—branches off, above Post Ratief, into the Little Winterberg, and the Chumie hills; which latter, circling round the sources of the stream bearing that name, and of the Maucazana river, form a continuous and elevated range, bounding to the

* In the tenth century of his *Natural History*.

north the road leading from Fort Beaufort to Block Drift. On this ridge, near the source of a rivulet called the Gaga, which here marks the boundary of the colony, was established during the last Kaffir war a post of about a hundred and fifty Fingoes, whilst another detachment of the same people occupied a spot in the valley of the Kat River a little to the north of Fort Beaufort; and although these two positions were separated by a mountainous tract of some sixteen or eighteen miles in extent, there was, nevertheless, every reason to suspect, that availing themselves of the rugged nature of the country, our African auxiliaries carried on an extensive illicit traffic in stolen horses and cattle, as several animals of both descriptions had of late been most unaccountably absent without leave from the camp kraal at Block Drift; and as they could scarcely have been carried away by the Kaffirs, it was supposed they had been appropriated by the aforesaid Fingoes at the neighbouring post on the Gaga, and thence handed on to their brethren at the "New School" station on the Kat River—for these our faithful "allies" never, during the whole course of the war, let slip an opportunity of plundering cattle—whether from friend or foe.

To unravel if possible this mystery, I started from Block Drift one fine morning long before daylight, roused up my friend Col. N—, the Commandant at Fort Beaufort, and producing an order for a strong escort of the 7th Dragoon Guards, soon surrounded the Fingoe encampment; and ere well aroused from their slumbers, our swarthy allies, with all the horses and cattle I could lay hands on, found themselves—under escort of the Dragoons—on the line of march to Block Drift, there to render an account of their ill-gotten property.

Having thus far executed my mission, I proceeded next day to visit a remote post situated amidst the little Winterberg mountains and happened to have, during the first part of my trip, the company of a venerable old colonial Dutchman of the name of B—, one of the numerous emigrant Boers who some years before, abandoning the British territories, had to the number of eight or ten thousand, crossed the colonial boundary to seek comfort, competence, and independence; and—as has since turned out—in the vain hope of being allowed to enjoy unmolested, these blessings in the heart of the South African wilderness. Business had brought my new acquaintance from far beyond the Stormberg mountains to Graham's Town, and he was now returning to the "tents of his tribe," in the remote regions between the Modder and Caledon rivers.

Since my arrival in the colony I had had few opportunities of intercourse with the Dutch inhabitants, of whom I had read the most contradictory accounts; some describing them as a coarse and brutal set of men, devoid of every virtue, and mercilessly tyrannizing over the whole of the coloured population; whilst others gave quite another colouring to the picture, and held forth the Boers as an injured and oppressed race; a large portion of whom—though taxed by the British government under whose sway they had been placed against their will—never received from us adequate protection against the depredations

of the native tribes beyond our boundary, whilst exposed at the same time to be with impunity despoiled from within by vagrant Hottentots, emancipated slaves, and vagabonds of every sort and description; and moreover representing them as having been not only robbed by the premature and unprepared measure of emancipating the slaves, but as victims of detraction and injustice in every shape—who had been forced at length to abandon in despair the thresholds of their forefathers, and bury themselves as exiles in the far wilderness and deserted wastes of the interior. Both these accounts may perchance be overdrawn; be that as it may, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of questioning on the subject, a man who, from his advanced time of life, and apparently sound sense, appeared competent to afford good information on many points with which I wished to become acquainted relative to the emigrant Boers.

I was particularly anxious, from a recent perusal of several sporting works relating to that portion of the South African continent now occupied by them, to ascertain from an eye-witness, if the almost incredible relations as to the immense quantities of game still found in those remote regions, were or were not overdrawn; and as Mynheer B——was himself, even at his advanced time of life, staunch sportsman, and spoke moreover very intelligible English, I deemed myself fortunate in having so opportunely hit upon such a companion.

As we jogged along the picturesque Kat River valley, during the freshness of a South African summer's morn, the gurgling stream still flowing under the shadow of the neighbouring Chumie hills, and moreover, darkly embowered amidst groves of weeping willow and feathery acacias, numbers of the small black-faced monkey might be seen playfully gambolling amidst the branches overhanging the water, whilst an unearthly yell, proceeding from the beetling rocks on our left, sometimes caused us to look up, when a string of hideous ursine baboons would then meet our gaze, as they chased each other with ungainly antics along some bare ledge of the grey, and wooded "krantz" above. Then ever and anon my aged companion would interrupt the thread of his discourse to point out the various localities which we passed by, at the same time reverting to events thus brought to his recollection, which in some instances appeared to extend beyond the usual span of life.

He pointed out where lay the notorious missionary settlement of the "Kat River Hottentots;" gave an account of the intrigues and machinations of which it is said to have been the focus previous to the war of 1834; shewed the direction whence flowed the Marcazana; related what are now, the traditions of the Achter Bruntjes Hooghte, the modern Glen Lynden, at present no longer the abode of his countrymen, but tenanted some years ago by a no less hardy race.*

* The Achter Bruntjes Hooghte is the locality of some of the fabulous inventions of Le Vaillant; it became some years ago, under the appellation of Glen Lynden, the location of a party of Scotch settlers, and the residence of the well-known poet Pringle, whose poetry is beautiful, and whose prose partakes equally of poetic fiction.

With all the garrulous loquacity of age, did the o'd man thus wander from subject to subject, but one-tenth part of his gossip would tire out the most patient fire-side reader, and I shall therefore only record in an abbreviated form such of his "sayings" as I can recollect, which may from their sporting tendency be deemed suitable to the pages now before us.

"Mynheer," remarked I, "you appear to talk of, and collect events of half a century's date as if they were of yesterday's occurrence; you can, I daresay, give me some account of one or two subjects about which I am very anxious to obtain information. In the first place I should like to have an outline of the movements of your countrymen who have emigrated beyond the Orange River, with the reasons for their having taken such a desperate step; and secondly, as a sportsman, I am much interested on another subject; viz. the history of the many wild animals of this part of the world—whether they were formerly really as numerous as stated, within the bounds of the colony, and if or not, the accounts be exaggerated of the countless flocks still to be met with beyond the Orange River?"

"As to your first question," answered B—, "I would rather be silent on the subject, for I do not think that all I might say could possibly be gratifying to an Englishman's ears; however, as to the wild animals, I shall be glad to give you whatever information I possess on the subject. We hear—nor do I see any reason to doubt the truth of the assertion—that when the Dutch first came to the Cape, under old Van Riebeck, all sorts of wild animals were there as numerous as they are at this day on the banks of the Moriqua and Limpopo, on the verge of the tropic; or as they were along the Vaal and Modder Rivers, when some ten or twelve years since, my countrymen, the self-exiled Boers, "treked" onwards towards Natal. We read accounts of elands and buffaloes being pursued into Table Bay; of the rhinoceros and sea-cow* frequenting the marshes on the Cape Town plaats"; of elephants wandering about the margin of Hout Bay; of cattle, nay even men, being occasionally carried away by lions from under the very walls of the fort in Cape Town itself; and at a rather later period we hear of powerful escorts being still required for protection against wild beasts, during so short an overland excursion as that between Saldanha and Table Bay, and that even such precautionary measures failed sometimes to ensure the party from serious loss by attacks from such enemies, whose very strongholds appear to have been invaded when the Dutch first settled at the Cape."

"All this would scarcely be believed by the present occupiers of the gardens and villas of Constantia, Wynberg, and Rondebosch, as they drive out, in their carriages, over a hard smooth road, to these delightful retreats, were the facts themselves not attested by well authenticated documents."

"Why, sir, my own memory, which can easily retrace the events of the last fifty years (for I am now nearly seventy), recalls the time

* The hippopotamus is so called by the colonists.

when the elephant and buffalo, the eland and the koudou, still abounded in George, and the eastern part of Swellendam; when the Rhee-bock, the Steen-bock, and the Bosch-bock, were to be had for shooting, and were much easier obtained than powder and shot: when the lion (though rather scarce) still inhabited the western districts, and the sea-cow fearlessly wallowed in the waters of the Camtoos. But the animals of the chase, great and small, but especially the former, have all gradually retreated before the footsteps of man. My old 'Roer' was getting rusty for want of use, and as I found existence irksome in the absence of the comrades of my youth (for I dearly loved the Bush and all its sylvan denizens), added to certain other reasons which shall be nameless, I e'en followed step by step in their wake, to the Sunday, the Bushman's River, the Kowie, and the Fish River bush. The Kaffirs had already made a tolerable clearing in the thickets of the latter, when the swarms of your countrymen who landed at Algoa Bay, some twenty-five years back, put a finishing stroke to their work; the smaller game was between them and the Kaffirs nearly extirpated, whilst elephants were slain by hundreds for the sake of their ivory; the survivors, in common with the larger wild animals of the chase, gradually falling back beyond the Orange River. Thither also I followed, with a large body of my countrymen, and for years past have endured all the vicissitudes of a wandering, though to me happy, state of existence. For," said he, pointing to a long gun carefully encased in sheep skin, which hung at the bow of his saddle, and protruded nearly the length of the horse's neck, "the rust was kept off my friend here, whom in all my wanderings, with Providence for my guide, I have ever found my best ally and safest companion; though I must also include my trusty little horse," added he, patting the shaggy neck of the rough wiry-looking galloway he bestrode.

"But still," equired I, "in those remote regions you allude to, are the wild animals, described by some recent travellers, still found in such immense numbers as they state? For instance, —, in his amusing book, talks of riding amongst flocks of quaggas, ostriches, gnoos, camelopards, and all manner of antelopes, as if he had been blazing away right and left into so many flocks of sheep—is all this to be taken in the literal sense, or is it only figurative language on the part of the author?"

"I understand you," replied the blunt old Dutchman, "you wish to know if — told the truth or if he lied?—I have never read his book, but I met him when in that part of the country which he describes, as *then* abounding so much in game—and as I shot over it before he did, I can safely say that he tells the truth. Were the same stories told at the present day I should say they were lies, for the large game continues still to retire—though in seasons of drought the spring-bock still passes in as great numbers as ever, even the northern boundaries of the colony, committing nearly as much havoc in their progress as our old enemies the locusts, whose visits are likewise periodical. Elephants and giraffes are now abundant only near the tropic;

and even the eland, the gemsbok, and quagga, are daily becoming more scarce on the other side of the Orange.

"I have thus for half a century, followed step by step in their retreat, the wild animals of the chase; but if they fall back on the equator itself, I will, if I live, pursue them even there," said the old sportsman in a determined tone, "for I must not in my old age allow the 'Roer' to get either rusty or dim." Once on his favourite hobby—the chase, I found that old B——required but little urging to proceed.

"I have heard much," observed I, "of the lion-hunts in this part of the world, and of the different methods pursued by your countrymen and mine in this pursuit; you have no doubt witnessed both what therefore may be your opinion of their respective merits?"

"Ach, Mynheer," said B——, "I see what you are driving at; your countrymen, when we first became acquainted with them, were generally called by us 'domme Englander' (stupid English); but I allow, in all things save as sportsmen, they have long since proved that they are undeserving of that name; however, spite of their criticisms on *our* mode of hunting, in that respect at least, I do not think we have given them a misnomer."

"As how?" asked I, not a little anxious to hear the old Nimrod's reasons.

"Answer me first one or two questions," rejoined he. "Do you consider it a proof of wisdom for any man wantonly to waste what he pays dearly for, and what is, moreover, often in this part of the world not to be procured even for its weight in gold?"

"Perhaps not—what then?"

"Do you think it wise for a man to expose, without any palpable reason, or adequate advantage, both his property and life? Is it not rather 'domme' if a man neglects, in any situation, to guard against danger, when he can do so without dishonour?"

"Granted—but what then?"

"Well," said old B——, chuckling most heartily, at having, as he thought, completely "wired me"—"well then, do not your jagers (hunters) constantly waste more powder and lead on wretched little birds, such as quails and pheasants,* than would bring down a whole herd of elephants, did they only take the trouble to go in quest of them? Rely upon it, the single bullet and the long barrel are the true sportsman's legitimate weapon; with these, a steady hand and quick eye, either on foot or horse-back, he does not require the new-fangled invention of small shot; for what is too small to be hit with a bullet is not worth firing at at all. Then when I see people going to the expense of keeping forty or fifty dogs, and running the risk of breaking their own necks and their horses' legs—for what? why," exultingly cried the old

* What is here called, or rather miscalled, a pheasant, is a large species of partridge, resembling the Indian "spur-fowl." Quails (which are here, as on the northern coast of Africa, birds of passage) are at certain seasons very plentiful and afford excellent sport.

man, with a hearty laugh, "for the sake of catching a stinking jackal, or a carrion wolf, which might be trapped or shot with a spring-gun—I cannot again help calling it a 'domme' thing. Thirdly," continued he "when your countrymen throw aside their shot-belts, and hunt the lion instead of quails, I consider them little better than madmen; when, instead of making a shield of their horses' hind quarters, they recklessly, like 'yonkers,' unnecessarily expose their own persons to his teeth and claws. If you will not condescend to take a lesson from the Dutch, who have been so much longer in this part of the world, you might see how your friends the Kaffirs manage these matters. Do you know how?" I shook my head. "Well then, when lions were a few years ago plentiful enough in the Amakosa country, and the Kaffirs had no other weapons but their assegais, they would, armed with these and large shields, surround the bush to which they might have tracked the lion; their dogs were then sent in to worry him out of his lair; wherever he showed himself he was assailed by showers of assegais; if he singled out a Kaffir, the latter threw himself on the ground, crept under his large shield, and lay there like a tortoise in its shell; meanwhile the other hunters lost no time in rushing on with their assegais to the rescue; the lion in his fury would turn on another foe, and again encounter nought save a tough buffalo or sea-cow hide on which to vent his rage, till at last, bristling with assegais, and exhausted from loss of blood, he fell—and generally with few casualties on their part—an easy prey to his pursuers. Now the shields we make use of in hunting these animals are, as I suppose you are aware, the hind quarters of our horses, which I should think make as good a sheath for the lion's teeth and claws as an English's shoulder."

I saw it would be useless to oppose what I considered the prejudices of the old South African hunter; admitting therefore the justice of his argument, I begged he would detail to me the manner in which his countrymen generally hunt and destroy the lion.

For this purpose it appears that a number of mounted Boers assemble at a given *rendezvous*, accompanied by their Hottentot attendants, and with dogs for the purpose of tracking the game. The usual resort of the lion is amongst the long grass or sedges growing on the brink of a spring, or along some marshy hollow; this shallow covert he is soon made to quit on the approach of the "Jagers," and he may next be seen lobbing up some open grassy ascent, to the nearest clump of mimosas or other bushes, into which the dogs are made to follow him; meanwhile the main body of mounted sportsmen, after having detached scouts to the right and left, to observe the enemy's motions should he break covert in those directions, ride up the open ascent on their well-trained little shooting galloways, halting about a hundred yards from the spot where the lion is now baited by the dogs; they here dismount; the horses being kept in a compact body, with their heads turned to the rear, are given in charge of the Hottentots. Maddened at length by the continued attacks of his yelping foes, the lion bounds forth with a roar from his bushy shelter into the open space, and lashing at the same time his tawny flanks,

he rushes towards the assembled group of hunters and horses ; then, halting for a second, crouches to the ground, and with ears drawn back and eyes glaring with revenge, he gathers himself up to bound amongst his foes. This is the critical moment generally chosen by the hunters to open their fire—a volley is poured into the still crouching animal, which in most cases disables him from making the intended spring ; if not, the Boers seek immediate refuge behind the living rampart of horse-flesh, which is instantly stormed by their mighty foe, who fixing himself on one of these animals, generally sacrifices him to his rage ; but in so doing is again exposed to the shots of such of the party as had kept their fire in reserve ; and as the Boers are all excellent marksmen, the lion seldom escapes.

My informant next commented on the mode of attack pursued by the English, and strongly animadverted on the fool-hardiness of engaging single-handed, and without a reserve to fall back upon, an animal possessing such amazing strength as to be able to drag along the largest ox ; to throw the carcass of a horse over his shoulder, and walk away with ease under his burden ; or seizing a half-grown calf in his mouth, as a cat would do a mouse, can, thus encumbered, clear at a single bound the highest enclosure of a cattle kraal.

But though resistless in his fury, there are moments, according to old B——, when the king of the forest can be approached with impunity, and even in perfect safety ; and that is when, being fully gorged with food, he lies basking in sleep, after indulging in some bloody feast ; at such times he is not easily aroused, but when then suddenly disturbed instantly takes to flight. If discovered in this state by the Bushmen, they unhesitatingly shoot their tiny poisoned arrows into his hide ; he starts up, flies like a stricken deer, but carries death with him in his flight, and soon sinks under the venom infused and now rapidly circulating in his veins ; falling thus a helpless victim to a wretched diminutive creature, bearing more resemblance to the ape tribe than to mankind. The pigmy savage next tracks him up to the death, and spite of the poison by which it has been caused, greedily devour the flesh, which is said to resemble in taste and appearance coarse light-coloured beef.*

As with the royal riger in India, the lion having once tasted human flesh, prefers it to that of all other animals, and will not touch the flock if he can seize upon the shepherd ; preferring likewise a coloured to a white man. My informant assured me that instances had occurred of a Hottentot having been singled out and carried off during sleep, by a lion, whilst wrapped up in his sheep-skin kaross, and surrounded by a party of Boers in the same state of insensibility : to account for which he gave as a reason that the lion was probably guided in his choice by the smell ; but if this be the case, he cannot most assuredly be gifted with very refined olfactory nerves, as generally speaking the "Totties" are redolent of aught save perfumes of "Araby the blest."

* Kolben says it is like venison.

With such like discourse, interlarded with many an anecdote too long to repeat, did the old hunter while away the tedium of the road, till crossing the romantic streamlet of the Tutoka, we pulled up at the small hamlet of Blinkwater—off saddled, and following my guide into the nearest cottage, were instantly invited to partake of all the humble fare which it could afford.

Blinkwater is noted in the annals of the last Kaffir war as one of the first places attacked by the savages, after the disastrous affair at Burn's Hill. It happened to be at the time occupied by a small party of the 91st, under the command of a serjeant. The Kaffirs rushed on as usual in overwhelming numbers to the attack, but were so steadily repulsed, that finding all their efforts useless against the gallant little band who so resolutely held their own, they were at last fain to retreat with a considerable loss in killed and wounded, most of whom they however carried away. The brave man who headed this gallant defence was Serjeant Snodgrass, of the 91st; gladly do I record this deed—for with truth has it been said that a humble name seldom figures in a public despatch, and the bright flash of the bayonet is generally speaking, only noticed by such as are driven before its glittering point.

Sporting Review, for August.

THE FATE OF ACTÆON.

BY OXONIAN.

“ On Monday next, the property of a gentleman without reserve,” &c., &c.

Those ancients, take them one and all,
 Were certainly as queer a set
 As ever made romance sing small,
 Or put a critic on the fret,
 The way they laughed at every rule
 Of common good, or common sense;
 The style in which they played the fool,
 “ Regardless quite of all expense;”
 And here 'tis worthy of remark,
 The very first to run in debt, or
 Make a row, or lush, or lark,
 Were such as should have known better:
 Just as in later days we see,
 In cases as to breaking lamps,
 The greatest—that's in pedigree—
 Are generally the greatest scamps?

Their laws too, of old, for marauder and felon,
Is another strange point just a moment to dwell on.

If a chap did any thing anyways odd,
The fashion they had of applying the rod
Was, instead of clapping him into quod,
As sure as a gun to make him a *god*.

The moderns, again, have it here as well,
As witness our second parallel:—

If a gentleman much overcome with beer
Hits out right and left at everything near,
And makes up a charge most uncommonly clear,
The papers report it “the freak of a *Peer*,”
Or suppose him a cit who *wont* do what’s fair,
Or anyhow settle upon the square,
The sentence fix’d for a calendar year,
And make an example, ’s to make him a *Mayor*.

Of which, *to wit*

The benefit—

A *Mayor* whose fame shall hereafter appear,
As a horse’s may, who has “passed the Chair.”

In committing, then, curious sorts of crimes,

The learned alike in this agree—

That the ancients quite equalled the present times,
As *vide* the pages of his-to-ry.

A woman, or wine the common cause,

That led to excesses so very distressing,

And sent up, amidst the greatest applause,

The offender to beg for King Jupiter’s blessing.

Yet sport, true sport—the flood and field—

In those days had their full attractions;

And many a dandy’s fate was sealed

With “glory” in these war-like actions.

His foot had slipped, or spear had broken,

Down bore the boar with fatal speed,

To prove, e’er yet a word was spoken,

A very horrid boar indeed.

Or the hound had turned, or horse had backed,

And so lost the master’s life, or game;

For, as Mistress Nisbett gives the fact,

“You sportsmen never are to blame.”

There are lots of stories of this hue

For which to Ovid I’d refer,

Or, if his “Latin’s Greek to you,”

Consult that useful work Lemprière.

From out the whole, p’raps none so clear-

Ly impressed, or widely known is,

As, thanks to William Shakespeare’s care,

The one of Venus and Adonis.
 Still there 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
 That spins the story round and round—
 Adonis is but "a sucking dove,"
 And not the man to cap a hound;
 But luckily his fate's used up.
 And so our hungry muse may sup
 On stronger fare
 Than smile or tear,
 Or locks of hair,
 Or "duck and dear"—
 Though at the last few men would growl
 If reduced to reality—flesh and fowl.

You have seen the showman, 'midst awful din,
 Hurry his troop of strollers in;
 While bell and gong
 Assure the throng
 "They're really just a going to begin."
 You have seen in the kennel the gallant pack,
 When there wasn't the need of a whip to crack,
 To keep the well trained lot of 'em back,
 As, one by one, they were drafted out:
 You have seen the huntsman fix his eyes
 On Nonplus, unequalled for form and size;
 You at such a hound, too, expressed your surprise—
 Though of hounds you know little about.
 I am the showman in the midst of the din,
 Hurrying my strolling facts all in;
 While line by line,
 You may well divine,
 I'm really just a-going to begin.
 My second simile's yet more clear—
 "Get back Venus; what do you do here?"
 Hie!—*sus*—ACTÆON!—here boy, here."
 Like a well-bred dog he hears my call—
 The curtain rises, and—attention all.

Once on a time—when time was young,
 And his chronicles either said or sung,
 But seldom printed—there dwelt in Thrace,
 Or just on the borders of some such place,
 A gentleman greatly attached to the chase.
 This term, though "attached," is rather conventional,
 And if, in this place, not permitted to mention all
 The items and likings that led to the phrase,
 Being thus introduced, I'll still, "if you please,"
 Take a moment or two to make out an invoice
 Of a few leading points in the man of my choice.

And first—*lucus a non*—I'll just show you what
The gentleman was, by what he was not ;
A course that may sound not a little indicative
Of proving, as council would tell us, a negative.

He was *not*, then, a steeple-chase cut and thrust don,
(I don't mean Sir William, the Pioneer "mon") ;
He wasn't a satin-tyed, sweet-scented swell,
A London-built buck for a Leamington belle ;
Who envied Dick Turpin his fame and his mare,
And brought out another "to make'em a pair ;"
The oracle who, o'er his wine, had defied,
That, touching the chance of his twelve hour ride,
Had declared, "without one *if* or *but*," or aside—
"Such performance as this never yet had been done,
And certainly could, should, and would be by *none*."
No, he didn't make hunting for gaming the net,
To be wound up with cards, or to bring on a bet ;
He wasn't a varmint, 'cute, pattern-slang knave,
Whose virtue was linen as clean as his shave—
Who nicked in a run, as he nicked on "the main,"
To sell man or horse, if it were but his gain.
In short, to adopt Serjeant Goulbourn's expression,
The chase was "the pleasure, and not the profession"
Of my hero, whose taste ne'er to dealing decended,
Whose morning's delight with "the box" never ended,
Nor "the leg" with the glad tally-ho ever blended.
His passion too pure—and thanked be the gods !—
To class him with city clerks settling the odds—
Verbum sap, from his fellows a man you may ken,
His fellows were sportsmen, and not sporting men.

And here, as my muse is going to excess,
Your pardon I crave, while I slightly digress,
To keep her from the greater riot ;
Just as from the cover a fretful steed
Is rattled up the adjoining mead,
To tone his fire and get him quiet ;
Soh—now then, off we send the rusher
Up, what the lads would call a "brusher."

Come gent, thy tastes for one I'll brook,
Come bearded count, with thy loathsome look,
Come Yankee politeness, and grace my board,
Come grateful Irish and tend me abroad,
Come methodist parson with nasal whine,
Come Jew with thy rings and chains so fine—
Come snob, come tailor, come one, come all,
Every nod I'll honour, return each call,

If penance so heavy but save me can
From the sportsman's bane—the sporting man.

Let me jostle the crowd upon Ludgate's hill,
To see aldermen riding to "Eat-and-swill :"
In bodily fear more of might than right,
Let me witness a mill—*literatim*, a fight ;
Or, oppressed with shop-boys, heat and spleen,
In Adelphi's pit let me watch the scene :
Or, as usher, in vain endeavour to rule
The imps at a thriving "Commercial school ;"
Or swallow the speeches, meats, and creed,
Brought out at a grand political feed—
Come, what you will, anywhere and when,
But a sporting house full of sporting men.

To resume—friend Actæon, a plain country squire,
With a love for the rural that nothing could tire ;
With a nice little income, in money paid down,
Quite enough for a man not "a man about town ;"
Hung out in a cottage, snug, cosey, and neat,
In the market, no doubt, they would call it "a seat ;"
A cottage content to sport some such a label
As, "a good eight-room house, with a sixteen-stall stable."
Here he shot, hunted, fished, taking season for season,
But ne'er marking his game at a price beyond reason ;
Made his purse fit pleasures, his pleasures his purse,
Feared no bills overdue, need no property "nurse ;"
And in short managed all on that capital plan,
With his bankers "a safe," with the sex "a sweet man."
Aye ! despite dogs and horses, crowds of mothers and daughters
Looked at Tally-ho Lodge as "uncommon nice" quarters.
Hinted, joking *of course*, with an eye slightly slanting,
There was *one* piece of furniture sadly yet wanting—
And then Jane played the chorus, Emmy sang "Chanticleer,"
Or Fan larked her pony—"such a sweet little dear ;"
While old mother Gracch—something had always "just been to"
him,
To call, or invite, or—to stick Susan into him.

Alas ! that pride should have a fall ;
Alas ! that the envy of 'em all,
So proof to all their traps and crosses,
Should yield still more to dogs and horses ;
Or, as Glaucopis set the case,
"What a pity he's so much attached to the chase."

Kean's life has started many an actor,
Jack Sheppard's many a malefactor ;

Childe Harold Byron's fierce men-haters,
 Cook's voyagers fresh navigators ;
 The hunting tours " took " o'en with Schneiders,
 And writing of 'em made " crack riders ;"
 Old Isaac's lines have wetted many a line,
 And jocks been formed from " Genius' Genuine."
 Our instance, though, is yet more classica
 One—'tis the *Notitia Venatica*—
 A work that a vast deal of merit has,
 And proves the saw, "*in Vyner Veritas.*"
 Its point, however, is simply this,
 That to arrive at perfect bliss
 In the true pleasure of the chase,
 You mustn't take a second place ;
 But having somehow got the knack,
Keep hunt and *feed* yourself the pack,
 Showing an M. F. H. to be,
 'The happiest man that " you shall see :"
Actæon read it.—*

* * * * *

Of all the many arts and ways
 That lead a man to proper glory,
 How few so soon shall " reach the case,"
 Like that great knack—to tell a story ;
 The Attic salt, the fit expression.
 The rhythm neat—if told in song—
 And then that crowning nice discretion
 That makes the story not *too long*.
 Discretion ! dear sweet brown bread, saint !
 Thou guardian of our love and life ;
 Who keeps the maiden " fresh as paint"
 'Till fairly owned and known a wife ;
 Who hedges off the leg's grand " pot,"
 And makes his book to smell of mint ;
 Who marks the actor, stays the sot,
 And bows the poet into print—
 Discretion ! unknown, wondrous maid !
 Stretch forth a hand e'er yet too late,
 For one who now first asks your aid,
 And save him from his hero's fate ;

That Fate, the text that brims our cup,
 Is settled in " summing up."

* We have his copy, a very curious black letter one, of the original edition,
 which a great great ancestor of our own bought at the sale in a lot with some couples
 and blacking bottles.

With smallish means what great effrontery,
 Notes him who dares to hunt a country—
 Hounds, horses, servants, open house,
 Earth-stoppers, keepers—"safe" to chouse—
 Balls, banquets, Gunter, Julien down,
 With hosts of *artistes* straight from town;
 Donations, plates for hunters' stakes,
 With plenty more in "ducks and drakes;"
 Which will, of course, be paid off, one and all,
 By "the subscription"—*query*, nominal?

Actæon stood it just three years,
 And then—o'ercome with costs and cares,
 And duns and bums, and foxes few,
 "Short-answering," slaves with wages due,
 And "fields" that looked uncommon blue—
 At eve, when o'er a poor day's sport,
 And o'er as poor a glass of port
 (For out, alas! "the favourite sort"),
 Owned to himself the soft delusion,
 And having come to this conclusion,
 Laid down his horn with half a curse,
 Hung up his whip, pulled off his spurs,
 Then, like a cock, his feathers moulted,
 Packed up his saddle-bags and—*bolted*.

Farther than this the fable goes,
 And in its version boldly shows,
 How with a cry so full and grim,
 The hounds set to and hunted him.
 Ran him at length from scent to view,
 And "broke him up" with small to do;
 Yet, though the Muster's* case is clear,
 The other can't pass muster here,
 The eating up a man is common
 Enough, by horse, or hound, or woman;
 Or even in some situations,
 By his own friends and dear relations;
 But still the phrase the fact transgresses,
 When in such terms "a smash" expressed is—
 Enough to prove on what allegory
 The ancients pitched so strong a story.

Be as it may—quite eaten up,
 Or only out of house and home
 By friends who stop to dine and sup,
 Still to this point at last we come.

* The well known anecdote of Mr Muster and his hounds, as see *the Notitia*.

Do what you will—fight, drink, or play,
 Your fortune somehow to get through;
 Spend it the most immoral way,
 There always is a moral too.

When in the next new comedy
 The scampish character comes on,
 With swaggering air and manner free,
 That on the stage must pass for *ton*.

When the father gives his glad consent
 For Scamp to take Sophia in marriage,
 And tells to his friend the great event,
 And how the suitor keeps his carriage :
 Mark, then, that friend with wary eye,
 Give out this well-sworn, honoured whim—
 “ Sir David, hark, ’twixt you and I,
 The carriage ’tis that’s keeping him.”

So gentlemen all, with incomes but small,
 Who don’t want to fall, or go to the wall,
 But weather a squall, and keep up the ball ;
 Attend to my lay, and mind what I say,
 As to making your play for *more* than a day,
 And being able to pay your share and your way.
 If twice out a week with the pack within hail,
 And sport, in proportion supposed to be shown,
 Finds you still rather prone to grumble and rail,
 And, like Nelson, you want “ a gazette of your own ;”
 With subscriptions *collected*,
 And kennels erected,
 With a nerve to ride screws,
 “ On the fast and the loose,”
 And people that really come out for the fun ;
 With lodgings let cheap,
 Just to breakfast and sleep ;
 Then a heart for your sport,
 And on something this sort
 Of plan *the thing has been, and is to be done*.

And now, as the poet sighs adieu,
 Remember well his council true,
 And with Actæon’s fate in view,
 If you keep hounds let hounds keep you.

KNAPSACK WANDERINGS.*

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

Next morning (June 29th), on coming down stairs between seven and eight o'clock, I found breakfast prepared in the little brick-floor room: two or three wooden chairs, a round oak table, and an old picture or two which hung against the walls, completed its garniture. A white muslin blind stretched across the centre of the lattice window, and some of the real old scarlet geraniums, with their delightful perfume, were arranged on the little window-seat, reminding me of their giant brethren that so conspicuously adorn the Alamada at Gibraltar, and, together with the snowy napery on the table, gave my tiny white-washed apartment an air of cheerfulness, and even refinement, which must ever be doubly agreeable, when it presents itself thus unexpectedly:

A goodly tin coffee-pot, set on a plate,
With white sugar and cream, and such things as beseeem
The table at early day;
Toast, butter, and eggs, veal pie, and fried ham, and some kind of jam,
Completed the breakfast relay.

Having done ample justice to the good things before me, I prepared for a day's fishing in Hawes Water, rather better than three miles distant. The landlord of my present quarter (of whom, by the way, for the worth of a quart of ale, I purchased a coil of magnificent white horse hair, some of which I still possess) gave me to understand that the best fishing in Hawes Water, like most other lakes, could not be come at without a boat, which, however, I could not get, there being only one or two on the lake, and these, as ill luck would have it, were under repair. However, as my object was to enjoy a ramble round the lake, no less than the fishing, and having replenished my little brandy flask, and put a crust of bread and cheese in my fish bag, which, on such occasions, answered the purpose of a haversack, I started, with my walking stick and a couple of rods, fly tackle, and some worms; not that I am by any means an admirer of bottom fishing, or an advocate for the cruel and dirty work of baiting hooks with these poor little reptiles, when other baits are to be had; but I was determined to try what the fishing was made of. I crossed a tolerably-sized stream at the head of the lake, and walked round to the opposite shore, through the low wood with which the base of the mountain forming its southern boundary is covered. Here and there I came upon patches of swampy ground, which obliged me to retire a little from the edge of the water. During the walk, I saw several rams feeding amongst the high fern beneath the trees, whose horns were of a size that made me cast a glance on either side, in order to select the

* Continued from No. 19, of the *India Sporting Review*.

best retreat, in case of an attack. However, the formidable-looking old fellows did not seem disposed to molest me. Being come to a favourable-looking spot, I rigged my bottom tackle, plumbed the depth, and dropped my bait into about five feet water; planting my rod, by means of the spike at the butt, in such a manner, that in the event of a bite, the line would run freely off the reel. For a short time I watched the float (Doctor Johnson's definition of this style of angling being all the while present to my mind), and beguiled the time by preparing my favourite fly tackle, and, going a little distance off, whipped away for half an hour. There was scarcely a curl on the water, and I soon found that this day would not add a very heavy score to my game list; and so it turned out: a couple of brace of small trout and two perch were the sum total of my bag. When I returned to my bottom-rod, I found a perch on the hook, and having landed him, re-baited, and sat down to eat my bread and cheese and have a sup of brandy and water; for I always carried a leather drinking-cup in my pocket (out of which, by the way, I have had more than one refreshing draught of goat's milk, when shooting on the Spanish hills; the goatherds, for the value of a segar, readily milking the animals into my cup), and enjoy the scenery around me. Whilst thus engaged, bob went the float—bob, bob, bob, and away it went. By this time the rod was in my hand, and the line running off the reel pretty freely. When I thought the gentleman had gone far enough, I had a mind to feel him, and soon found there was a pretty good fish at the end of the line, which eventually proved to be a fine perch. Having got him on shore—which, by the way, was quickly done; for these fish bite eagerly and seldom give you the slip, if not too roughly handled; in which case, not being a leather-mouthed fish, like the tench, barbel and some others, he will sometimes break away—my fish landed, I again baited the hook, and sat down to finish my luncheon. But from this time bites I had none; so I soon packed up my traps, and continued my ramble along the margin of the lake, until I rounded its southern extremity, and once more found myself in the road from whence I fished as I travelled from the valley of the Red Cow, as I have named it, in consequence of the little inn where I halted on the day previous, bearing that sign. The afternoon turned out wet; and I was not sorry, about six o'clock, to find myself at the *thé à la fourchette*, in the little brick-floor room already described.

The next morning (Friday) broke bright and fair. After breakfast I put up my knapsack and called for my bill, which (inclusive of beer) amounted exactly to *eightpence* a meal, and *no charge for bed*. Really, I was at a loss how such a trifling remuneration could repay the good folks for the capital fare they had set before me. I pointed out to the landlady that she had omitted to put down the bed, to which she replied, "We never charges folks for a bed that takes their vittles." I told her that I had been exceedingly comfortable, and should certainly give her the same as I had paid at the other small places in the north—viz. sixpence a night, and for which I got as many thanks, I believe, as if I

had given her a five shilling piece; and both the honest people of the little public joined in "wishing me well, and hoping, that if ever I came that way again, I should stop here;" to which, you may be sure, I answered with hearty good will that I most certainly would do so. From Bampton I steered by my compass, on a beautiful morning, across the Fells (as they term hills in the North of England) to Rowley Bridge, and thence to Martindale, on Ullswater—nineteen miles—and came to an anchor at a small inn on the border of the lake. The place was called How Town, but from what cause I could not make out; for the inn in question, which was, I presume, of too much consequence to be termed a public-house, was about the only building within sight. I was informed that a number of persons visited this locality in the course of the summer, of which there could be little doubt by the scale of charges; and indeed, during the three days I was there, more than one party arrived. At this house there is a visitor's scrap-book, or album, or verse book, or whatever else the curious may please to term it, which proved beyond a doubt, that if *wild geese* were not to be met with on the banks of Ullswater during the summer, they were assuredly the resort of a great many *tame ones*. Ullswater is a fine lake; the surrounding mountains are very beautiful, and at the south-western extremity the scenery is grand and imposing. I did not wet a line in this noble piece of water, though I have understood there is very good fishing, and the much-esteemed char is said to abound in Ullswater; but spent my time in climbing the adjacent mountains, and wandering amongst the wild and majestic scenery. I passed a Sunday at this place, and went to Martindale chapel; where there was a service in the morning only. In the evening, I was overtaken, during a ramble, by a severe thunder-storm, which lasted for about an hour. The effect of the thunder, pealing and reverberating amongst the gigantic rocks, was superb. I committed rather a blunder this day, in leaving my Macintosh at home; for I returned drenched to the skin; and having only the coat on my back, was obliged to walk about all the next day in my Macintosh, while the grey shooting-jacket was drying.

During my sojourn in Martindale, I had occasion to walk over to Penrith one morning, to get a pair of shoes (which I did, and capital strong ones, too, for eight shillings), and have my half-pay declaration attested, which in those days could only be done by a magistrate—an absurd regulation, and often fraught with much inconvenience to half-pay officers; but, since the time of which I speak, the thing has been reformed, and the signature of any resident clergyman is sufficient. On my first application at the magistrate's door, I learned that "his worship was not at home," and would not probably return for an hour; so I spent the intermediate time in getting my shoes, and laying in a fresh supply of worsted socks; for, by this time, four pair I started with were considerably the worse for wear. Upon a second enquiry, I found Mr — at home, but engaged at that moment. The flunky who communicated this piece of information told me, with a toss of his head, to 'go round to the back door, through the yard,' pointing at the same time to an open gate. The fellow's manner amused

me, and, as desired, I *did* "go round to the back door, through the yard;" and sitting down on some stone steps, that led to a granary, or some such place, pulled out my watch, to see how long I was to await his worship's pleasure: At the expiration of exactly twenty minutes, my friend the stunky desired me to "walk this way." When I made my business known, Mr — looked a little awkward, perceiving the blunder his serving man had committed, and apologized accordingly; begged I would take a glass of wine—some fruit, of which there stood several dishes in the study (a dinner party going on, evidently, to which I really began to think, in his perplexity, he would invite me). I thanked him, but declined the proffered civility; begging him at the same time not to give the matter of waiting in the back yard another thought. The finest fun of all, was to witness the confusion of my friend in the tights and white stockings, when his master rang the bell and desired him to "open the door;" at the same time bustling before him, to perform the office himself for the man in a faded old shooting-jacket and leather gaiters, which had well nigh done their duty, and a hat to match. Oh! it was a rare treat. You could read in the fellow's face—"Who the deuce is this, then? I shall catch it." I could not help lingering a little to enjoy the scene; the master and myself bowing and scraping to each other like a couple of Frenchmen; and his man, a little in the rear, twisting his thumbs and colouring to the roots of his well-greased hair, which, no doubt on the strength of the dinner party, had had an additional polish. The recollection of this scene has given me many a laugh.

In the evening I returned to Martindale; and the following morning, July 3rd, after breakfast, took a boat and crossed to the opposite side of Ullswater; and so entirely was my attention engrossed by the grand and beautiful scenery of the south-west end of the lake, that had not my boatman been an honest fellow, I should probably have lost both my rods, which I left in the boat, and possibly might have walked a mile or two before discovering my error; but I had not gone a hundred yards from the landing, when I heard some one hail, and on looking round discovered my friend the sculler (who had pushed off immediately I stepped out of the boat) waving his hand and pulling again towards the northern shore. I was much pleased with the fellow's honesty, and gave him a substantial proof to that effect.

On quitting the lake, I took the road to Keswick, and the very beautiful lake of Derwentwater. This day's walk was rather a hard one; but the fine mountain scenery through which the road led was very enjoyable. As the traveller approaches Keswick, the mountains of Skiddaw and Saddleback form an imposing boundary to the northern horizon. At the end of seventeen miles, I entered the old town about 6 P. M.; and after securing comfortable quarters and a good repast, strolled down to the lake, which is exquisitely beautiful, dotted with little islands covered with luxuriant foliage, one of which was formerly a floating island; but during a storm, some few years ago, it drifted so determinately on shore, that it has ever since been moored on

the same spot; whether or not it intends to weigh anchor, and resume its wandering propensities, remains to be seen. The weather, during the two days I staid at Keswick, was delightfully fine, which I enjoyed, perhaps, the more from having, through the whole of my tour, been unfortunate in this respect, and, in consequence, lost much good fishing; being obliged to leave some excellent trout streams behind me, without even wetting a line, by reason of the unfavourable state of the water. I observed more boating going forward on Derwentwater than either of the other lakes I had visited, at which I was not at all surprised; for anything more inviting than to get into a boat and skim over its glassy surface, and explore the many picturesque little islands of this most lovely lake (which is about three miles in length by one and-a-half in breadth), cannot well be imagined. I rowed for some hours, one beautiful evening, enjoying not only the exquisite scenery of this unique lake, but the swelling notes of a very respectable brass band, numbering several musicians of no mean acquirements: whose long green boat, with gilt mouldings, was noiselessly circling amid the various islands, and along the beautifully wooded shores of this queen of English lakes. The effect of brass instruments on the water is at all times delightful; but when enjoyed on the bosom of Derwentwater, on such an evening as the one in question, when the liquid tones of the charming French horn sweep over the silvery surface of the peaceful waters, now swelling, and again scarcely breathing their long tremulous dulcet notes into the wrapt ear, are so delicious, that the very pulsations of the heart, at such moments, are all too loud.

On the following day, during a walk round the lake, I was overtaken by a gentleman, mounted on a small pony; with a long telescope under his arm and a tourist's guide book in his bridle hand. It required no prophet to determine that the equestrian belonged to a certain class usually denominated "sight seers." Just before he came up to me, he drew his rein; and as the pace I was walking assimilated with the jog-jog of his nag, after a few moments the happy possessor of the great mahogany telescope introduced himself, by informing me that "it was a very fine day, and he was riding round the lake, and he thought I was a tourist." The day was hot, and doubtless my new acquaintance found it so; for he presently pulled up at a public-house, and called for "a glass of your best beer." But two or three minutes brought him alongside me again, and eventually we made the tour of Keswick lake (in the immediate neighbourhood of which is found the finest black lead in the world) in company. In the course of conversation, my companion informed me that it was his intention to ascend Skiddaw during the night, in order to witness a sunrise from its summit. I asked if he had secured a guide. "I have this book, which tells all about it, and I'm going alone." I told him it was also my intention to see the sun rise from the top of Skiddaw, if I could manage it; but thought it would be well to take a guide—a precautionary measure which my fellow traveller treated with vast contempt, at the same time bringing the flat of the *Tourist's Guide* smartly in contact with the flank of

the bay pony he betrote. I apprehend the animal was a sight-seeing nag, for he did not condescend to take much notice of his rider's eloquence. Before we had completed the circuit of the lake, it was arranged, that at 11 p. m., wind and weather permitting, we were together, and unattended, to commence the ascent of the highest and most remarkable mountain in England. Skiddaw is above one thousand yards perpendicular height from the surface of Derwentwater. We halted for a while during our morning's walk, in order to study the guide book, whose directions for the ascent seemed tolerably plain; but it is one thing to read, at mid-day, "that at such a place the traveller is to quit the high road and enter a particular gate, and then follow along such a wall, and at this point keep to the left, and at that turn short to the right, &c., &c.," and, on a tolerably dark night, to execute all these movements. On re-entering the town of Keswick we parted, the bay pony and his rider to their hotel, and I to my more humble quarters. I must confess, I had my misgivings regarding the pluck of my intended *compagnon du voyage*, up the noted Skiddaw; but the weather appeared fine and settled, and I am rather fond of a little bit of adventure. I had reconnoitered the mountain from the borders of the lake, and did not forget to apply to my friend the compass; therefore, did not very much care whether we took a guide or not. After laying in a substantial supper, I strolled towards the lake for half an hour; and having duly deposited my little brandy-flask, leather drinking-cup, and a few biscuits in my pocket, wound up my watch, and taken another look at the compass, I strapped up my Macintosh, wished my landlady good night, and with stick in hand, at a few minutes before 11 p. m., called for my acquaintance of the morning, whom I found sitting with his friend over the wine. I thought I could perceive a slight change in his manner, even in the cheering presence of a couple of lighted candles. His friend and the people of the inn had used various arguments to deter him from an attempt which one and all declared to be fraught with innumerable dangers and difficulties, and related all sorts of terrible stories and (as a matter of course) lies to boot. These 'good folks, like all other in sight-seeing neighbourhoods, would fain persuade travellers that it is dangerous to walk a mile without a guide. The ominous hour of eleven struck; my friend stretched his legs still further under the table, rigged about for an instant or two in his arm chair, as if bitten by a nameless little animal, and hitched a button or two of his coat; the parting knell seeming to have slightly chilled him. This little affair settled, he quitted his chair (which, by the way, seemed in an unwarrantable manner to attach itself to his person) with the air of a man who has been contemplating the tooth-ache, and at last decides "it must come out, and so here goes," and slowly *disencumbered* himself of the very thing he should (in my humble opinion) have retained—viz., his watch, his purse, and other valuables, and in return vastly *incumbered* himself by incasing his person in a tight Macintosh coat and shawl round his neck; and for ballast pocketed a soda-water bottle nearly full of brandy, and some two dozen biscuits. When ready for the start, he

looked far more like an outside coach passenger, accoutred for a winter's journey, than a man about to ascend a mountain on a fine night in July. I ventured to suggest that he might even find his Macintosh of more service on his arrival at the top of Skiddaw than during the ascent: but the gentleman seemed of a different opinion. The night was very fine, and we had walked leisurely about a mile, when my friend began to unbutton his top coat; and if my recollection serves me, he even withdrew the shawl from round his neck, rolling it up and fairly putting it into his pocket; and before we had well commenced the ascent, off went the Macintosh. I could not help thinking it must have been vastly agreeable to carry a soda-water bottle of brandy, and half the contents of a baker's shop, under his arm, up the side of Skiddaw. My companion talked of mists, precipices, and *guides*, by turns; and I had not then to learn, that he was just now less at ease than during his ride round Derwentwater in the morning, with a two-foot telescope under his arm and the *Tourist's Guide* in his hand. But, to proceed. We had not gone very far, when a fence presented itself; on reaching the other side of which, we found ourselves amongst long grass or barley, or something of the kind. Halt was the word; and after holding a short council of war, or rather of route, we brought up our left shoulder, and by extraordinary good luck, after crossing another wall, struck again into the path, which we judged to be the right one, by the wall on the right hand, which the guide book had specially mentioned. Presently we got into a small plantation, and there being no moon, it was, of course, rather dark; but we were in the right track. Down sat my friend, declaring he must have a drop of brandy, and consider the propriety of going on. Bad luck to the soda-water bottle, thought I. However, I lost no time in assuring him, that arrive at what conclusion he might, I certainly had no other intention than to proceed. In about ten minutes he was ready to move on; and by half-past 2 A. M., and after more than one application to the soda-water bottle, we found ourselves well up on the shoulder of the mountain, when I, in my turn, voted for a biscuit and a little brandy and water. The water was soon found, but it needed something to qualify it; for it was nasty muddy tasted stuff, standing in little pools here and there, in the swampy ground. By this time the morning began to loom, and we pursued our way, as we then thought, to the summit; and when we arrived there it was cutting cold. My companion protested he was so tired that he must sit down. I tried all in my power to dissuade him from so dangerous an experiment, but in vain; and down he sat, and in half a minute was fast asleep. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," thought I: "if I let the fellow snooze on, he will likely enough, never wake again." I accordingly shook him by the shoulder and tried to rouse him up, but it was useless; and I began to think, as I paced quickly up and down, with my Macintosh wrapped closely round me, what an ass I had been to get myself into such a precious fix; and most charitably wished that the bay pony had broken my companion's neck, before I had seen the shade of his countenance. A nice specimen of a mountain climber in the dark, and

“without a guide”: what pretty things tourist guide books are! I pictured the sleeper as far more in his element with an piece of nicely tapered mahogany in his hand, about *three feet long*, and dotted at intervals with little brass tacks. Well, what was to be done? It became colder and colder as the morning advanced, and I resolved I *would* wake him up; and so I did after an infinity of trouble, and I verily believe some little abuse into the bargain; however, he was a good-natured fellow, and took all as it was meant. I have heard of a man, under similar circumstances, giving his friend a thorough good basting, to evidence the love he bore him. When I got him once more fairly on his shivering legs, I proposed to build up a cairn of the large flat stones, with which the top of Skiddaw is covered in some places; and in a very short time we had raised a conical pile, about five-feet high, at which my companion worked manfully; and into this cairn I proposed to put our cards, which was accordingly done. I confess I felt a little curious to have a look at one of the said pasteboards, not having even learned the name of the gentleman who carried the soda-water bottle, neither had I the curiosity afterwards to enquire. Whilst engaged as just described, the morning, which had hitherto been clear, suddenly changed, and a dense mist came driving along from the south-east at a fearful rate. “Good-bye to a sunrise from the top of Skiddaw this morning,” said I to myself; “and if this weather continues, we may pass more hours up here than are likely to be agreeable. At twenty minutes before four o’clock, the mist cleared sufficiently to enable us to discover that we were not yet on the highest point of the mountain, which appeared about the third of a mile to the north-west of our present position. Just at this time the dense vapour lifted considerably, and favoured us. I threw off my Macintosh, and away we both started for the summit, at as brisk a pace as the ascent in our front would admit of. But mountain climbing is deceptive work; and when we arrived at what a few minutes before we had supposed to be the highest elevation, another, and yet another rising ground presented itself. It was now a race against time—past four o’clock; and every now and then the driving mist would gather close around, leaving us in doubt whether or not we were going in a right direction. Presently, however, we descried the flag-staff, set up by a surveying party some time previous; and arrived at this point, our object, so far as regarded being on the highest point of the mountain, was accomplished, and in sufficient time to have witnessed the glorious sun emerge from the eastern horizon, had not the rolling mist shut out all hope of that truly magnificent sight; and it was not until after waiting nearly an hour, alternately pacing up and down, and taking shelter from the keen blast (rendered doubly sharp by the fog and dampness of the atmosphere) beneath a little stone-covered place, resembling a pigsty, at the foot of the flag-staff (which, I conclude, had been erected as a temporary shelter for the surveying party before mentioned), that we first descried the sun through the woolly vapour; but it had then attained an altitude at which the glorious splendour of the sunrise is past, even if the mist had entirely cleared off, which was, however, far from being the case. But before we left the top of the

mountain, which we did soon after six o'clock, it had receded from the summits of the numerous mountains discernable from our elevated position, and hung in dense masses in the valleys beneath : and still we lingered, until the more powerful and resplendent rays of the sun dispersed these envious vapours, and opened to us a prospect on all sides sublimely grand ; mountains and lakes (of which latter I think above twenty may be counted from the top of Skiddaw) stretch away as far as the eye can reach ; and, to the north, the chaos of mountains which present themselves have a desolation and wildness of aspect almost fearful to behold. During the descent, which is particularly easy throughout its whole length (as may be supposed, when ladies ride on horseback up and down Skiddaw), we encountered several of the large flat stones which we had set up in our ascent as a precautionary measure, in case of the mists "being out," as it is termed, on our return, when these landmarks would have proved most friendly in guiding our downward path. During our descent, we met a party of three ladies on ponies, and a couple of guides, going up the mountain. The morning, was now (seven o'clock) clear and bright, giving promise of a splendid day, and between eight and nine we entered Keswick ; and although, of course, a good deal disappointed at the result of the expedition, it by no means blunted the edge of an appetite, such as mountain air alone can give ; and by ten o'clock I was contemplating the remains of a good breakfast, and preparing for another ramble, having dropped my friend at his hotel as we passed, and who doubtless congratulated himself not a little at the near prospect of again possessing himself of his watch and chain.

Friday, July 6th.—Hot day : started from Keswick, about 6 A. M., for Penrith—seventeen miles : halted to breakfast on the road, and had some of the saltiest mutton I ever ate in my life. About seven o'clock in the evening, I got on the top of the London mail, at Penrith. The night was squally, with heavy thunderstorms ; and altogether the journey (a tedious one of six and-thirty hours) proved, for the time of year, exceedingly cold and wet ; but thanks to my well-tried Macintosh, I arrived at the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch-street, on Sunday morning, the 8th, little before six o'clock, none the worse for weather, having walked a distance of about 672 miles, above 300 of which I carried my knapsack ; and travelled, in the whole, about 1,182 miles by land and sea, since quitting London in April. On my return to the modern Babylon, I again brought up at my old quarters in Maddox-street. When I quitted them three months before, it had been my intention to have crossed the border—being provided with letters that would have insured me salmon-fishing and grouse-shooting throughout the Highlands—and visited some friends in the fine, but sombre, city of Glasgow, where I once was quartered for a fortnight ; but whilst at Keswick I changed my mind ; and instead of catching salmon and shooting grouse in "the land o'cakes," I found myself, towards the end of September, in Paris, having taken a look at our friends the Dutch and Belgians, *en route*.

Sporting Review, for July.

SEDENTARY AMUSEMENTS.—MUSIC, MINSTRELS.

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare.

Why should we record the various and profound theories which have been formed upon the origin and first invention of music? Surely it is more philosophical and true, more in accordance with the dictates of religion, and the grateful promptings of reason, to acknowledge it at once as the immediate, the earliest, and the most precious boon of heaven. Nature herself has implanted in the heart of man a love of song, and of melodious combinations, by which he may give vent to, and create an echo for, his own joy in his happier moments, dissipate his sorrows when under affliction, and cheer his labour at all times. By this innocent artifice the peasant and the mechanic lighten their daily drudgery; and the boatman, as he times the motion of his oars to some familiar tune, seems to convert his toil into a pleasure. It has even, by a sad perversion of its peaceful tendencies, emboldened man to confront all the perils of war; and Quintilian expressly affirms that the high reputation of the Roman soldiery was partly attributable to the effect produced by the martial sound of the horns and trumpets. Music is the purest, the sweetest, the most enduring of all our gratifications. If the best things abused become the worst, there are few of our blessings which may not be said to contain within them the seed of a curse; but from this liability to perversion, from this principle of self-corruption, the fascinating art of which we are now treating, is in a great measure exempt. "When music, heavenly maid, was young," we are indeed told that she possessed an infuriating and even a maddening power; but we are not to yield implicit credence to the reveries of poets and fabulists. No; music is naturally an allayer, not an exciter of the angry passions; she seeks to ally herself with religion and virtue, rather than with their opposites; she is our guide, our solace, our preserver from evil temptations; and he who feels not the complacent influence of this guardian spirit, should beware lest he justify the sinister averment of our motto.

To the divine gift of speech, source of so many inappreciable pleasures and advantages, music adds a universal language which all may understand, by which all may be equally charmed, and which is infinitely more lively, more animated, and better adapted than any other to excite the emotions of the heart. There is not, it must be confessed, a more noble instrument than the human voice, which, possessing exclusively the power of uttering articulate and intelligible sounds,

can make thought melodious, can infuse the whole soul into its mellifluous intonations, and at once ravish the ear, subdue the heart, and exercise the intellect. But when the soul is penetrated and absorbed by some exciting object, ordinary speech is inadequate to the full expression of its transports. Yielding to the vehemence of its impressions, it effuses itself in cries, exclamatory apostrophes, and every variety of impassioned cadence; and not content with this vocal outpouring of its feelings, it seeks the aid of music, which calms its agitation by imparting to sounds a variety, extent, continuity, and soothing sweetness, which the voice can never attain. Such being the effects of this divine science, for such almost may music be termed, we can little wonder that in the earlier ages it was almost exclusively appropriated to the usages of religion, whose chief province it is to transport and elevate the soul by sentiments of joy, love, and gratitude to heaven. In these devout ecstasies, music, supplying what the human organs are incompetent to convey, enables the heart to give vent to the deep emotions of admiration and rapture; makes it feel its own happiness; enlarges its holy joy, by the expansiveness of correspondent sounds, and seems to furnish it with melodious wings that it may waft itself upwards to the great object of its adoration. Such were the purposes to which it was applied by David, whose psalms, chanted to the accompaniment of voices and instruments, were intended to make known the miracles of the Deity, and to give a more fervent, grand and sonorous expression to the praises, the gratitude, and the homage of man.

In the infancy of the art, music, when not exclusively appropriated to religion, seems to have been restricted, even among the pagan nations, to the highest and most important objects, to which it addressed itself by a character of gravity and simplicity. Ancient authors tell us that all the laws and exhortations to virtue, the lives and achievements of gods, heroes, and illustrious men, were written in verse, and sung publicly by a choir to the sound of instruments; a practice which we know to have also prevailed in the earliest times among the Israelites. More efficacious means for impressing the mind of the hearer with the love of religion and virtue could hardly be devised, than when the sublime sentiments of both, clothed in all the dulcet accessories that could captivate the sense and touch the soul, as well as hallowed by the sanctifying influences of the temple wherein they were promulgated, were poured at once upon the ear and upon the heart of the auditor. Such were the important effects formerly attributed to this art, both upon morals and politics, that Plato and Aristotle, who disagree in almost every other maxim, accord in their approbation of music as a powerful instrument in softening the roughness and ferocity of uncivilized man, and of forming the public character of nations. To this high praise, however, it can only have been entitled in its primitive state, when, by drawing the attention of a rude people to the poetry of which it formed the accompaniment, and by assisting to fix in their memories the religious doctrines, the legislative edicts, or the moral maxims thus publicly chanted, it as-

sumed a reasoning and didactic rather than a sensual character, and became a powerful assistant to the divine and the legislator, who in those ages were generally musicians also. In the infancy of the world, when few or none could read, it was necessary to set religion and virtue to music, in order that they might the more readily be learnt by heart; just as, in our modern infant-schools, we instil the rudiments of education by adapting them to some simple and familiar tune. However inartificial it might be in its construction, we have every reason to conclude that there was infinite grandeur and majesty in the music of the ancients, and more especially of the Hebrews, whose vocal and instrumental choir, composed of hereditary performers, had not only the benefit of incessant tuition, but could scarcely fail to catch some portion of the sublimity and inspiration contained in the canticles on which this art was exercised.

This was the golden age of music, this was its high and palmy state, this the period at which it assumed its noblest and most exalted character. Like man himself, it derived all its dignity from its subordination to a loftier and more spiritual power; and, like the ambitious angels, it fell when it became discontented with the heaven that it enjoyed. From the moment when, divorcing itself from poetry, it sought to be a principal instead of an accessory, to attach more importance to a sound than to a thought, to supersede sentiment by skill, to become in short man's playfellow rather than his assistant teacher, a sensual instead of an intellectual gratification, its corruption, or at least its application to less ennobling purposes, had already commenced. We have said that the science was hardly capable of any very gross perversion; but it was now rather associated with the earth than with heaven, more employed to reconcile man to this world, than to prepare him for another; it was rendered subservient to the passions; presented a new and a fascinating pleasure, which, however blameless when indulged with moderation, was not altogether unsusceptible of abuse, since it might tend, by its great power over the mind, to subject it to the senses, to fix the soul as it were in the ears, disinclining them to listen to the voice of wisdom and truth, in their overweening fondness for a combination of sweet but idealess and unimproving sounds. As the art of music, strictly so called, was more assiduously cultivated, as it became more and more perplexed with complicated intricacies, only understood by a few, and less and less an exponent of the simple feelings and sentiments that are intelligible to all, it may be said to have lost in general utility and value what it gained in science, and to have been gradually dissolving that union between sound and sense which imparted to it its chief interest and influence.

Plutarch complains that in his time the masculine, noble, and divine music of the ancients, characterized by such a majestic gravity, was superseded by a theatrical style, calculated to inspire only effeminacy and voluptuousness; a subject on which he thus expresses himself, in the ninth book of his *Symposiaca*: "The degenerate music which now prevails, degrading all the arts connected with it, and more especially that of dancing, has divorced itself from the ancient

style, which was altogether divine, and, becoming associated with trivial and vulgar poetry, has obtained possession of our theatres, where it excites such an extravagant admiration that it is enabled to exercise a complete tyranny over the stage. But at the same time it has lost the approbation of all those who, by their wisdom and their virtue, ought to be considered the best judges of what is decorous and proper." The reader can scarcely fail to apply these remarks to modern times, and our own country. Perhaps the most signal instance of the disassociation lamented by Plutarch, is afforded by our English Italian operas, where a great portion of the auditors, being ignorant of the language, cannot appreciate the consonance, if any such exist, between the sentiments and the music; when, consequently, the words falling like inarticulate sounds upon the ear, cannot penetrate any further; and the pleasure derived from the scientific combinations of the composer, the mellifluous cadences of the singer, or the manual dexterity of the musicians, calls into exercise neither the feelings of the heart, nor the faculties of the head, and cannot lay claim, therefore, to any higher distinction than that of a strictly sensual, though doubtless a refined and elegant, gratification.

To a certain extent, music has only followed the corruption of its associate, poetry, the sister muses having shared the same destiny. Confined at first to a strict and perfect imitation of Nature, they had no other object than to instruct by delighting, and to excite emotions of piety to heaven and benevolence towards man. For this purpose they employed the most appropriate expressions, rhythm, and melody. Music, always simple and marked by a grave and noble decency respected the limits which had been prescribed by the great masters, and more especially by the philosophers and legislators, who were generally at the same time poets and musicians. But the theatrical spectacles, together with the worship of Bacchus and other disorderly deities, ultimately depraved these wise regulations. By giving birth to the dithyrambic poetry, which was equally licentious in the expression, the rhythm, and the sentiments, they called into existence a music of the same lawless character, and thus inflicted an irreparable injury on both.*

Converted into an elaborate science, or applied to trifling and unworthy objects, modern music seldom reaches further than the external senses, though it has been doubted whether the pleasure it imparts can at any time be strictly termed mechanical. "It may indeed happen, from the number of the performers, and the complication of the harmony, that meaning and sentiment may be lost in the multiplicity of sounds; but this, though it may be harmony, loses the name of music, which, when it is not in some degree characterized by an expression of the passions, deserves no better name than that of a musical jargon. It must be attributed to our neglect of this alone, while our whole attention is bestowed on harmony and execution, that the best performances of our artists and composers are heard

* Dictionnaire des Auteurs Classiques, art. *Musique*.

with listless indifference and oscitation, nor ever can conciliate any admirers, but such as are induced, by pedantry and affection, to pretend what they do not feel. Still may the curse of indifference and inattention pursue and harrow up the souls of every composer or performer, who pretends to regale our ears with this musical legerdemain, till the grin of scorn, or the hiss or infamy, teach them to correct this depravity of taste, and entertain us with the voice of nature!"*

We shall not extend these preliminary observations upon the general nature of music, but proceed to give a brief sketch of its history in this country. If we may judge by the respect and reverence shown to their bards, we may conclude that the ancient Britons were passionate admirers of vocal and instrumental music. "Sometimes," says Bertholinus, "when two armies were standing in order of battle, with their swords drawn and their lances extended, upon the point of engaging in a most furious conflict, the poets have stepped in between them, and by their soft and fascinating songs calmed the fury of the warriors, and prevented the bloodshed." The Scalds were the poets and musicians of all the northern nations, and upon the establishment of the Saxons in Britain, the courts of the kings and the residences of the nobility afforded a constant asylum to these early minstrels. "In the Anglo-Saxon language they were distinguished by two appellations, the one equivalent to the modern term of gleemen or merry-makers, and the other harpers, from the instrument they usually played upon. The gleemen added mimicry and other means of promoting mirth to their profession, as well as dancing and tumbling with sleights of hand, and variety of deceptions, to amuse the spectators."†

As early as the seventh century it was customary at convivial meetings to hand a harp from one person to another, and every one who partook of the festivity played upon it in his turn, singing a song to the music for merriment's sake.‡ It is probable, however, that cultivated music was but little known until after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, when professional missionaries were sent from Rome to instruct the converts in the art of singing, and particularly to teach the choirs the manner of performing the festival service throughout the year, according to the practice of Rome. Under the superintendence of these precentors, schools were established in various places, for the instruction of choristers, which accounts for that similarity and almost identity of melody observable in the sacred music of all the countries of Europe, up to the time of the Reformation. These masters did not always encounter very docile pupils. John Diaconus, in his life of St. Gregory, tells us that the ancient Germans and French, in attempting to sing the Gregorian chant, "were wholly unable to express its sweetness, injuring it by barbarous changes, suggested either by their natural ferocity, or inconstancy of disposition.

* Encyclop. Britan., art. *Music*.

† Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 156.

‡ Bede's *Eccles. Hist.*, lib. iv. cap. 24, as quoted by Strutt.

Their figures were gigantic, and when they sang, it was rather thunder than musical tones. Their rude throats, instead of the inflections of pleasing melody, formed such rough sounds as resembled the noise of a cart jolting down a pair of stairs.* It is to be hoped that the seminary for ecclesiastical music which was subsequently established at Canterbury, and furnished instructions to the rest of the island, found more apt and pliant scholars. At all events they widely diffused the Roman music and singing, which were as much in favour with the English, during the middle ages, when there neither operas nor artificial voices to captivate our ancestors, as they are at the present day.

Alfred, whose name is always presented to us when recurring to the prevalent accomplishments of the age in which he lived, added to his other qualities that of being an excellent musician. His being enabled to impose upon the Danes, when he entered their camp as a disguised harper, is no mean proof of his ability; while his desire to encourage the art he practised, is proved by his having founded a professorship at Oxford for its cultivation.

The celebrated mistrel Taillefer, who came into England with William the Norman, was a warrior as well as a musician. He was present at the battle of Hastings, and appeared at the head of the conqueror's army, singing the songs of Charlemagne and Roland; but previously to the commencement of the action, he advanced on horseback towards the army of the English, and, casting his spear three times into the air, caught it as often by the iron head; he then drew his sword, which he also tossed into the air as often as he had done his spear, and caught it with such dexterity, that those who saw him attributed his manœuvres to the power of enchantment. After he had performed these feats, he galloped among the English soldiers, thereby giving the Normans the signal of battle; and in the action, it appears he lost his life.†

Soon after conquest, those musicians were generally called minstrels, a term well known in Normandy some time before, where their art, consisting of several branches, was divided among different professors, distinguished by various denominations. It was at the period of the first crusade, in the eleventh century, when Europe was beginning to emerge from the darkness and barbarism by which it had so long been overwhelmed, that the poets and songsters known by the name of Troubadours‡ first appeared in Provence, instituting a new profession, which obtained the patronage of the Count of Poitou, and many other princes and barons, who had themselves cultivated poetry and music: war love, and gallantry being their principal themes, they were naturally the delight of the brave and the favourites of the fair, because they sang the achievements of the one, and the beauties of the other; while their compositions, being rapidly improved under the joint influence of the one, and emolument, they

* Burgh's Anecdotes of Music, vol. i. p. 155.

† Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 159.

‡ Sometimes called *Trouvères* or *Inventors*.

introduced and established at different courts the Provençal language, and became the founders of French song. It has been advanced that the troubadours not only effected a revolution in literature, but in the human mind, and that, as almost every species of Italian poetry is derived from them, so *air*, the most captivating part of secular vocal melody, seems to have had the same origin : at least the most ancient strains that have been spared by time, are such as were set to the songs of the troubadours.* They multiplied rapidly and this swarm of poet-musicians, formerly comprehended in France under the general title of *Jongleurs*, travelled from province to province, singing their verses at the courts of princes and being rewarded with clothes, horses, arms, and money.

Jongleurs or musicians were often employed to sing the compositions of the troubadours, who themselves happened to be deficient in voice, or ignorant of music. The term *troubadour*, therefore, implies poetry as well as music. The jongleurs, menestriers, strollers, or minstrels, were frequently musicians without any pretensions to poetry. Many of the works of these old French poets are yet preserved. Fauchet has given a list of no less than 127, mostly song-writers, who flourished before the year 1300. During the reigns of our Norman kings, the minstrels were scarcely less numerous in England than in France. Many of our old monkish historians complain of the shoals of them which a coronation or royal festival allured to the court. The earls also, and great barons, who in their castles emulated the pomp and state of royalty, did not consider their household establishment complete without poets and minstrels, itinerant bands of whom were gladly entertained in the rich monasteries.

During the middle ages such large sums were sometimes lavished for the maintenance of minstrels, that the public treasures were often drained. Matilda, queen to Henry I., after thus wasting the greater part of her revenue, is said to have oppressed her tenants in order to procure more. Viewing with a jealous eye every act of munificence that did not benefit themselves, and their monasteries, the monks failed not to inveigh loudly against this extravagance, and to stigmatize the minstrels, in no very measured terms, as janglers, mimics, buffoons, monsters of men, and contemptible scoffers ; while they censured the nobility for encouraging such sordid flatterers, and the populace for frequenting performances which diverted them from more serious pursuits, and only served to corrupt their morals. For these reproaches there seems to have been sufficient ground in the profligacy and insolence of the parties thus inculcated, which contributed more to their final downfall than all the interested declamation of their opponents. If encouragement produces excellence, these performers ought not to have been deficient in skill. Froissart, recording an entertainment given by the princely Goston, Earl of Foix, says that he bestowed on the heralds and minstrels the sum of five hundred francs ; and to the Duke of Tourayn's minstrels gowns of cloth of gold, sur-

* Burney, ii. 233.

red with ermine, valued at two hundred francs each. In our own country the professors of minstrelsy had the opportunity of amassing much wealth. From Domesday-book it appears that Berdic, the king's jocolator, had lands in Gloucestershire; Royer, Henry I.'s minstrel founded the hospital and priory of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield; and brethren of the same order contributed towards building the church of St. Mary, at Beverley, in Yorkshire, as an inscription on one of the pillars still attests. It must be confessed, however, that their general habits did not dispose them to save money, and still less to appropriate it to pious uses.

In 1315, during the reign of Edward II., such extensive privileges were claimed by the minstrels, and so many dissolute persons assumed that character, that it became necessary to restrain them by express laws, which, however, made an exception in favour of professional performers, and minstrels of honour; meaning, probably, those retained by the king and the nobility. The same abuses and extortion being complained of in little more than a century afterwards, Edward IV. granted to Walter Haliday, marshal, and to seven others of his own minstrels, a charter, by which he restored the guild, or fraternity of the minstrels, empowering them to admit others, and to govern and punish, when necessary, all such as exercised the profession throughout the kingdom.

This institution neither corrected the abuses, nor retrieved the reputation of the fraternity, which now suffered a gradual decline. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth their credit was sunk so low in public estimation, that in an act against vagrants, they were included among the rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and subjected to the like punishments—an edict which seems to have given the death-blow to this once highly honoured profession. Public and private bands of musicians, however, were for a considerable time after this period still called minstrels, without any disparagement; but the term seems to have been limited to instrumental performers, and such as were placed upon a regular establishment. The musicians of the City of London, for instance, were called indifferently waits and minstrels.*

In Ireland the bards and minstrels had at one time "increased so much, and grown so insolent and formidable, that it was in a solemn convention of the states resolved to banish them into—SCOTLAND! This sentence struck such a terror into our unruly musicians, as quickly brought them to their senses: they implored pardon; and, upon a promise of amendment, were suffered to disperse themselves up and down the country."† The poet Spenser describes them, in his time, as a most abandoned, corrupt, and desperate set of men; the abettors of robbery, violence, and every other crime. From these reproaches we must absolve the more modern bard, blind Carolan, the last Irish minstrel, whose convivial planxties, composed, it is said, under the immediate inspiration of whiskey, will long preserve his popularity

* Stow's Survey, p. 81; Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, p. 169.

† Historical Essay on National Song, p. 37.

among the lovers of the bottle; while his plaintive compositions will ever find admirers in those who have a soul for simple and touching melody. Carolan is no more; and of the minstrels who once formed the delight of the prince and the peasant, of the kingly hall and the lady's bower, we have now, also! no better representatives than the blind fiddlers wandering about the country, and the ballad-singers, who occasionally accompany their ditties with instrumental music.

After the invention of printing—an art which has tended to disseminate knowledge with wonderful rapidity among mankind—music, and particularly counter-point, became an object of high importance. A more active intercourse between the different countries of Europe tended much also to the improvement of this science. All the arts, indeed, seem to have been the companions, if not the produce of successful commerce: they appeared first in Italy, then in the Hanseatic towns, next in the Netherlands; and during the sixteenth century, when commerce became general in every part of Europe. At this latter period music was an indispensable part of polite education. Professional performers, both vocal and instrumental, were retained at the court, and in the mansions of the nobility; and the period had arrived when the principal materials for scientific composition were prepared, when a regular and extensive scale for melody, a code of general laws for harmony, and a commodious notation and time-table, supplied the whole mechanism of the art. Practical musician among the laity now began to acquire great reputation. An author who lived in the time of James I. says, "We have here"—that is, in London—"the best musicians in the kingdom, and equal to any in Europe for their skill in composing and setting of tunes, or singing, and playing upon any kind of instruments." Even our monarchs were proud thus to distinguish themselves. Henry VIII. not only sang well, but played upon several sorts of instruments, and composed songs and the tunes for them; an example which was followed by several of the nobility.* There is a collection preserved in manuscript, called *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, containing pieces which the best modern master could hardly play to the end in less than a month's practice. Tallis, singularly profound in musical composition, and Bird, his admirable scholar, were two of the authors of this famous collection. During the reign of Elizabeth, the British musician were not inferior to any on the continent; an observation scarcely applicable to any other period of our history.

But little of our secular music, to the beginning of the sixteenth century, has been preserved. Of choral compositions during this century, several are still extant. Henry VIII. was the author of two whole masses, besides an anthem, preserved in Boyce's collection, and a *motet*, of which the late Dr. Hayes, of Oxford, possessed a genuine copy. John Marbeck, organist of Windsor, first set to music, in 1550, the whole English cathedral service; which, however, was mere *canto fermo*, without counterpoint. It was in the reign of Edward

* Hall's Chronicle.

VI. that metrical psalmody, as it is still employed in our parochial churches, became general in England, by the version of Sternhold and Hopkins. Of the clear and masterly style of Dr. Tye, one of the principal composers of this period, a specimen is exhibited in Dr. Burney's second volume; and in the *Collection of Cathedral Music, by English Masters*, will be found an admirable anthem of the same composer. All church music, however, was about this period in danger of extirpation from the zeal of the reformers against organs and curious singing, the puritans justly arguing that the pedantry of operose compositions and intricate measures not only rendered the words, but the music, difficult of comprehension. This objection being held reasonable, the council of Trent, in 1562, prohibited, among other things, "L'uso delle musiche nelle chiese con mistura di canto, o suono lascivo, tutte le azioni secolari, colloquie profane, strepiti, gridori." A puritan pamphlet, published in 1586, prays, "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and howling of psalms from one side of the choir to another; with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised, as are all the rest, in white surplices; some in corner-caps and silly copes, imitating the fashion and manner of antichrist, the Pope, that man of sin, and child of perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings."*

Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.

MASTIFF.

The dog passing under this denomination is said, by Buffon, "to be a mongrel generated between the Irish greyhound and the bull dog, but much larger, and more resembling the latter than the former." This, however, must be admitted mere matter of suggestion, to which there is no palpable proof; the mastiff, in its original and uncontaminated state, being a more dignified, stately, and attractive object than either of the other two, a doubt naturally arises whether the mastiff may not with a greater probability of truth be considered a distinct race peculiar to the country in which we live; particularly when it is upon record, that the mastiffs of Great Britain were noted for their innate courage and instinctive ferocity so far back as the time of the Roman emperors, by whom an officer was appointed whose sole business it was to breed, select, and send from hence, such as promised, by size and strength, to become adequate to the combats of the amphitheatre.

The mastiff, from its commanding aspect and terrific appearance

* Neal's History of the Puritans, pp. 290 and 480.

to strangers, is admirably calculated for, and principally appropriated to the protection of large and extensive premises, containing property of value, which is with implicit confidence submitted to his care. He is so forcibly impressed with the magnitude of the charge, that the loss of life only can deprive him of the trust reposed in him; and notwithstanding his figure is naturally calculated to excite fear, and keep the ill-intentioned at a distance, he is (to those who are constantly about him) as mild in his manners, as solicitous of attention, and as faithfully grateful for favors as the most diminutive of the species. There is one particularity appertaining to this kind of dog which is that their ferocity is always to be increased or diminished, by the degree of restraint in which they are preserved; those constantly kept upon the chain are much more dangerous to approach than those in a state of liberty, from whence it evidently appears that what may be considered a friendly kindness on one side, is always productive of an unsullied confidence on the other.

The mastiff is remarkable for a peculiar warmth in his attachments and an equal inveteracy in his dislike; once intentionally irritated, insulted, or ill-used, it is not easily obliterated from memory, nor can a reconciliation be speedily obtained. Conscious of his own strength, substance, and authority, he seems less constitutionally inclined to descend to those officious fawnings so inseparable from dog of an inferior description; giving proof by his constant assiduity in the protection of property, that his destination is to matters of more significant importance. Replete with strong intellectual sagacity, he aptly receives the principles of such inculcation as may be necessary, and displays a most wonderful capacity in bringing them into execution. It is the most predominant trait of his ambition to be employed, and once appointed to office, no probability arises of the appointments being disgraced; in timber-yards, coal-wharfs, large yards, and widely extended manufactories, their utility exceeds conception. Whatever is submitted to his superintendence and protection may be considered safe from depredation.

In such places as those just described, where the premises are surrounded by walls, or fences intended for the exclusion of strangers, and where a dog of this description is kept as a nocturnal security, he is generally confined during the day, and becomes the more vigilantly vicious upon the approach of night; at the hour of locking the gates or securing the principal seat of access, and letting him loose, he becomes instantly conscious of his own importance, and takes upon him the task of minute inspection to the remotest corner of the premises (whatever may be their extent) till satisfied they are in a state of perfect safety. Convinced of this, it is with the most indefatigable exertion he is perpetually engaged in his endeavours to keep them so; his marchings and counter-marchings are nearly as uniform as the watchman of the night, and his signal much more vociferous and decisive upon the least just cause of alarm; for as it is the peculiar practice of the bull dog to bite before he barks, so it is an almost invariable rule with the mastiff to bark before he bites.

The breed having been very materially reduced by various intermixtures and experimental crosses, the genuine old English uncontaminated mastiff is rarely to be seen; although we have them of all sizes and colours under that denomination, yet the pure and unmixed progeny is very difficult to be obtained. In this state the true mastiff is much superior in height, size, bone, and strength, to the bull dog; the ears more pendulous; the lips large, loose, and prominent; the countenance commanding; and the eyes fiercely expressive, constituting in the aggregate an object calculated to excite awe and insure respect; to which if the bark be added in a state of exasperation, the degree of majestic power and strength may be much more forcibly conceived than described.

That some adequate idea may be formed of the instinctive fortitude and courageous perseverance of this particular race, it is an observation extracted from ancient records, that three of this breed were considered a match for a bear, and four for a lion. In Stow's Annals is an account of an engagement between three mastiffs and a lion in the presence of King James the First.

"One of the dogs being turned into the den was soon disabled by the lion, who took it by the neck and dragged it about without its retaining the least power of resistance; at this moment another dog was let loose, which he very soon served in the same manner; but the third being turned into the den, instantly seized the lion by the lip, and so held him for a considerable time, till being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold, but the lion being greatly exhausted in the conflict refused to renew the engagement, and taking a sudden leap over the dogs fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of the wounds they had received; the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said, 'that he who had fought with the king of beasts, should never after be opposed to any animal of an inferior description.'

Of the infinite sagacity of almost every race of the canine species there are instances innumerable; but Bewick, in his History of Quadrupeds, introduces the following anecdote to shew, that the mastiff conscious of its superior strength, knows how to chastise the impertinence of an inferior:—"A large dog of this kind, belonging to the late M. Ridley, Esq., of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel, and teased by its continual barking, at last took it up in his mouth by the back, and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to an enemy so much his inferior." In addition to this the following is literally copied from a periodical publication of much celebrity:—

"A French officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment by any means adequate to his merits. One day he waited on an 'Illustrissimo' whom he had repeatedly solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and truly mortifying; the noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran

and left him to find his way to the street, through a suit of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them in a state of philosophic rumination, 'till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, in preparation for a shewy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, formed and polished to the highest degree of perfection; he took hold of the corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a seeming absence of mind, "There, my poor old friend! you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face, wagging his tail as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackening his pace, laid hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, and at one hearty pull brought all the sideboard in shivers to the ground, thereby depriving the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of sublunary splendour.

Of the dreadful havoc made by dogs of this description, when disposed to mischief and depredation, some idea may be formed by a recital of the exploits of a true-bred mastiff, the property of Mr Snell, a gentleman of independent fortune in Gloucestershire. This dog continued the constant and unsuspected guardian of his master's premises for many years, when at length he took to leaving home at night, although he had a wall to leap of full eight feet high. Sheep were frequently found killed in different parts of the country, but as he was always at home at day-break he escaped suspicion; till one moon-light night he was discovered standing in a field of farmer Wood's, near the park of his master, surrounded by wounded and slaughtered sheep and lambs, amounting to the incredible number of sixty-three, every one bitten in the throat, and one of them with the shoulder eaten. Thus detected in the fact Mr Snell voluntarily paid all the damage before it could be demanded; and after having had a painting taken of the dog in remembrance of so singular a transaction, he made a compliment of him to a Mr Wilcox, mercer, of Gloucester, whose servant having him with him, on a Sunday's walk to Cheltenham, he seized a woman by the leg upon the road, and tore it so severely that it was judged expedient to take away his life.

Of this tendency to mischief, when in a wild and unrestrained state, more recent and well-authenticated instances may be adduced. In the month of December, 1784, a smuggling vessel having made a speculative adventure near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland; in the sudden and unexpected haste of their departure, left unintentionally a dog of this description behind. Finding himself thus unfortunately abandoned in a spot to which he was a total stranger, and most probably afraid to approach the habitation of those upon whom he must rely for the good or ill usage he might be destined to receive; he began to destroy sheep for his subsistence in the first instance, which propensity thus once indulged, continued to increase, 'till he worried such numbers that he became a terror to the farmers for twenty miles round. In this newly-assumed vocation he became so exceedingly singular and expert, that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its

right side, and when he had indulged in a repast upon the fat about the kidneys, he left it as no farther worthy his attention. Several of them were found in this state by the shepherds, some of them alive, who afterwards recovered.

In consequence of so serious and incessant a devastation every means were employed for his destruction; parties of injured rustics were formed for the promotion of a general good, he was repeatedly pursued with hounds, greyhounds, and a complete mass of the people on horse and foot; but when any of the leading dogs came up with him, he lay fawningly down upon his back, as if imploring mercy from his pursuers, and in that position they never hurt him: he therefore continued in a state of ease and rest, till his more inveterate foes came within sight or hearing, when he made moderately off without being followed by the hounds, till they were again excited by the multitude to renew the pursuit, which always terminated in the same unsuccessful way, and he as constantly escaped. In this way he was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the following evening, evidently demonstrating sagacity, resentment, and revenge. After various fruitless pursuits, his most constant residence was ascertained to be at the extreme summit of a rock, known by the name of Heugh Hill, near Howick, where he had an unobstructed view of the four distinct roads which approached it, and there he was by stratagem way-laid and shot in the month of March, 1785.

In a sporting periodical publication, is recorded a very particular account of another wild dog, who had committed similar depredations among the sheep near Wooler, in the same county; which dog was on the 6th of June, 1799, advertized to be hunted on the Wednesday following by three packs of hounds who were to meet at different places; the aid of men and fire-arms were also requested, with a promised reward of twenty guineas to the person who actually deprived him of existence. An immense concourse of people assembled at the time appointed, but the chase was unsuccessful, for he eluded all the energetic vigilance of his pursuers amidst the Cheviot Hills, and returning in the evening, worried an ewe and lamb in the neighbourhood from whence he had been hunted in the morning.

During the whole of that summer he continued his ravages, but occasionally changed his quarters; for he infested the Fells, sixteen miles south of Carlisle, where upwards of sixty sheep fell victims to his insatiate blood-thirsty disposition. In September of that year, his place of retreat having been nearly ascertained, parties were formed, who with hounds and fire-arms were again employed against him; and after a run from Carrock Fell, which was computed to be full thirty miles, he was shot (while the hounds were in pursuit of him) by Mr. Sewel, of Wedlock, who laid in ambush in Moss Dale. In the progress of the chase which occupied six hours, he frequently headed upon the leading hounds, and wounded several so as to disable them from continuing the pursuit. Upon examination when killed, he appeared to be of the mastiff breed, with a cross of the New-

foundland, not above the middle size, wire-haired, and extremely lean.

Notwithstanding these frequent proofs of determined depredation upon timid and unresisting part of the animal creation; instances are but rare of their making a confident and severe attack upon the human species without the most palpable provocation. 'In opposition, however, to the received opinion of the almost infallible fidelity and implicit obedience of these animals, and in verification of the ancient axiom that "there is no rule without an exception," it becomes directly applicable to introduce the recital of a circumstance which occurred only a few months since at Mitcham, in Surry. A butcher of that place having reared a true-bred mastiff from a puppy, became much attached to the dog, and the dog so attentively fond of him, that it invariably followed him as a spaniel, and he seldom or hardly ever stirred from home without him.

During this scene of mutual confidence the master had purchased some horse-flesh for the dog, and of which he had given him a part; but not completely satisfied with what had been allotted him, he by some means unfairly possessed himself of what was preserved, in the master's endeavour to take away which, the dog seized his arm with the most incredible ferocity, and tore away the flesh in a most dreadful manner; from thence he made a sudden transition to the throat, where he fastened himself with an inflexible obduracy beyond description, from which hold he was not dislodged till nearly strangled by a rope fixed round his neck by the neighbours for that purpose. Upon feeling the painful pressure of the cord upon his own neck, he was compelled to relinquish his infernal, malicious gripe, and so enthusiastic and extraordinary was the attachment of the master to *this* most unworthy favourite, that although his life was for some time in imminent danger, he would never give his consent that the dog should be destroyed. This circumstance was considered the more extraordinary, as the dog had been always remarkable for his docility and peaceable disposition; whether any sudden effect from the horse-flesh (to which he had been unaccustomed), or instantaneous impulse of passion at being deprived of so luxurious a repast, was the occasion of such a seeming temporary madness can never be ascertained, though certain it is the dog quietly returned to his previous calmness, obedience, and domestic fidelity.

Various instances might be adduced upon the subjects of constancy, zeal, gratitude, perseverance, and sagacity of dogs of every breed, size, and description; nor are there wanting proofs of a noble and innate generosity amongst dogs of superior strength in affording protection to inferiors under misfortunes. A large dog of the mastiff kind, belonging to a Mr Hilson, of Maxwellhaugh, on the 21st of October, 1797, seeing a small dog that was following a cart from Kelso, carried by the current of the Tweed, in spite of all its efforts to bear up against the stream; after watching its motions attentively, plunged voluntarily into the river, and seizing the wearied diminutive by the neck, brought it safely to land in the presence of several distant spectators.

That too great a degree of sameness, and every appearance of repetition may be avoided, as well as to give a variegated complexion to the work, it may not be considered inapplicable, to extract from a recent work of much celebrity "a philosophical account of dogs, under the supposition of a transmigration of souls;" the facetious believer, affecting to distinguish at the sight of any creature from what class of animals the soul is derived, thus describes them:—

"The souls of deceased bailiffs and common constables are in the bodies of setting dogs and pointers; the terriers are inhabited by trading justices; the blood hounds were formerly a set of informers, thief-takers, and false evidences; the spaniels were heretofore courtiers, hangers-on of administration, and hack-journal writers; all of whom preserve their primitive qualities of fawning on their feeders, licking their hands, and snarling and snapping at all who offer to offend their master. A former train of gamblers and black-legs are now embodied in that particular species denominated lurchers; bull dogs and mastiffs were once butchers and drovers; greyhounds and hounds owe their animation to country squires and fox-hunters; little whiffing, useless lap-dogs draw their existence from the quondam beau; macaronies and gentlemen of the tippy, still being the play-things of the ladies, and used for their diversion. There are also a set of sad dogs derived from attorneys; and puppies who were in past times attorneys' clerks, shopmen to retail haberdashers, men-milliners, &c. &c. Turnspits are animated by old aldermen, who still enjoy the smell of the roast meat; that droning, snarling species stiled Dutch pugs have been fellows of colleges; and that faithful, useful tribe of shepherds' dogs were in days of yore, members of parliament who guarded the flock, and protected the sheep from wolves and thieves, although indeed, of late, some have turned sheep-biters, and worried those they ought to have defended."

* SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The peculiar breed to which this appellation was annexed by naturalists of former celebrity, is now more familiarly known by the denomination of "sheep dog" in every rural district of the kingdom. According to the tenets of Buffon, and those who have copied his writings and re-echoed his opinions, a description of this animal should have preceded every other of the canine race as from this precise origin they presume to affirm every other branch (of whatever kind and whatever propensity) has progressively sprung. This, however, so truly savours of hypothesis, and must to every liberal and comprehensive mind appear so replete with conjecture without any elucidating proof (except Buffon's fertile disquisition upon "the changes produced by the difference of climate"), that it does not seem entitled to any serious enquiry or investigation. It is most probable, that for a great length of time, in the earliest ages, the protection of the flock and the preservation of domestic animals were the only purposes to which the dog became appropriate; from which circumstances alone it has been erroneously supposed, that the shepherd's or sheep

dog was the first, or parent stock from which every other has been produced.

This dog is the most timid, obedient, placid, serene, and grateful in the creation; he seems studiously conscious of the purposes for which he was formed, and is never so perceptibly gratified as when affording the most incessant proofs of his unsullied integrity. Instinctively prone to industry, he is alive to the slightest sensation of his employer, and would rather double and treble the watch-line of circumspection, than be seen indulging in a state of neglectful indolence. The breed is propagated and preserved with the greatest respect to purity in the northern parts of the kingdom, as well as in the highlands of Scotland, where in the extensive tracts and uncultivated wilds their services exceed description.

Constitutionally calm, patient, and philosophic, the sheep dog seems totally lost to every appearance of novelty, and insensible to every attraction beyond the protection and indefatigable preservation of the flock committed to his charge. In the most sequestered and remote spots, dreary wilds and lofty mountains almost inaccessible to man, this dog becomes an incredible and trusty substitute; for once initiated in the ground-work of his office, he soon acquires a perfect knowledge of the extent of his walk, as well as every individual of his flock; and will as regularly select his own, and disperse obtruders as the most faithful and attentive shepherd in existence. This becomes the more extraordinary to the contemplative mind when it is recollected what immense flocks are seen to cover the downy hills of Hants and Wilts as far as the eye can reach without controul; and to know that by a single signal from the shepherd, this faithful, sagacious animal, replete with energy, vigilance, and activity, will make his circle, so as to surround a flock of hundreds, and bring them within any compass that may be required.

The sheep dog is so completely absorbed in what seems the sole business and employment of his life, that he does not bestow a look, or indulge a wish beyond the constant protection of the trust reposed in him, and to execute the commands of his master; which he is always incessantly anxious to receive, and in fact is invariably looking for by every solicitous attention it is possible to conceive. Inured to all weathers, fatigue, and hunger, he is the least voracious of the species, subsists upon little, and may be justly considered truly emblematic of content. Though there is the appearance of a somniferous indolence in the exterior, it is by no means a constitutional mark of habitual inability; on the contrary, the sagacity, fidelity, and comprehensive penetration of this kind of dog is equal to any other, but that there is a thoughtful or expressive gravity annexed to this particular race, as if they were absolutely conscious of their own utility in business of importance, and the value of the stock so confidently committed to their care.

Amidst the infinity of cases so constantly issuing from the press, in which proofs almost incredible are authentically adduced of the courage, sagacity, fidelity, gratitude, and self-denial of different kinds

of dogs, many are to be found upon record appertaining to this particular race; if they are not so numerous as of some other sorts, it may be fairly attributed to the little proportional chance they have (from their remote and sequestered employment) of displaying those powers in an equal degree with dogs more engaged in the bustle of human society.

Dr. Anderson (in his translation from Dr. Pallas) introduces the following instance of sagacity in a shepherd's dog, which he considers truly astonishing; but it will create no surprise with those who are in the least acquainted with their perfections. "The owner himself having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence upon his trial:—When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view under the pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his feet, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and at a distance of several miles sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till overtaking his master to whom he relinquished them."

The shepherd's dog rather shuns than seems anxious to obtain the caresses of strangers, of whom he always appears to be shy and suspicious; it being remarkable, that when refreshing upon a journey with the flock, he seldom reposes but close to the feet or body of his master; who well knows if he but deposits his coat or his wallet, and gives the animal the accustomed signal when the sheep are at pasture, he may absent himself for hours, and at his return find the whole as safe and regular as if it had been under his own inspection. Although it is already observed, these dogs afford no evident external proof of quick conception, or rapid execution except in all matters relative to the flock, to which their every faculty appertains), yet their sagacity and fidelity is found equal to every other branch of the species when necessarily brought into useful action.

In the month of February, 1795, as Mr Boulstead's son, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, was attending the sheep of his father upon Great Salkeld Common, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then at the distance of three miles from home, no chance of any persons coming in so unfrequented a place within call, and evening very fast approaching; in this dreadful dilemma, suffering extreme pain from the fracture, and lying upon the damp ground at so dreary a season of the year, his agitated spirits suggested to him the following expedient:—Folding one of his gloves in his pocket-handkerchief, he fastened it round the neck of the dog, and rather emphatically ordered him "home." These dogs, trained so admirably to orders and signals during their attendance upon the flock, are well known to be under the most minute subjection, and to execute

the commands of their masters with an alacrity scarcely to be conceived.

Perfectly convinced of some inexplicable disquietude from the situation in which his master lay, he set off at a pace which soon brought him to the house, where he scratched with great violence at the door for immediate admittance. This obtained, the parents were in the utmost alarm and consternation at his appearance, but more particularly when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding beyond a doubt, that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment going in search of him; and the dog, apparently conscious the principal part of his duty was yet to be performed, anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot where their son lay overwhelmed with pain, increased by the awful uncertainty of his situation. Happily this was effected just at the close of day, when being immediately removed, and the necessary assistance procured, he soon recovered, and was never more pleasingly engaged than when reciting the sagacity and gratitude of his faithful follower, who then became his constant companion.

In a publication of some celebrity is inserted (with every appearance of authenticity) the following transaction:—In a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries to interpose, in order to prevent the most dreadful calamity. Being at length weary of living with one whom he had long entertained an invincible aversion to, he determined upon getting completely rid of her by taking away her life. The better to carry his newly-contrived project into execution without suspicion of the intent he had formed, he affected the most perfect and unsullied reconciliation; changed his behaviour from a system of habitual brutality, to such a scene of tenderness and attention, as induced a hope with both wife and friends that his reformation was confirmed.

Having for some little time accustomed himself, on the sabbath, or a holiday, to take a walk with her in the fields by way of recreation; he proposed on the evening of a summer's sultry day, her going with him to repose and cool upon the borders of a spring equally shady and retired. When seated there he pretended to be very thirsty, and laying himself down upon his belly swilled large draughts of the water, commending its sweetness, and prevailed upon her to refresh herself in like manner; she believing him, followed his example, but was no sooner in the position to obtain it, than he threw himself upon her, and endeavoured to force her head under the water with an intent to drown her; to prevent which her struggles would have been ineffectual, but for the assistance of the dog who had accidentally followed them and perceiving the danger, he immediately flew at the husband, seized him by the throat, and saved the intended victim from impending destruction.

To reconcile the doubts of those who may be a little incredulous,

it cannot prove inapplicable to come somewhat nearer home for the introduction of a well-known fact, more substantially authenticated by the names and respectability of the parties concerned, as it stands upon record to perpetuate the fidelity of a farmer's dog. It is not seven years since, that a Mr Henry Hawkes, farmer, of Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone Market, and returning at night with his dog, who was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and, as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately, and left that place in a state of intoxication. Having passed the village of Newheed in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook, in the best season of the year a very dangerous road for a drunken man; the whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost intense; he had, however, proceeded in safety till he came to the willow walk, within half a mile of the church, when by a sudden stagger, he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive he was going astray, he took towards the river, but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering, and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately prevented from rising the mound, or he certainly must have precipitated himself (as it was near high water) into the Medway.

At this moment completely overcome, he fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever known; turning upon his back, he was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold, when his faithful dependant, who had closely attended to every step, scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a kind of protecting wall around his helpless master; then mounting upon the exposed body, rolled himself round, and laid down upon his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventual protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, in expectation of falling in with some sort of wild fowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman (a Mr Finch), by actions of the most significant nature to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected; but the frame appearing lifeless, assistance was procured to convey it to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means were instantly adopted to promote his recovery.

In the course of a short time, the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story as already recited; and, in gratitude for his miraculous escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction. A gentleman of the faculty in the neighbourhood hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made him an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, "that so long as he had a bone to his meat, or a

crust to his bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life;" and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog in covering the most vital part had continued the circulation and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements.

The universal sameness of the employment in which the sheep dog is constantly engaged, affording little to enlarge on beyond his powers of sagacity, industry, fidelity, and gratitude; it may not be thought inapplicable to give the last stage of his life from the pen of popularity.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
His teeth all departed and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went he was followed by Tray,
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigu'd on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun, midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crept constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
When torrents descended, and cold was the wind;
If Corin went forth midst the tempest and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed;
For vain, against death is the stoutest endeavour,
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah! clos'd them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And when dying thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
"O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend!"

BEAGLE.

The beagle, however it may have undergone different distinctions in proportion to the size it has been bred, or the crosses it may have been thought judicious to adopt, is now confined to the smallest kind of hunting dog, passing under the general denomination of hound; and of which class are those who inherently possess the property of finding and pursuing their game, by inhaling certain atmospheric particles inexplicably impregnated, which is sportingly termed scent; and

this acting upon the olfactory irritability of the dog so hunting, occasions such an exquisite sensation of pleasure that it imperatively extracts a joyful vociferation from every individual which in the aggregate constitutes what has been, for time immemorial, exultingly called the exhilarating cry of the jovial pack.

Previous to the present improved state of hunting, and polish of field sports, packs of beagles were frequently seen in the possession of gentlemen whose age or infirmities prevented their enjoyment of sport of a different description; but in proportion to the gradational improvements made in the different kinds of hounds (according to the different chases they were intended to pursue), the former attachment to beagles has been observed to decline. They are the smallest of the hound race used in this country, are exquisite in their scent of the hare and indefatigably vigilant in their pursuit of her. Though wonderfully inferior in point of speed, yet equally energetic in persevering pursuit, they follow her through all her windings, unravel all her mazes, explore her labyrinths, and by the scent alone trace, and retrace her footsteps to a degree of admiration that must be seen to be properly understood; during all which the soft and melodious tone of their emulous vociferation seems to be the most predominant inducement to the well-known ecstatic pleasures of the chase.

This slow kind of hunting was admirably adapted to age and the feminine gender; it could be enjoyed by ladies of the greatest timidity as well as gentlemen labouring under infirmity; to both of whom it was a consolation, that if they were occasionally a little way behind, there was barely a possibility of their being thrown out. A pack of this description was perfectly accommodating to the neighbouring rustics, the major part of those not being possessed of horses, found it a matter of no great difficulty to be well up with them on foot. The spirit of emulation seemed formerly to be who should produce the greatest degree of merit in the smallest compass; and packs were to be seen in different parts of the most diminutive description.

Amongst professed amateurs every effort was made to attain perfection, and these indefatigable endeavours were generally attended with success. Beagles were almost uniformly so well matched, that they did not exceed ten or eleven inches in height, and so carefully selected in respect to speed, that whenever they were running they might be covered with a sheet; and this alone is the predominant trait of celebrity in a pack of hounds, or beagles, whether great or small. These, though slow, are incredibly destructive; for if the scent lays well, a hare has very little chance of escape, and this to the object of pursuit must prove a lingering as well as a certain death; for although in the early parts of the chase they can never get near enough the hare to press her, yet they are in general finally fatal, if even three or four hours in killing. In proportion to the increasing spirit of sporting and polish of the times, slow hunting declined, and beagles became of less repute; it being now exceedingly uncommon to see any collection of beagles beyond two or three couple, used in some counties for the greater certainty of finding with greyhounds, in dis-

tricts where hares, from a variety of circumstances, are known to be scarce or with difficulty to be found.

The numerous and diversified crosses in the different breeds of both beagles and hounds, according to the views, wishes, and inclinations of those who keep them, have so complicated and variegated that particular part of the species, that a volume might be produced in describing the various sorts and sizes, as thought best adapted to the soil and surface for which they are bred and intended to hunt; from the old, heavy, deep-tongued, dew-lapped, southern hound of Lancashire (where the huntsman with his long pole follows on foot), to the fleetest bred northern harriers of the present day, who kill their game in a burst of half an hour or forty minutes with a degree of rapidity but little inferior to coursing.

The breed of hounds now passing under the denomination of harriers, have been brought to their present state of perfection, by a repetition of crosses between the beagle and fox-hound, for the increase in size and promotion of speed; but beagles, in the sporting acceptance of the term, are not to be considered synonymous with harriers, to whom, although they possess precisely the same properties, they are very much inferior in size. That some adequate idea may be formed of the original beagle, the following ludicrous transaction is introduced from the most indisputable authority:—

The late Col. Hardy had once a collection of this diminutive tribe amounting to ten or twelve couple, which were always carried to, and from the field of glory in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse; small as they were, and insignificant as they would now seem, they could invariably keep a hare at all her shifts to escape them, and finally worry, or rather tease her to death. The catastrophe attending which curious pack was of a very singular description; for a small barn having been some time appropriated to the purpose of a kennel, was one night broke open, and every hound as well as the panniers stolen; nor could the most diligent search ever discover the least trace of the robbers, or their sporting appendage.

The Sportsman's Cabinet.

HUNTING AND THE MILLION.—STAG-HUNTING.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

“ But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains so mean a prize,
Pleased with the pomp, magnificence, and splendour of the chase,
Hear what the muse from faithful record sings.”

So said, or sung, the only bard who has ever produced a lengthened poem on hunting that could be read with unceasing pleasure by a *hunting man*: 'tis true the energetic language I have quoted was written in allusion to the sports of the east, where the brave huntsman of the sun fearlessly roused the crouching tiger from his ambush, bearded the lion in his den, and—

“ Dragged the struggling savage into day.”

We must allow that all this sounds manly enough, and the keenest sportsman that ever welcomed the challenge of a favourite hound as “ sure prelude to a cry,” must allow that the game that face to face with man is more than his equal, is nobler than any we pursue; but not being a man of such aspiring thoughts, if I wanted the skin of a lion or tiger for any purpose, my grovelling soul would be quite satisfied in purchasing one in Regent-street, and should feel quite as comfortable in covering my body with the purchased skin as I should in making acquaintance with its former owner when it covered his. God help my nerves, I have found them tried enough in following *flying* game; how they would serve me on meeting a grim-looking gentleman, whose countenance bespoke an earnest wish to make a dinner of my horse and self—he standing as principal dish, myself as a lighter morsel for second course—I cannot say. I suppose my reader will say he can; I dare say he is right: I shall not however, if I can help it, put the matter to the proof. So far, however, as courage or daring is concerned in the chase, habit teaches different men to face different sorts of danger with equal coolness; and probably the matadore who goads an enraged bull to the encounter, or the tawny savage who faces the wild denizen of the forest, might hesitate in facing an ox-fence, or driving an unwilling horse like Switcher at a rasping Northamptonshire bullfinch—how his noble owner might relish Mr. Lion, I know not; but I give him credit for facing anything.

Each sportsman, naturally enough, advocates the cause of such sort of sport as he prefers, and produces all the real or fancied good reasons he can muster in favour of it. The regular stag-hunter, of course, has his store of praises ready to produce in favour of this pursuit. I must think its convenience as to its certainty of a gallop is the strongest recommendation that can be brought forward, carried on as it is in the present day. When stags or other deer were hunted as wild game, all must allow there was more to be said in favour of the

pursuit than in that of the fox, for the enthusiasm and anxiety were equally great and exciting in either chase, and the possession of a haunch of venison was no bad *finale* to a good run, whereas the haunch of a fox, though eaten by a hound while his blood is up, is not, or rather would not be, considered a tit bit even by him in his cooler moments. Let stag-hunters, therefore, say what they will, it is the gallop, not real hunting, that they want. Fox-hunters, at least most of them, anathematize the thing altogether, and decry the calf-hunters as no sportsmen *at all*; this is illiberal; for while we are in actual chase, it does not matter much what the game is; but it is the knowing what we are in pursuit of that destroys the zest of the thing. The almost certainty that the stag *will* be taken destroys the anxiety that is so exciting in fox-hunting; for in stag hunting we are almost as sure that Rob Roy or the Hendon deer will be taken *somewhere*, and that we shall see him again leap from the deer cart, as we are of seeing the same horse in the coach on Saturday that took us a stage on Monday. Every true fox hunter likes to see the *kill*, knowing that getting on as good terms with a game fox another time is quite a matter of uncertainty; but whether the deer is taken at Upminster, or runs on to Hendon, matters little, for taken he will be; and it is more the wish to show others that the nag can go on as far as theirs, that causes men to go on to the take than any other feeling as to the finish.

As a kingly amusement stag-hunting had certainly something more imposing, in its appliances than fox-hunting, and when six or more yeoman prickers, the huntsman, and whip, were all seen in royal uniforms, and the French horns proclaimed the uncarting the stag, the stag at bay, the hounds stopped, and also the stag taken; looking at it as a royal chase, the sight and the sound had something truly imposing in its effect. I can, as a boy, remember this when old Johnson was the huntsman, and the baying of the old-fashioned stag-hounds while stopped was as fine as anything imaginable; it was not the soul inspiring cry of a pack of fox-hounds no doubt, nor the crash of a pack breaking cover, that brings the very heart to the lips; but the thing was fine in its way, and perfect in its way as a show.

I am quite ready to allow that Johnson's successors brought in a different and more fox-hunting style of chase than the good George the Third ever saw, and now Mr. Charles Davis has made stag-hunting as enthusiastic as the pursuit of an all but tame animal can be brought to. "Short, sharp, and decisive," is his motto. I can pay him no higher compliment than by saying he ought to have been a fox-hunter; and all who know him as a man and a sportsman will join me in the wish that he had always had, and had now, forty thousand a year, a pack of fox-hounds of his own, and that he hunted them; if he had had the first, there is little doubt the other "two events would have come off," and the doubt is quite as little as to his hounds and hunting having been perfection.

The rage for going fast, and the (then) king's hounds having been at one time hunted by one who had been huntsman to a pack of fox-hounds, no doubt brought on the innovation, or improvement as the case

may be, held on the legitimate style of stag-hunting, and it is right perhaps to go with the taste of the times in things where a change of taste is harmless, and if fox-hunting is the *ne plus ultra* of hunting, the nearer we bring stag-hunting to it, the nearer, of course, we bring it to perfection. But in alluding to stag-hunting as a royal sport, no doubt we have greatly done away with the "pomp, magnificence, and splendour of the chase."

We have not had for more than half a century a royal sportsman for our sovereign; if we had one now (begging pardon for using such an expression in allusion to royalty) his majesty would be, as Paddy would say, a bit "bothered" as to how he was to hunt without going back to the old system. I believe a king might walk a minnet with a queen or other royal person; but what should we say to a king in an Irish jig "covering the buckle," or careering in a fast galopade? My respect for sovereigns makes me blush at the bare contemplation of such a sight.

But to return to hunting: it may be very allowable for a gentleman or a young sporting nobleman with hounds, to good naturedly "race for the lead" to a gap with his equal, with a sporting dealer, or Tom Oliver; but a king shaking his horse and cramming him through a bullfinch side by side with Mr Mason, would have something in it rather novel, and I think somewhat indecorous. It may be said that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well;" and if this holds good as to men in general, it holds good as regards monarchs: granted but there are things that the position in life of monarchs renders it unseemly in them to do *at all*, consequently there is no occasion for their doing them well. Hunting has ever been a royal sport—but not fox-hunting; there is an emulation and maddening sort of enthusiasm in this pursuit that would inevitably lead to a certain competition quite improper between monarch and subject, and this could not be avoided in a sharp run with fox-hounds. Regular deer-hounds can readily be brought to stop—it would be difficult to bring hounds accustomed to hunt a fox to this; and supposing we could do so, it would be hard to guess what a thorough kern fox-hunter might *think*, if not *say*, if in the midst of a run a pack of fox-hounds were *stopped* because any one, even if it was an angel himself, happened to be behind; under such circumstances he would hold losing a fox *next* to losing a king.

Royal hounds should of course be subservient to royal pleasure. The master of a pack of fox-hounds, even supposing most of the country he hunts is on the lands of his friends, acquaintance, or tenants, is to a certain degree under obligation to them for leave to cross their land, and, above all, for the preservation of foxes: the manager of a subscription pack is mostly, or often, under obligations to *everybody*. Both must hunt to please their supporters, or they will find they will very shortly not be able to (comparatively speaking) hunt *at all*; not so with a royal pack, and very properly: they are the king's hounds and for the king's amusement, and it is quite enough if the subject is permitted to enjoy the same amusement as his sovereign. Not being high enough to expect any notice from royalty, I should

perhaps betake myself to where I could get a clipper with plebeians ; but this is, God knows, no reason why a royal pack should be hunted in a way to please plebeians ; but then it may be fairly inferred that something more than sport must be looked to, in a pack where the pleasure of royalty is the thing to be considered. I can fancy I hear some enthusiastic fox-hunter declare he would not be a king to give up fox-hunting. I once thought so myself, but we may make ourselves perfectly easy, for we have no more chance of being, or are more fit to be kings, than kings have of being fox-hunters.

Now, though I freely award the palm of royal appearance to stag hounds, I trust it will not be inferred that I could for a moment hold him a lover of good and true hunting who would hunt with such where fox hunting came within his reach. Kings must pay a certain tax for their elevated position ; and one of those taxes is, they cannot enjoy certain pleasures that come within the reach of the subject ; fox-hunting is one of these, as I said before. A king may hunt—an English king is liked for doing so ; so a king may smoke—a Turkish monarch does so to a pretty considerable extent, and the privilege of cutting off the head or bow-stringing the happy man who adjusts the hookah if it does not go “ all right,” is a very royal one, and let us hope that like the subject of other places, who go to heaven if they die with a cow’s tail in their hand, he goes to heaven also ; but imagine, for instance, the Emperor of all the Russias with a *clay* pipe in his mouth, and to make the thing perfect, making it squeak “ *secundum artem* ” prior to filling it. Thank God ! I am beyond the confines of the knout.

Let us now just cast an eye towards the motives of those who keep staghounds, who (I don’t mean the hounds) are not of royal blood. The Earl of Derby to begin with ; of course, I do not know why he, as a good sportsman, chose stag instead of fox-hounds ; it might be to render himself popular by insuring a run to the neighbourhood and the metropolitan sportsmen ; it might be that the Oaks were, and are certainly not in a perfect fox-hunting district, or it might be that the noble lord liked to be certain of a gallop himself ; but from whatever reason they were kept, the hunting was of quite a different character to that with the kings (I speak of both as they were thirty-five years ago) ; with the Derby it *was* what I believe it *is* now with the Queen’s, and this in a great measure, if not totally, arose from the one pack belonging to a nobleman, the other to a king : if the noble was thrown out, he would not wish the sport of others to be risked by his hounds being stopped on his account ; whereas etiquette would require that those of the king should be so constantly, for the convenience of their royal master. I have not ridden with stag-hounds for many years, merely because I have been so situated as to get hunting more to my taste ; I am not therefore qualified to say much on the style of hunting them now, but I conceive it is quite necessary to occasionally stop all deer-hounds, to prevent their running into their game without a sufficient run—not altogether from the want of speed in the stag, but that with so large an animal the scent lies so high that

hounds have little occasion to stoop to it, and where from whatever cause this is the case, the run must always be a clipper; for if hounds can run breast high and over a good country, any pack of harriers will give a very fast horse quite enough to do to lay by their side, and I am quite sure a pack might get the character of a very slow one, when in justice we ought to say: the *country*, or the *scent*, is slow. If even a slow pack went off with their fox at a pace that a Meltonian might despise, only let them *keep on* without a check, and let the country be such as they can take the fences in without checking their speed, they will after two or three miles be found to be going quite fast enough for most horses, and in truth for a most men.

When I remember the king's hounds, I must say their style of hunting, or (I should more properly say) their want of style in hunting quite disgusted most fox-hunters. I will not merely say their tailing was worse than O'Connell's, but they were after a quarter of an hour's run "*all over the country*." I was then told this was a fault inseparable from stag-hunting, and the reason given me was that the scent of the deer was so strong that the fast hounds would get to the head. I was but a young sportsman at that time; still I had had four seasons with fox-hounds, where I had seen nothing of the sort; it therefore struck me that though this might be a very fair excuse for hounds not going so that a table-cloth would cover them, it was not a sufficient one for a pack tailing to an extent that an honest mile often intervened between the leading and tail hounds—no, there was something more. In the first place at least ten couples out of the twenty were cripples, some so bad that, like old coaches, till they got warm they could not go at all; in fact it was pitiable to see them trying to get to the head, while they were so lame and stiff that they went as if their legs were wooden ones; this with some arose from age and work, but chiefly from kennel lameness, that then existed in the royal kennel to a most deplorable extent; this I believe, under the vigilant eye of Mr Davis, is no longer the case.

It may seem presumptuous in me taking on myself to speak in any derogatory terms of kennels built for a royal pack—a consideration that one might naturally suppose would have led to their being pattern kennels for all others; but so far from this having been the case, when I first saw them there was an air of discomfort in the appearance of their interior that gave the idea of a penitentiary for dogs instead of a luxurious home for royal hounds; there was an air of cold and damp inseparable from the first sight of them, and I should venture to say the then crippled state of half the pack bore evidence that the idea was closely followed by the reality as to the want of warmth, dryness, and comfort found within their walls. It is many years since the time I allude to: doubtless it is all altered now; the appearance of the present pack shows that it is so—but so formerly it was.

Few things deceive a bystander more than the reality of the speed he sees exhibited by passing objects; it is only by practical test that he will arrive at the knowledge of its quantum; in fact it is all but impossible to judge of the comparative speed of animals from seeing

them go singly, or collectively either, if they all go alike as to pace and style of going—we will instance a race. Let us bear in mind the absurdity of the idea as strongly as we will, we can hardly help fancying the winner of a race a speedy horse, unless we are thoroughly acquainted with the qualities of those he has beaten, and by nine-tenths of spectators he would certainly be looked upon with more favour than a fourth or fifth horse who had run for a Derby or Leger, though the one had merely won a race where all were slow, the other only wanted the slightest possible turn of more speed to have been the winner of as fast a race as any on record—in fact though he did not win *that* race, perhaps turns out the fastest horse of the lot. This shows that we can only judge of speed accurately by comparison. How often at provincial meetings do we hear—"By George, they're going a terrible pace!" "What a pace they come down the hill!" and when over, "That was a fast thing!" and as frequently do we hear it said of a great race, "The pace is wretched," when horses are going beyond comparison faster than in the "fast thing" to which I have alluded. These different observations and opinions arise from two causes—the annexing the idea of whirlwind speed to a runner or runners for a Derby in one case, and a want of something to compare with in the other: it is much the same with packs of hounds.

I have been often amused, as doubtless thousands of others have, by seeing men on a race-course back a particular horse because his style of going in his canter pleased them; and as one among these horses must win, the man who betted on him is sure to say *after* the race, he was *certain* the horse would win from his manner of going. I quite believe that take them all in all there are more fast race-horses who go like fast ones, than who go otherwise; but to attempt to judge whether a horse can race from his canter is a most fallacious criterion indeed to go upon; we may much oftener be right in judging of the lasting of a hunter across a country by *his* style of galloping; but we cannot to an absolute certainty decide even here, for stamina has to be considered; but we chiefly want the speed of the race-horse for a hundred yards, and with this momentary exertion the canter has nothing whatever to do—no man can tell whether a horse can race or not till he *tries* him.

Whoever can recollect the original stag-hounds, who were as unlike fox-hounds as is the southern beagle to the fast harrier, will agree that to a bystander the thought would suggest itself—"How can these great slow-going animals ever expect to run up to a stag?" those who ever hunted with them will recollect, however, that run *up* to him they did, and that sometimes very quickly, and unless stopped would have run *in* to him also. Yet while the whips of the huntsman, and a yeoman pricker or two were dropped before the pack, and the horns were playing, the scene to a fox-hunter was odd enough. Perhaps ten couple of the young, or fast, or sound hounds, were standing opening in full chorus, looking impatiently for a whip to be raised, as many of the slow ones and cripples were to be seen in ones, or twos, or threes, coming along on their old stilts, just as I have seen old

Borabec start on his, when "God save the neck of the jockey!" was the charitable ejaculation of the bystander; you could hear these poor old veterans giving every now and then a whimper, or a single occasional lengthened "yow" as they came along. Probably by the time the tail hound had got up, the whips were raised, and away they rushed; some of the old ones had by this time warmed to their work, and thus adding to the vanguard; the tailing was not quite so much, and it somewhat diminished every time the pack was stopped; but still it was always pretty considerable, and as it was the same with some of the men, there was this convenience in it—each man might select a couple of hounds and ride with them, so all were accommodated, as each man had his pack. I in no shape mean to say that in those days these stag-hounds were slow; quite the contrary, they went a great pace—that is, the body of the pack did; and General Vyse, who was sure to be with the leading ones of these, will tell any one, that on as good and fine horses as ever man rode, and riding them as well, he found, though a light weight, he had not (riding as he did) two or three stone to spare. The fact was that though seeming to go slow, the stride of these large hounds was very great, and they *kept going*, and in that case, as I before said, almost all hounds will be found fast enough.

But while I say a burst with stag-hounds is fast, I am quite aware, that taking the hunt altogether it was slow, for I have seen farmers and others on very slow horses, and such in anything but hunting condition, that have been at the turning out and taking of the deer; and so might any man on a slow horse if he was a stickler, for if he was content to keep with tail hounds, and thus come up occasionally, he might last to the finish; but thus mounted, starting with the hounds when the deer was uncartered, and laying with them till they were stopped, was quite out of the question.

Nor was the appearance of going slowly confined to the hounds only: the same apparent want of speed was shown in the stag; when striding evenly along, nothing but following him would convince a spectator he goes the pace he does. We feel we are going fast in a railway carriage, but meet another, we then see the velocity of the machine; or if we see one going, it seems to go fast doubtless, but turn our sight from it for ten seconds, the distance between us in that short space of time brings the velocity again at once to our senses: it is somewhat thus with the stag, it is not easy to frighten him from his "propriety," for whether the hounds are five fields in his rear or nearly on his haunches, though in the latter case he will increase his pace, he does it as smoothly and soberly as the steam-engine when higher pressure is put on, or the race-horse in going his sweat, when the heels or ash plant rouse him to a lengthened stride. If hounds come suddenly on a hunted fox, he lays his ears in his poll and sets to work in earnest, we see he is going fast; still more so with the hare, for running "like a frightened hare" is proverbial; a hint puts her to her topmost speed instantly; and though we see the greyhound is the swifter animal as he runs up to and turns her, still to our vision the

hare appears to go the fastest, for with all fast animals the smaller the animal is, the faster in proportion he appears to be, when his speed is nearly equal with the larger one. With the stag there is on no occasion, at least not on any one I have seen, any appearance of perturbation or hurry: he has either not the inclination or not the powers of the same *increased* exertion as the fox or hare; at all events I never saw one evince it. I do not believe he possesses the power of striking very quickly in his gallop: I may naturally suppose a pack of hounds would alarm him as much as anything earthly could do; I have seen scores with a whole pack at their heels (I mean when hunting), but I never saw one put himself out like a run-away horse. I conceive it to be more their great endurance at a *certain pace*, than any great speed, that keeps them before hounds so long.

Formerly, I mean two centuries ago and before that period, I believe the outlying or wild stag was the one hunted; how they went comparatively with those fed on hay, oats, carrots, and beans, I know not; and if we had any authentic accounts of the runs in those days, we could come to no conclusions as to their comparative powers, for neither the hounds or horses that followed them were such as are in use in modern times. There is one thing that certainly must tell very considerably against the stags kept in paddocks, namely, the want of exercise, that is *strong* exercise; if we could give him a gallop every day, I suppose in return when we hunted him he would give us a "burster;" to what extent improved feeding makes amends for this I know not.

Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds I have never seen: if money can make them good they ought to be so, and from what I have heard they are so. We must in candour allow that such men as go well with them in their country can be no bad workmen in any other, for the Vale of Aylesbury is no joke to get over. At all events the baron's hounds are a great convenience to his numerous friends and acquaintance, many of whom have important avocations that do not permit their hunting as often as, I dare say, they would wish; as they hunt as often as they can, I only sincerely wish them good sport whenever they meet the baron and his justly celebrated pack.

There is one accusation brought by fox-hunting men against stag-hounds that has certainly its foundation in truth: more injury is done to a farmer in breaking down his fences, riding over turnips, clover leys, &c., in one day with stag-hounds, than in a month with a regular pack of fox-hounds. This will ever be the case: the certainty of a run brings out enormous fields—those composed of numbers who are unknown in the country; nor do they possess an acre of land in that or any other: consequently, both from ignorance, carelessness, and fearlessness of recognition, they ride anywhere—many anywhere but where they ought. The railroads have increased this evil most wonderfully; and I can only say, if I was master of a pack of fox-hounds, I should anathematise railways till each separate length of iron would rise up in indignation against me: if they did, I should pray they might never get into their places again. I mean nothing illiberal in

this. If I knew a man came from Sweeting's Alley or Bride Lane—If I knew also that he was in heart and feelings a sportsman—he would be welcome; but for the rest, I would endeavour to keep my “fixtures” as great a secret from them as they keep those of their ‘Change from me, and I think my change would be for the better.

H. H.

Sporting Review for September.

EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING PERFORMANCES.

February 7th 1791. Mr Elliott, a yeoman farmer, of Rudgwick, in Sussex, undertook, for a wager, to kill fifty pigeons, at fifty times shooting: he shot at Tillington, near Petworth, and notwithstanding the wind was high and ruffling, killed forty-five. It was allowed he hit every bird that was turned off to him, and would have killed every shot, if circumstances had not been unfavourable. He used but one gun, and the barrel was at last so hot, that the touch-hole fairly melted.

16th. A hunter of Hill Darley, Esq. for a bet of 100gs, carried his groom, weighing twelve stones, in a flying leap over a six-foot stone wall, coped and dashed. He performed it with ease; and besides Mr Darley's bet, much money was sported on the occasion, the odds being against the hunter.

March 31st, being Easter Monday, a peal was rung, in celebration of a wedding at Heathfield church, Sussex, on six bells, by six tradesmen, related to each other, and all of the same christian and surname, *id est*, JOHN HARMER.

April 3d. For a wager of ten guineas, the tenor of Bow church, in Cheapside, (always rung by two men) was rung through the whole peal of an Oxford treble of ten in, and of 5040 changes, by a person of the name of Pilgrim, by trade a dyer, and one of the society of college youths. Bow tenor is supposed to be the heaviest but one in England.

15th. Mr Eyre, innkeeper, at Thorne, in Yorkshire, aged near seventy, (for a wager of fifty guineas,) engaged to walk from that place to Doncaster, and back, (a distance of twenty miles,) every day for three weeks. He performed it with apparent ease within the time.

May 10th. A journeyman shoemaker, at Lincoln, undertook, for a guinea, to walk upon the raceground near that city, fifty miles, in twelve hours. He started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed it with ease in ten hours and fifty-three minutes.

July. Lord Barrymore made a bet with the Duke of York, at the Marine Pavilion, at Brighton, which would walk farthest into the sea:

each waded, in the presence of a great number of spectators, to a great distance; but at length, his royal highness not being so tall as his lordship, was so tormented with the surge, that he was obliged to give up the contention, and lose his wager.

August 15th. A trotting match took place, from Lynn-gates, seven miles on the Downham road, and back to the gates, (fourteen miles,) by that noted stallion called Shuffler, (the property of Mr Kent, of Unwell, in Norfolk,) against time, for 200 guineas. The horse carried 18st.—14lb. to the stone, and was allowed an hour, but performed it in fifty-six minutes and a half, to the astonishment of a great number of spectators, among whom many bets were depending.

29th. At the annual race at Aldenham Common, Herts, there was excellent sport.—*Seven* horses started, who ran *six* heats. The sweepstakes was won by a horse called Smuggler, the property of Mr Brooks, of St. Alban's.

September. A race at Ennis, in Ireland, furnished a circumstance unequalled in the annals of the turf, but verified by thousands of spectators:—Atalanta, a mare belonging to Mr Eyre, took the lead of three other horses that entered for the 50l. plate; she had, however, scarcely ran half a mile when she fell and dropped her rider; recovering herself immediately, she dashed forward, and preserved the lead to the end of the heat, during which she had to pass her stable and the winning post twice, nor did she stop till the flag was dropped to the winning horse, when she ceased the race, trotted up a few paces, and then wheeling round, came up to the scales, as is usual at the end of each heat to have the jockies weighed. During this uncommon race, Atalanta frequently looked behind her, and quickened her pace as the other horses approached her, greatly to the astonishment, as well as entertainment of the beholders.

19th. A favourite little horse, only 42 inches high, belonging to the master of an inn, in Holborn, was pitted to run 100 miles in twelve hours. The poor animal exerted its utmost strength, and in eight hours, completed seventy-two miles of its task, but then fell down, and expired.

October 4th.—Sanders, a famous runner, for a wager of fifty guineas, ran from the three-mile stone near the Swan, at Stockwell, to the eight-mile stone, on the Epsom road, (ten miles), in fifty-seven minutes and a half. He was allowed an hour.

11th. As the Rev. Mr Tyrrell, of Abingdon, was shooting, he went up to his dog, who was pointing, and a partridge rose, at which he levelled his gun, and at the instant he pulled his trigger, two brace more got up, and flew into the line of fire. They were all five shot, and fell within ten yards of each other!

October. In the Craven meeting, Newmarket, Capt. O'Kelly's horse, Exciseman, ran for three several sweepstakes in one day, to the amount of several thousand pounds, all of which he won with great ease: the like was never before attempted by any horse, and will stand as a phenomenon in the records of the turf.

November 4th. A gentleman farmer, of Norfolk, who had engaged

for a wager of twenty guineas, to ride his boar pig from his own house to Wisbech, which is four miles and a quarter, in one hour, performed the same in fifty minutes.

12th. The Duke of Bedford, Lord R. Spencer, Mr Fox, Mr Dutton, Mr Faulkner, Mr Fitzpatrick, and Mr Colquhoun, shot on the latter gentleman's manor, at Writham, in Norfolk, forty brace of cock pheasants, and twenty brace of hares, besides partridges, woodcocks, &c. Perhaps a greater quantity of game was never killed by one party in one day in England.

December 20th. A gentleman of Winchester engaged to ride his horse from that city to London, sixty-four miles, in seven hours and a half. He set out from his house at nine o'clock, and reached London at twenty-six minutes past three, an hour and four minutes within the time allowed. The horse performed it with apparent ease, although the rider weighed more than fourteen stone.

January 1792. The game killed by the King of Naples during his journey to Vienna, is of such an amount as to be worthy of record. It was proved that in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, the king killed 5 bears, 1820 boars, 1968 deer, 13 wolves, 354 foxes, 17 badgers, 15,350 pheasants, 1121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1625 roe-bucks, 1145 does, and 12,335 partridges.

16th. A Mr Swan, a gentleman of fortune in Northamptonshire hopped 120 yards in a minute, for a wager of 500*l.* which with difficulty he won.

23d. A Mr Bricknell, a gentleman of Ireland, for a wager of 300 guineas, leaped his horse over Hyde Park wall, opposite St. George's Hospital, in a flying leap. The inside of the wall where he took the leap is exactly seven feet, and on the road side eight feet six inches. Bets to a very considerable amount were depending upon it.

Feb. 17. A bet depending between Lord Clermont and ——— Trevas, Esq. for 500 guineas, that his Lordship did not kill ten brace of partridges in one day, was determined in favour of his Lordship, who performed it on his farm at Little Cressingham, in Norfolk, in six hours and forty minutes, with great ease, and one bird over.

Lacy Yea, Esq. of Swansea, won a bet of 148 guineas, by shooting 200 woodcocks in the season. The stipulated number was 140, which he accomplished in nearly half the time allowed by the wager.

March 2d. A wager of 50*l.* was laid between Mr Hopkins and Mr Dalton, millers and bakers of Boston in Lincolnshire, that the latter could not carry 500 sacks of flour, weighing 20 stones, twenty yards in twelve hours, upon the stones or pavement. Mr Dalton began the undertaking, but not being able to procure 500 different sacks of flour in Boston, he had but two, weighing 20 stones eight pounds each including the sack; which he carried 250 times each, twenty-one yards. And notwithstanding he carried above the weight and the distance was one yard more than agreed on, Mr Dalton performed the undertaking with great ease in seven hours and twenty-five minutes. He carried the first hundred in forty minutes, and the second in about fifty minutes.

16. A match was run for 1000 guineas, in the county of Leicesters, from Melton Mowbray and across the country to Dalby woods, being a distance of ten miles, by a horse the property of Mr Hardy, got by the Rutland Arabian, and rode by Mr Lorraine Smith's butler, against the best hunter the Hon. Mr Willoughby could procure, rode by his whipper-in, which was won by the former, by a distance of nearly two miles.

At starting, the odds were three to two in favour of Mr Hardy, whose horse went over the country in great stile. The intrepidity of the riders were astonishing, but the advantage of superior skill and excellent horsemanship was evidently in favour of Mr Hardy, whose rider shewed much knowledge of hunting by his manner of choosing his leaps, many of which were well performed.

July 13. In a cricket match between Hants and Surry, on Windmill Down for 1000 guineas, Small, jun. and Freemantle, belonging to the former, got 172 notches, which was one more than was fetched by the whole Surry eleven.

August 20. Two stallions trotted from Huntingdon to Cambridge for a wager of 100 guineas a side. The winner (who performed his journey in 57 minutes!) was five years old, got by Pretender; the other by Atlas, was seven years old. They were both out of one mare.—It was supposed not less than 10,000*l.* was depending on this race.

Sept. At York races, Mr Hutchinson's four years old horse, called Overton, got by King Fergus, won on the Monday, a sweepstakes of 100 guineas each, twelve subscribers; and on the Friday following he won the great subscription; he was afterwards matched for 500 guineas, to run four miles with Mr Bullock's Halbert, and to give him a stone. Notwithstanding the great difference in weight, Overton took the lead, kept it, and won the match.

20. Labourer, a horse of Mr Brewer's for a bet of 100*l.* ran twenty times round Preston race course, which measures exactly one mile, in fifty-four minutes, with apparent ease.

James IV, 1520. of Scotland, with a relay of horses, rode from Stirling, by Perth and Aberdeen, to Elgin, a distance of 150 measured English miles, in one day.

July 28, 1714 at York, her majesty's gold cup, of 100*gs* value, was run for by the following horses, &c. and came in as follows; viz.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|------|----|-----------|----|----|---|-------|
| Mr Childer's | g b. | m. | Dutchess | .. | .. | 1 | 2 |
| Mr Pearson's | b. | h. | Foxhunter | .. | .. | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Moore's | b. | h. | Dragon | .. | .. | 4 | 4 3 |
| Mr Young's | gr. | g. | Shy | .. | .. | 3 | 3 4 |
| Mr Hutton's | gr. | h. | Ironsides | .. | .. | 6 | 5 dis |
| Mr Dawson's | d. | h. | Pretender | .. | .. | 5 | 6 dis |

The third heat, Dutchess and Fox-hunter were so near together at the ending post, that it could not be determined by the tryers; upon which a law-suit ensued; during which time, her Majesty's cup was invested in trust with the lord-mayor of York; when it was agreed in court, that all such horses, &c. as were not distanced, had an equal property; upon which, the four following gentlemen; viz.

Mr Childers, Mr Pimston, Mr Moore, and Mr Young, sold their shares for 25l. a piece, which was purchased by the following noblemen, &c., viz., two shares by the Duke of Rutland, one by the Earl of Carlisle, and one by Sir Wm. Lowther, and run for over again in 1719, and won by the

| | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-----|----|------------|----|----|---|---|-----|
| Earl of Carlisle's | Ch. | g. | Buckhamter | .. | .. | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Duke of Rutland's | b. | m. | .. | .. | .. | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Sir W. Lowther's | d. | m. | Whitefoot | .. | .. | 3 | 2 | dis |

1735. Count de Buskeburg, the famous German author, being then in England, laid a considerable wager, that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horse's head turned towards Edinburgh, and the count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode the journey, in less than four days.

1740. Lord Orford made a large bet with another nobleman, that a drove of geese would beat an equal number of turkies in a race from Norwich to London. The event proved the justness of his lordship's expectations; for the geese kept on the road with a steady pace; but the turkies, as every evening approached, flew to roost in the trees adjoining the road, from which the drivers found it very difficult to dislodge them; in consequence of which, the geese arrived at their destination two days before the turkies.

May 3, 1749, a foot-race of ten miles was run on Richmond Green, between Thomas Calisle, a lamp-lighter, and — Morris, a noted runner, for 100 guineas. Calisle, who was the winner, run that distance in 55 minutes. Morris, in endeavouring to out-strip his competitor, burst a blood-vessel, and expired almost instantly.

August 14, 1760, a porter, at one of the inns in the city, engaged for a wager of a guinea, to walk between West Smithfield and St. Giles's seventeen times, carrying 50lb. weight of half-pence, in four hours; the distance was computed to be near twenty miles, which he performed in half an hour less time than was allowed him.

January 2, 1765, Ralph Nicholson, a taylor, for a wager, walked from Whitechapel Church to Knights-bridge, in fifty-eighty minutes. He was allowed an hour.

September, 1766, James Tichborn, Esq., of Putney, betted 100 guineas with William Courtney, Esq., of Wandsworth, that he procured three horses that should go ninety miles in three hours. At the time appointed, Mr Tichborn started all the three horses at once; so they had but thirty miles a piece to run in the three hours. Mr Courtney objected to this, not being the conditions of the wager, and refused to pay the bet, for which Mr Tichborn had the cause tried at Kingston Assizes in April, 1767; when the court being of opinion it was an unfair bet, and a mere juggle of jockeyship, gave a verdict for Mr Courtney.

January 12, 1767, a gentleman skated a mile in fifty-seven seconds, on the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, for a wager of fifty guineas. He was allowed one minute.

December 21, 1770, Mr Baker's celebrated fox-hound, Romulus,

broke away with a fox singly, and pulled him down, after a chase of eighteen miles. Romulus was afterwards the property of the Duke of Bedford, who offered to run him for five hundred guineas against any hound in Europe.

July, 1771, in a cricket match played at Seven-oak Vine, between the counties of Surrey and Kent, against Middlesex and Hants, Shock-white, of Brentford, got 197 notches; and in the return match played on Laleham Burway, Aylward, of Hampshire, fetched 160 runs.

August 22, 1774, Anthony Thorpe, a journeyman baker, at the Artillery Ground, ran a mile tied up in a sack, in eleven minutes and a half.

May 11, 1775, John Green, a noted walker, for a wager of ten guineas, at the Artillery Ground, walked seven miles within an hour, besides eating a cold fowl, and drinking a bottle of wine.

June 13, 1776, a walking match, for fifty guineas a side, took place on the City Road, between the noted Green, and Hancock, a butcher. They was to walk four miles, which Hancock performed in thirty-eight minutes and three seconds, beating Green by about twenty yards.

October 18, 1783, a gentleman at Colchester, for a bet of five hundred guineas, drove a mare of his, in a single-horse chaise, from Colchester to London, and back again, (102 miles,) in sixteen hours. By the conditions of the wager, the mare was to go eight miles in the last hour, which she did with apparent ease, and had ten minutes to spare. The mare had only water-gruel mixed with brandy, during her journey.

February 28, 1784, Mr Green, a publican, for twenty-eight guineas, rode a mare of his, from his house in Russel street, Bloomsbury, to Maidenhead (twenty-eight miles) in one hour and forty seconds.

October 25, 1786, Ring and Wingfield, two famous walkers, walked from Hicks's Hall to St. Alban's, and back again. The first performed the journey in nine hours eleven minutes; and the latter in nine hours seventeen minutes. The wager was twenty guineas to five Ring against Wingfield.

July 11, 1788, in a cricket match played on Felley-green, at Gobham, between eleven married women, and eleven maids of Surry, Sarah Norcross, one of the latter, fetched 107 runs from her own bat.

September 2, a man, for a bet of 30 guineas, at six o'clock, set off from Bishopgate church to walk to Colchester and back again before 8 o'clock the following day. He performed it in an hour and a half less time than was allowed him.

October 11, a man undertook, for a bet of two guineas, to go twice round the course at Ipswich, which is 4 miles, in half an hour. He performed it in 28 minutes and 40 seconds.

January, 1789, during the frost, thirteen men brought a waggon with a ton of coals, from Lough-borough, in Leicestershire, to Carlton house, as a present to the Prince of Wales (who gave them 20 guineas.) They performed their journey, which is 111 miles in 11 days, and drew it all the way without any relief.

March 15, a gentleman of Edinburgh walked to Glasgow for a considerable bet. He set off from Edinburgh at half past six in the morning, attended by several persons on horseback who were interested in the wager, and arrived at Whitbourn (21 miles) 16 minutes before 11 o'clock, stopt there half an hour to breakfast, and arrived at the Saracen's head, Glasgow, eight minutes past four. By the bet he was allowed 12, but performed it with ease in 9 hours and 38 seconds.

September, Mr John Stuart, of Dunkeld, in Scotland, aged 80, for a wager, walked from thence to London, being 450 miles, in 4 days and 6 hours. Eighteen hours less than what was allowed him.

October, Prince Litchtenstien and a party of 11 other gentlemen, in Germany, had this extraordinary sport in one day: they were out 14 hours, and killed 39,000 pieces of game. The game was of all sorts, but chiefly hare and partridge.

Another day, but shorter, Sir W. Hamilton, the King of Naples, and three gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Caserte, killed 800 pieces of game. Six hundred and forty of them were partridges.

March 12, 1790, at Edinburgh, ended the long main of cocks between Mr Hamilton, of Wishaw, and Mr Cheape, of Sauchie, when each of them gained three battles. What is very remarkable, after a fortnight's fighting neither party gained the main, both having won an equal number of battles.

November 7, 1792, the coachman, belonging to John Palmer Chichester, Esq., being sent express for a physician, rode a horse of his master's from Arlington to Exeter, a distance of 47 miles, and a bad road, in 3 hours and 47 minutes. The weight of the coachman was about 14 stone. The horse was very well after it.

June 24, 1793, Mr Delme, jun., rode to London on one horse from Colnbrook, in something less than 44 minutes, the distance is 17 miles, and the bet, which was very considerable, depended upon the riding it in three quarters of an hour.

— 28, a bet of half a guinea was decided between two brick-makers, of Leeds, one proposed making 5000 bricks as soon as the other, who was lame, made 4000, when the same man actually completed 4277 in 7 hours, while the other had done no more than 3927.

April 7, 1794, a Jew pedlar, for a wager of 25 guineas, went on foot from Hyde Park corner to Radcliffe church, Bristol, in twenty hours.

July 7, a gentleman set out from Oxford to ride a match against time, from Oxford to London and back again (108 miles) in twelve hours, with change of horses, which he performed in 8 hours and a half.

— 16, at Edinburgh races, the noblemen and gentlemen purse of fifty guineas was won by

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|----|----|----|------|----|----|---|
| Lord A. Hamilton's bay h | .. | .. | .. | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Baird's Trimmer | .. | .. | .. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr Garwood's Freeman | .. | .. | .. | 1 | 3 | dr | |
| Mr Gregson's Archer | .. | .. | .. | 2 | dr | | |
| Mr Swann's Rattler | .. | .. | .. | dist | | | |
| Mr Robb's Bonny Lass | .. | .. | .. | dist | | | |

This was a most excellent race, and as keenly contested as any ever run over Leith Sands. The first heat was very close between Freeman and Archer and won by the former by half a length. The second heat was gained by a head. The third by rather less. And the last by half a length.

December 11, Richard Brown, of Peterchurch, in the county of Hereford, who is in the 115 year of his age, walked to Hereford and returned to Peterchurch, a distance of 24 miles, within the space of 8 hours.

Sporting Magazine, 1796.

THE FOOT OF THE HORSE.

In the treatment of the Foot, preparatory to shoeing lies the principal part of the skill of a good workman. Much has been done to mystify this simple operation, by dividing and subdividing parts which ought not to be separated. If the surface of the earth was left in its natural state, without being converted into hard and artificial roads, there would be no necessity to protect the foot by the help of any other substance, as the production of horny matter would, except in cases of inordinate labour, be fully equal to the consumption. The period when the colt should be first shod, should be deferred as long as possible for the moment that operation commences, the contest between nature and the blacksmith begins. On examining the hoof of a colt that has never been shod, it will be perceived that the inner quarter is weaker in substance than the outward one, and therefore more worn. From this circumstance, the colt gets the habit of turning out the toe because the inner heel being nearer the ground than the outer one, the toe will naturally point outwards. On this account, therefore, the outside quarter requires more to be taken away than the inside one, in order to keep the hoof on its proper level. For this purpose the feet should be rasped about once in two months if the colt is at grass, and this process should begin at the end of the first year.

Hunting and training grooms are great advocates for turning out horses with tips. The pretence is, that it serves as a shield to save the crust of the hoof from being broken. This may be the case in some degree, but an injury of a more serious nature generally ensues, except these tips are removed at least once a month. For at the termination of the tip, the hoof, meeting with no resistance, grows faster at that point than elsewhere, so that in a short time the iron buries itself in the horn, and, by the partial pressure, occasions bruises similar to corns, besides throwing forward a great quantity of horn to the toe, and thereby increasing the stress upon the ligaments of the fetlock joints. The

hoof is subject to great alterations in its external structure. Where the crust or wall is thick and hard, the hoof is always disposed to contract, especially at the heels, while the sole becomes more concave, and by pressing against the fleshy sole, causes considerable pain. On the other hand, when the crust is too thin, the sole sinks and becomes convex or *pumied*, to use the technical term, and is an equal cause of lameness with the other.

These alterations in form and structure do not take place suddenly, but are brought on gradually, and thence escape the eye until it is too late to effect a cure. Contraction in the hoof arises principally from the horse resting that leg in consequence of the pain he feels within it, because there is no pressure sufficient to counteract the natural inclination that the crust has to concentrate its fibres. Now it must be evident that a disease of this nature must be greatly aggravated by standing in the stable, and surrounded by dry straw, hence it is always beneficial to apply moisture to the feet as much as possible. It is true that moisture will not restore the original natural state of the bones within the hoof, if they happen to have become disorganized, for instance, the coffin and the navicular bones; nevertheless, by softening the horn, more elasticity may be given to it, and consequently some small relaxation of the compression in which it is constantly enveloped.

This, therefore, must ever form a strong argument for turning horses to grass during the summer, and if any proof of its utility be necessary, let the reader turn to the fact, that butcher's and farmer's hacknies that lie out at night, and work in the day, are seldom or never lame in the feet. In cases where the horse cannot have the advantage of being turned out moisture may be applied to the feet, either by obliging him to stand with his fore feet in a clay bath, or by tying a bundle of wet woollen rags round the coronet, to be moistened as often as they become dry. This is a very simple remedy, and easily applied.

This process may be greatly assisted by stimulating applications to the coronet, such as an infusion of Cantharides in spirits of wine, rubbed on the part just above the horn. For—about twelve hours after it is applied the horse's head should be tied to the rack to prevent him from biting the part, but he may work as usual. All oily or greasy applications should be avoided, as they prevent the horn from absorbing the moisture from the clay or the rags with which it is surrounded. We have heard of some patent boots, lined with sponge, which are said to be very useful. At all events they can do no harm, and are therefore worth the trial. The disease of the foot called founder, is generally occasioned by active inflammation, brought on by hard riding, or hard roads, especially during frosty weather.

The disease is manifested by the horse standing with his fore legs considerably advanced before his body, while his hind legs are brought as far under him as possible by the purpose of taking the principal part of the weight off the fore legs. The horse is not able to stand up for any length of time, and is constantly suffering the most acute

pain, which is greatly increased by the circumstance of the foot being inclosed in horn, and which, in consequence of its not expanding, in order to give the internal inflamed parts more space, must increase the torment in a tenfold degree. This pressure is somewhat diminished when suppuration of the laminae takes place, in which case the matter forces its way out at the coronet, where it finds less resistance. This affection of the hoof is sometimes so extremely acute as to kill the animal, and under any circumstance it produces such an alteration in the structure of the hoof, as to render him, in most cases, unfit for any further service.

The operation of dividing the nerves of the leg is sometimes resorted to; but though it removes the pain, it cannot restore the free flexible action of the lower pastern joint, consequently the animal is unfit for any purpose except slow work.

The alteration of form in the hoof, in consequence of the disease just alluded to, is manifested by the following particulars, namely, by the sole sinking, so as to render it convex instead of concave, the last of which is its natural form. In addition to this, the toe increases in length, while the heels remain without any increase in their depth or strength, the wall or crust of the hoof becomes irregular on its surface, and this is shown by horny rings at about an inch distance from each other. The coronary ring, or the part between hair, and hoof, diminishes in circumference also. When these symptoms appear, even in a moderate degree, they are pretty certain indications that the feet have been diseased at some former period. During the inflammatory action, the suppuration and destruction of the laminae is so great as to disengage the coffin-bone completely from the horny box to which it is attached, and thence cast off the hoofs entirely. If the animal survive, nature immediately sets about forming a new hoof, but it is never so strong or so serviceable as the original one.

When the hoof has become what is called a pumied foot preparatory to shoeing, consists in shortening the toes as much as possible; but the heels are to remain untouched, except a little rasping of the ragged parts. Pumied feet are very subject to corns, in consequence of the weakness of the heels: in that case, the corn is to be cut out with a drawing knife, and the hoof to be shod with a bar shoe, which by a moderate pressure on the frog relieves the heels very considerably. The shoe must be convex in cases where the sole is much sunk, so as to prevent pressure against it; but the outward surface next the ground need not be more than half as thick at the inner edge or web as at the outside one, and this admits of the lower surface being less convex and thereby less liable to slip upon slippery ground.

The lowness of the heels produces sometimes another disease, in addition to what has been already adverted to, namely, ossification of the tendons that pass over the navicular bones; these bones also sometimes become ankylosed, and consequently lose their natural functions in a great degree. For none of these evils is there any cure; they are, however, palliated in some measure by dividing the nerves that run to the hoof. This operation may have the effect of qualifying the

animal for two or three years' additional labour, but the sense of pain sometimes returns in consequence, perhaps, of the divided nerve re-uniting: in that case, all that remains to be done is to divide the nerve again.

Much of the diseased alteration of structure in the hoof arises from the position of this leg; thus a horse whose fore legs stand much under him will throw the principal part of the pressure of the body on the toe, in consequence of which the heels will be more or less prone to contract. When this occurs the toes should be kept as short as possible. Horses that turn out the toe are apt to bruise the inside of the fetlock of the opposite leg, and even to strike the inside of the knee. This latter is a very dangerous fault, and is often productive of the most severe falls, the animal generally rolling over. These horses seldom break their knees, their heads always coming to the ground first, and consequently sustaining the chief effects of the injury; they are more particularly liable to it when they are leg weary. The turning out of the toe, in the manner just alluded to, may be remedied in some degree by shoeing; and this is to be done by keeping the inward edge of the shoe within the line of the horn of the quarter, while at the same time the inner heel of the shoe should be somewhat thicker than the outer one. This formation tends to throw the toe in a straight line instead of crossing the legs every time they are raised into the air. It must therefore be evident that speedy cutting is a very bad fault. The way to ascertain the existence of it is to handle the inner and lower part of the knee, when if there are any scars, it forms an infallible indication of the practice.

New Sporting Magazine.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.*

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

ON DRAFT CATTLE, AND THEIR USE AND MANAGEMENT, BOTH IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Of Cart Horses—the author's remarks are so sensible and judicious on this head, that we take particular pleasure in furnishing the following extract:—

“Cart Horses are well known to be of the largest and coarsest description; their Belgic origin has been already noted. As it is the

* Continued from No. 19, of the *Indian Sporting Review*.

general opinion, that the saddle horse ought to be sharp and frigate built, so they hold that the cart horse should be round, and (to borrow a list from my beloved Smollet) as bluff in the bows, as a Dutch fly-boat. Rotundity, or the form of carrying their substance in a horizontal position, seems to be the grand characteristic of English draft horses. They say, this make of the shoulder, is the best adapted to drawing along, or moving weights; farther, that it is not so liable to chafe with the collar, as the flat and deep form. Both Bracken and Osmer seems disposed, in part, to controvert these positions, probably from their prejudice in favour of bred cattle. That large bred horses would draw there is no doubt; and it is true that the superior strength and elasticity of their tendons would enable them to make great exertions; but the article of gross weight has a considerable degree of consequence in this business, and experience seems to be decidedly in favour of nearly the present form and species of cart horse.

"A very erroneous idea has prevailed, concerning cart-horses, that provided they are big, heavy and clumsy enough, all farther considerations are needless; on the contrary, it is both theoretically and practically true, that great abilities for draft must depend materially upon just proportion; and that four thorough-shaped horses will draw with facility, a weight which would puzzle five ordinary ones, although of equal or even superior size; a truth which they ought to reflect upon, who have a considerable number of those animals to maintain.

"A capital cart-horse is not more than sixteen hands high, with a brisk, sparkling eye, a light well-shape head, and short pricked ears, full chest and shoulder, but somewhat forelow; that is to say, having his rump higher than his fore-hand; sufficient general length but by no means leggy; large and swelling fillets, and flat bones; he stands wide all fours, but widest behind; bends his knee well, and has a brisk and cocking walk.

"Many of the knights of the smock-frock and the whalebone, would shake their heads at my commending length in a cart-horse, nevertheless nothing is more true, than that in the account of just proportion, length will not be forgot; and that not only length, but a certain degree of room and freedom of shape is absolutely necessary to enable the horse to make those active springs which contribute more than mere bulk, to the translation of a mass of weight. Your short-legged cloddy horses, as they are styled, are generally too sluggish and slow, subject to grease, and those disorders arising from a thick and sizy blood; but such are far preferable to the loose, leggy, and weak-loined; the worst possible shapes of draft-horses.

"The breeds of cart-horses, most in fashion upon our island, at present are the heavy blacks of the midland counties, the Suffolk pucees, and those of Clydesdale in North Britain.

"The first are those capital sized, and high priced horses, made use of by the brewery and distillery in London, and by the farmers of Berkshire and Hampshire, and a few other parts, where their teams form a considerable article of ostentation and parade.

"The Suffolk punches, which also extend to Norfolk, are low horses, rather coarse-headed, with indifferent ears, in general chestnut (provincially sorrel) forelow, with deep and large carcasses, and nimble walkers and trotters. They have ever proved themselves the truest and best drawers in the world, as well as the hardest and most useful cart and plough-horses. Their nimbleness, it should seem, is owing to their length and moderate size; and their immense powers in lifting weights to the same cause, combined with the low position of the shoulder, which occasions the weight to be acted upon, in a just and horizontal direction. Their superiority over all other horses at drawing dead pulls, is no doubt in some measure, owing to early training, as in no country is so much pride taken, in teaching horses to draw; and it is well known, that a team of Suffolk horses, the signal being given, will all down on their knees, and leave nothing behind them that is within the power of flesh and blood to draw away. As to draft cattle, in my opinion, nothing need be done, but give those of Suffolk a fine head and ear, and flat legs; and we are then at the top of it.

"But there is another breed of horses in Suffolk and Norfolk, (how they came there is somewhat difficult to ascertain) well fitted both for the saddle and draft. I have seen a cart horse of this description, which, bating a little coarseness of the head, was perhaps as fit to get hacks and hunters, from proper mares, as the best bred horse alive. I have also heard of a Norfolk farmer, who, about forty years ago, had a peculiar sort, which he styled his Brazil breed. This blade of a farmer would, it seems, unharness one of his plough horses, ride him to a neighbouring fair, and after winning with him a leather plate, ride him home again, in triumph, to his wife.

"The late Mr Bakewell, of Dishley, so justly celebrated for his hospitality, and the general humanity of his character, rendered the most eminent services to his country, by his improvements in live stock. If he failed in any thing, I should conceive it was his judgment of horses. I have indeed heard the same of him respecting pig stock, from the most experienced man in England. Mr Bakewell's chief attention, I suppose, was bestowed upon sheep and horned cattle. The black horse he shewed at Tatterstall's, some years since, for the purpose of getting saddle-horses, I have heard did not meet the approbation of intelligent breeders, nor did he appear to me, at all calculated to suit the common run of mares.

"Of the Clydesdale horses, as I know nothing, please to take Mr Culley's description, "probably as good and useful a draught horse as any we are possessed of; larger than the Suffolk punches, being from fifteen to sixteen and half hands high, strong, hardy, and remarkable true pullers, a restive horse being rarely found amongst them. In shape, in general, plain made about the head, sides, and hind legs; mostly grey or brown; said to have been produced from common Scotch mares and Flanders horses, a hundred years ago."

"But the size, rather than the sort, of our cart-horses, has become the chief object of consideration, since it has been the custom

to breed them up to a ton weight, and seventeen and even eighteen hands high. Prudence and economy, especially during these times of scarcity and general distress of the poorer classes, have incessantly inculcated the question—why breed your horses to such an enormous bulk, since it is not *yet* your intention to eat them?—Answer, *it is the custom*. A most satisfactory answer, no doubt, were it only because there is such a number of questions, of at least as much importance, which, if at all, must be answered precisely in the same way. But there are honest and discerning men, who have a just contempt for all precedents which are unfounded in truth and reason, and which militate against the general good; and these will naturally desire to trace causes, and examine foundations.

“These over sized horses are neither able to do, nor do they work more than those of moderate size and true proportion; for, in growing them up to this vast bulk, you gain only in beef, and *weight to be carried*, but nothing in the size and substance of the sinews and muscles, the cords, levers, and pullies, which are destined to move their own as well as any extraneous mass. By this reasoning, it should seem, that the out sized are unable to perform even so much work as the middling; and another argument against them, equally just, is, that they must, in general, consume a proportional larger quantity of every necessary. For whose benefit then, is this *Howden Mack*, of English elephants, bred? It is not for the breeders, for they may have just as large a price for less stock, which would, moreover, cost them less in keep. I can only say farther, that I submit it to the good sense of the breeders of the midland counties, whether it would not be advisable for them to think of changing their stock; and I beg leave to refer them to what I have already said of the horses of Suffolk and Norfolk.

“I must also beg leave to refer all breeders to Mr Culley’s book, before mentioned, where they will find it recommended to mix even a little racing blood, with the cart stock; and where they may read of the wonderful exertions, in carting business, upon the road, of the Cleveland Bays, a sort of coach horses. Although bred horses are, of all others, the most sluggish, yet it is well known, that a mixture of their blood gives spirit and activity to other races. Still, I think, this doctrine, as it regards cart-horses, must be received with some caution. Although these half-bred cart-horses may perform well in light work, and upon hard roads, they may not be so well calculated for stiff clays, and heavy sands. For my own part, I cannot boast of my good fortune with this sort, of which I have tried perhaps a dozen, at different periods; not one of which, to use my offended carter’s phrase, was able, when we came to whips, “to pull a plumb-pudding off a grid-iron.”

“There is also a very material idea, with which I wish earnestly to impress the minds of all breeders of draft cattle; it is, that in breaking the colt, they always teach him to back readily, and go quietly in the shafts. Every man who has had much to do with cart-horses, well knows the abuse, and the miseries they suffer, when they have

not been taught to back; and also the trouble and fuss there is in a press of business, because, truly Ball is too modest to go before, and Whitefoot, peradventure, too ambitious to go behind; whereas, they should all be so far accustomed, as, at least to make a decent shift in any place.

“Another observation I address to the sons of humanity. There are horses, whether from some latent and internal weakness, or, whatever occult cause, which never can be forced by the utmost severity, to strain at dead pulls, and yet in all ordinary business, and where the weight follows freely, and is in obvious proportion to their powers, they may be as good, and as serviceable horses as any in the world. The best horse I ever had in my life was of this kind. He laboured ten years for me, and five out of the ten, I should think, as hard as any horse alive. He has many times, as filler in a cart, gone down some steep ways with sixty-three hundred weight behind him, which shewed we placed some dependance upon his goodness, and he was always perfectly kind and willing. But if hooked to a fixed body, which he could not move, the instant he perceived the state of the case, he ceased all farther effort, and would not pull an ounce; but answered the whip, by shaking his neck and head, and looking back to the object; or, as I have sometimes thought, pointing towards his own loins. There is an analogy between this case, and that of race-horses, which will not, or rather cannot, run to the whip; and it is equally against common sense, as common humanity, to whip and abuse them; yet I have heard of fixing a chain to the neck of a cart horse, going up hill and other barbarous follies.

“In treating of draft-cattle, for the use of the metropolis in particular, having already treated to the extent of my knowledge, on the general principle, I have only a few practical remarks to make. I think it would be much to the advantage of the proprietors of drays and town carts, to make use of a lighter, and more active description of horses. Such would not only perform the same quantity of work as the heavy horses, in less time, but would not be so liable to beat and founder their feet; would last longer, and consume less. Is a proof of this demanded? Let the enquirer satisfy himself of the labour performed by the Suffolk and Norfolk cart horses, which he may very easily do. Let him turn to Mr Culley's account of the Cleveland Bays. Let him look into the Annals of Agriculture, where he will find, among many other observations highly deserving his attention, the account of Mr Collett's five horses, which drew thirty sacks of barley, over the sandy road, from Walton to Ipswich; and Mr Constable's cart, of East Berghott, which, with only one horse, carried ten sacks of flour, twenty stone seven pounds each sack, five or six miles, over a road where are no turnpikes. But there are many proprietors in town, of the same opinion with myself, on this head; and one gentleman in particular, of the highest respectability in the distillery, told a friend of mine, that, his own horses being all engaged, on a certain occasion, he was under the necessity of employing the light team of a farmer, which, to his surprise then, went

through the day's labour with more ease and dispatch, than was usual with his own. I shall conclude my argument, *a l' Anglaise*, that is, by proposing a wager. It has been hinted to me, that if the gentleman of London and Berkshire, will produce thirty of their largest and best black horses, they shall be met by the same number from Suffolk and Norfolk, under sixteen hands high, to draw in any manner either dead pulls, weight, or distance, for a thousand. The gentlemen of London would doubtless, like to be let into a good thing; but in such a match, I conceive, they would literally be 'let in with a jog.'"

There would certainly be a difficulty, or rather an impossibility, in obtaining, immediately, a sufficient number of horses of the description which I have recommended, for the use of the metropolis; but were the gentlemen, in the brewery, and other considerable proprietors, to express their inclinations to such a change, Suffolk horses would be bred in every breeding county in England.

It is urged, that the chief use of large horses in town is, as fillers, to stand the shaking of slop-carts, and other very ponderous loads: but I think a gross and bulky, or a tall, leggy horse, can never be so able to endure this, as a square, muscular, boney one of fifteen three, or sixteen hands high. Those over-grown cattle are apt to be too much shaken by their own weight. The practical arguments, however, of Messieurs Trueman, Harford, and Co. of Limehouse, are of more validity than a whole folio of my theoretical ones. The drays of those gentlemen have, for some months past, been drawn by three mules each, the highest of which, did not appear to me above fourteen hands. They carry three butts of beer, from Limchouse to London; the same weight, precisely, which the London drays carry with three large horses, and the shafts bear in like manner upon the filler.

Now I have mentioned shaft-horses, I wish to ask the question, what possible use it can be of, for the weight of a carriage to bear upon the fill-horse, instead of upon a wheel, or wheels? I lament here, that I cannot boast of being even a smatterer in the mechanics, of course, that I cannot deliver myself upon this part of the subject, scientifically; but I am an old carter; and have been long convinced that there really was never any necessity for the practice, and that it stands upon no better foundation than that of ancient custom. The danger and inhumanity of this custom is visible to all who have eyes, and walk London streets in a slippery season. It has made me shudder a thousand times, to see a wretched animal, perhaps weak and half-fed, staggering under an immense load, down a hill of glass, and upon shoes which seemed to be contrived expressly for the purpose of sliding. How it happens that the horses keep their legs, or that so few accidents ensue, is wonderful; but sure it ought to be still more wonderful, that men are not warned from such stupid practices by the smart of those accidents which do really happen, and these are sufficiently numerous.—The Thames-street carts ought to have either four wheels, or three. In the latter case, it is said, that upon the true mechanical principle, for saving draft, the additional wheel ought to be placed abaft; but then should the filler make a stumble with a

shifting load, the intention of preserving him from its weight, would not be answered, and the care of carmen, in properly securing a load, is far enough from a certain dependence. Many of the brewers, of late years, have adopted the four-wheeled dray, the convenience and economy of which are obvious; and I have no doubt, but it will soon become general throughout the trade.

The management of draft-horses in town, is a cheerless and invidious topic to a considerate mind. How hard, that feeling animals which contribute so materially to the opulence, the convenience, and the comfort of their masters, should themselves miss any of those just and necessary comforts, in the power of opulence to bestow. But an exception must be made, in favour of many noble-minded citizens of London, who demonstrate the best proofs of meriting the large property they possess, in the fine appearance, and high condition of their horses, and in the visible care and humanity of their servants. There are some men, however, so excessively intent either in the acquisition of wealth, or the enjoyment of it, as wholly to lose all thought or solicitude about these humble instruments of their profit. I beg of these to grant me their pardon, if I presume to remind them of both their interest and their duty. I am about to advise the best regulations within my knowledge; if it be said, these are no novelties, I shall retort—Are they useful? if so, Why so generally neglected?

In many places, where a great number of horses are kept, the number of helpers in the stables is insufficient, or the superintendence defective; besides, the common run of horsekeepers are not sufficiently expert at their business. A man, jaded and tired with a hard day's labour, and who must rise with the dawn to repeat the same is absolutely incapable, be his abilities whatever they may, of doing stable justice to a number of large horses, besmeared from head to foot with dirt and sweat, or to take the necessary care of their harness.—Granting sufficient help, there must still be superintendence, which may be placed in the hands of a proper person, not kept expressly for such purpose, but who will undertake the task for a small addition to his wages. A master should have a monthly review of all his horses; and, at all events, should acquire sufficient veterinary knowledge to defend himself and his cattle from blacksmiths and grooms, next to divines, lawyers, and politicians, the most ingenious sophists in the world.

But where is a constant great hurry of business, and at unseasonable hours, it will be impossible, with even the greatest care, to do all that is necessary about horses, during the six days of labour.—Good Sunday, the day of rest, a day on which deeds of substantial charity are, at least, as becoming as empty words, presents itself as the properest time to repair the deficiencies of the week. A number of men in the employ ought to be engaged, to undertake this Sunday business of the stable in rotation, or for a continuance, at their option, at handsome additional wages. If any religious alarmist should thence be apprehensive for the safety of his soul, let him plead before the righteous Judge, that he was employed in the cause of humanity; a

much better plea, than many of those will have, who work double-tides on a Sunday at that species of labour which is held so meritorious.

A severe stable discipline ought to be maintained where the horses are numerous, and they ought never to appear abroad, in a rough and ill-favoured state, to disgrace the opulent circumstances of the owners.

A dray, or cart-horse, should be smooth trimmed about the head and ears, his mane pulled even, and reduced to a handsome length and thickness, but not so much of it left as to harbour dirt and sweat.—His tail should be a switch of a moderate length, and his legs invariably close trimmed, coach-horse fashion.

Ask an old horse-keeper, who is so bewitched with the beauty, and even excellence, of hairy legs, that he cannot conceive any horse able to draw with smooth ones, and he will tell you directly, and even make you believe it unless you are upon your guard, “that there is no possibility of keeping a cart-horse clean, and free from grease, if you take the hair from his legs, which screens them from the dirt.” What a powerful sophism? But the misery of the matter is, these hairy-legged horses are perpetually apt to be greased, from the slightest neglect, and then the sophists are at last under the necessity of going fundamentally to work, and of cutting off the sacred locks, beneath which they find cakes of dirt and sweat, which have occasioned all the mischief, and which need never have happened, but for neglecting the salutary operation of the comb and scissors.

Plenty of warm water and soap, if necessary, should be allowed once a week, for the legs and feet of horses, which are subject to heat and swellings therein; care should be taken, that they do not stand too much in their dung, which heats and helps to founder their feet.—If any hurt happen to a horse, which work may aggravate, he should be withdrawn instantly, in the first stage of the mischief; if his case require a situation different from that of a crowded town stable, he should be sent forthwith down to a farmer’s yard, where he may be well sheltered, and carefully attended. I have seen fifty cases of this kind, in which, from the indolence and irresolution of the owner, and the knavery and ignorance of his blacksmith, a horse has been kept at an useless expence in town, for months together, till at last he has either been sold for a trifle, totally lost, or sent down into the country to be cured.

Nothing can look so abominable or disgraceful to considerable owners, as their horses being wrung in the shoulders, by the collar, or chafed by the harness.—A regular system of management and preventive care, are, in these respects, all in all. Collars and harness, suffered to remain sodden and hardened with sweat, water, and dirt, must infallibly fret the toughest skin. All accidents of this kind should be attended to in the first instance; an hour’s delay may produce the trouble of months.

The leisure afforded by the reservation of the seventh day is, or ought to be, peculiarly useful to the poorer proprietors, the horses of many of whom are, during the days of labour, enveloped in all kinds of filth.

Many will start and shrink back from the trouble of the task I have presumed to recommend unto them. These calculate ill. Imprudent negligence is usually productive of accumulated trouble; and an article of high price, reasonably demands, and will as certainly repay, the insurance of care.

ON THE MANÈGE.

I can pretend (says Mr Lawrence) to no other knowledge of managed horses, than that limited species which is derived from cursory reading, and occasional slight observation. This art may, I think, be divided into the grand and petit manège; the former, or management of the great horse, intended purely for purposes of parade and shew; the latter, confined solely to the *utile* of military tactics.

The grand manège, consists in teaching a horse, already perfectly broke in the common way, certain artificial motions, the chief of which are called, the *Terra a Terra*, *Demi-volt*, *Corvet*, *Capriole*, *Croupade*, *Balotade*, and the Step and Leap; which last is a motion compounded of three airs, namely, the *Terra a Terra*, *Corvet*, and the Leap, by which the motion is finished. When a horse is perfect in all these, he is styled a full-dressed, or managed horse.

The *petit manège*, is that drilling or training, by which the army-riding-masters fit the horse for military service, in the ranks. The chief objects of it are, to set him upon his haunches, and make him rein well; to give him a cadenced pace; to teach him to rein back, or retreat; to move side-ways, to stand fire, and to leap.—After these, a horse will soon become capable of all the necessary military evolutions. The common business of our town riding-schools, is to teach grown gentlemen and ladies, and to set ill-broken horses upon their haunches.

It is well known, that the grand manège has been long out of fashion in this country; and farther, that it has for years past been upon the decline in every other. I look upon it as a relict of that superstition in all things, which is the characteristic of barbarous times. It is unnecessary to any good or useful purpose, because all such, whether of parade or business, may be fully answered by the common, rational, and uninjurious management: whereas there is always more or less cruelty practised in completing the full-dressed horse; such for instance, as severe whippings, the meaning of which the horse cannot possibly comprehend, and which are therefore unnatural and illegitimate measures; the labour and irritation also, are excessive, and after all, the natural paces of the horse are spoiled, and he is rendered unfit for common business; the only compensation for which is, that he has learned sundry harlequin tricks; two of them are, to skip like a goat, and kick up behind like an ass.

It is vexatious in the extreme, to read the directions of the old Italian writers, for teaching the horse their different manœuvres. Their method of learning him to *yarke*, or kick up behind, (a trick, I should conceive, much more probable to be attended with mischief, than either pleasure or profit) was as follows:—the rider sat spurring and

curbing his horse, whilst one or more persons on foot were, with equal wisdom, employed in whipping or beating him behind with rods; and this hopeful discipline was daily repeated, either abroad, or in the stable, until he could *yarke*, forsooth.

I lately saw in a stable-ride, what appeared to me to be a foreign horse, aged and thoroughly managed. He was in the hands of two fellows, one of whom held him by a very sharp and powerful curb, sometimes forcing him to stand still, at others permitting him to canter up and down, while the other whipped him continually with all his force under the flanks and fore-arms, and in all the tenderest parts of his body. To my astonishment, the generous animal, although darting fire from his eyes and nostrils, received all this cruel discipline without the smallest attempt at resistance, and even with a good natured resignation, which seemed the result of inculcated duty. What would I have given at the instant to see the scoundrels receive five hundred a-piece at the halbert, from the arms of able and willing operators.

The great length of time, which is full three years, before a horse becomes perfectly managed, and the consequent large expence, must necessarily operate with effect against this fashion. There is moreover an objection proper to this country. I am assured by professors, that English horses are impatient under the discipline of the grand manège, indeed, insusceptible of being very highly dressed. Not having yet degenerated, but partaking of that freedom of soul which once distinguished Englishmen, they think foul scorn of those unnatural shackles at which feeling, instinct, and reason revolt. Even the brute mind arms and revolts against tyranny, and horses, as well as men, are easiest governed by the plain and gentle methods of common sense and obvious use.

Every military gentleman, I must suppose, has perused with due attention, the excellent and truly practical treatise of my Lord Pembroke upon the breaking and management of horses for military service; there is also another book, lately published, intituled, "Rules and Regulations for the Cavalry, by order," &c. which I just mention, lest it may have escaped the notice or the memory of those interested therein.

With respect to troop horses, our heavy cavalry are much improved in lightness and activity within the last half century; but a farther improvement in the same line will most probably take place. I have consulted many gentlemen who have seen service, both in the present and former wars, who, after making due allowance for the formidable weight of those heavy horses in the charge, still seem to incline upon the whole to acknowledge the superior utility of more active and speedy cattle. For my part, utterly inexperienced as I am, and as I hope ever shall be in this bloody business, I cannot see how superior activity, and superior ability to carry weight, can possibly be less formidable, in any respect, than mere bulk. But it may be safely averred, that good well-shaped, half bred horses, would beat the present race of heavy troop-horses at twenty and five-and-twenty stone, by miles in an hour. They would also get through deep and difficult

countries with much more expedition and ease to themselves, than heavy cart-bred cattle, whose own weight and laborious method of progression, must be impediments, increasing in proportion to the badness of the roads. It would not be possible at present, I well know, to find a sufficient number of that species of horses to which I allude for the public service; but the case may be altered hereafter, when the heavy black locusts shall have been superseded by a lighter, more active, and more useful race.

SHOEING.

The foot of the horse is surrounded and defended in front, sides, and at bottom, by the horny sole, an ungular substance, thicker than the human, in proportion as the animal is larger. The heels partake of the same kind of defence, but of the thinner texture. The foot, being open at the back, and not surrounded by the firm sole, as in front, is obviously in need of support; and the frog is destined by nature to that office, on which account, and as having so large a portion of the general mass to sustain, particularly whilst the animal is in a state of inaction, it is composed of a very tough and elastic substance. The frog, moreover serves as a cushion, rest, or resilient point, for the tendon of the flexor muscle, or back sinews. The bars, or binders, are those parts situated between the heel and frog, and which by a mutual resistance from within, help to dilate and oppose the contraction of the heels. The horny, defends the fleshy sole above it, and the internal parts of the foot, from the accidental contact of hard bodies; but from its concave form appears not to have been intended by nature to bear weight, excepting round the extremities adjoining the wall. The wall, or crust of the foot is the thick edge surrounding it, from heel to heel; it is the bottom of that portion of the sole which envelops the front and sides of the foot, set up as it were vertically, and thence able to contain nails driven in a vertical direction. This wall then, or rim, is plainly the place on which to fix a support and guard for the foot; for on the wall, and the frog, the animal naturally bears his weight, and the frog, in a sound and healthy state from its tough and elastic nature, needs no artificial defence.—This being the state of the case one would suppose, that in order to good and safe shoeing of horses, nothing farther could be necessary than to follow the directions of nature, and the dictates of common sense. That is to say, to place the needful guard around the wall of the hoof, the extent of which must determine the length of the shoe; to have especial care that no more iron, than is absolutely necessary, either in length, width, or substance, be nailed to the foot, lest the artificial covering, by its superior weight and hardness, break and wear away the natural, and so the remedy itself turn out a disease; and lastly, to place the horse upon a flat and even surface, and, on no pretence, to alter his natural position, or bearing, upon his heels and frogs, the doing which, not only diminishes his points of support and in consequence renders his motion unsafe, but occasions the main tendons of the leg, and the frog, to stand without the necessary rest or bearing;

whence an inordinate stress upon the tendon and ligaments, and the constant risk of lameness, either in the leg or foot. But the common farriers of every country in Europe, (for even in France they are not more improved than our own) act in direct opposition to these maxims. They affix long, heavy, and hollow iron shoes to the feet, by which the crust, or wall, is constantly worn down and broken, and they themselves are laid under the necessity of paring down the sole, which never ought to be done: for, in consequence, the sole itself comes to the need of cover, which is then supplied with additional breadth of iron. The frog they pare down every time of shoeing, lest it should touch the ground and, as an additional help, make the shoes thickest at heel, by which means the horse is thrown too much upon the toe, and stands in a ticklish and unnatural position. To crown the whole business, and to prove beyond a doubt, the unconquerable stability of the animal, they set him upon a convex and oval surface of shoe. Many of these adepts pare away the sole, and thin the frog, almost to the quick, by way of making what they esteem handsome work; and as the horse becomes tender in consequence, they proceed to load his feet with an additional weight of iron. By way of opening the heels, in their phrase, they cut away from the bars, in five minutes, more substance than nature is able to replace in as many weeks; and which substance, as has been said, is the very thing that intervenes between the frog and heels, to preserve them from becoming narrow.

Common justice, however, obliges me to acknowledge, that our farriers, in general, are much improved in the art of late years, not only in the metropolis, but in different parts of the country, which is doubtless to be attributed, in a great measure, to the establishment of a Veterinary College. But great numbers still hold out. In imitation of their betters, they answer any proposition of reform, by saying, they are not prepared to change the principles upon which horses have gone well so long. They had rather rest contented with the present evil (granting it one) than run the risk of incurring another, of the consequences of which they are ignorant. These are weighty arguments. Such is the constitution of things, that all kinds of business may be carried on, and even with considerable success, upon erroneous principles. Many of the people of Ireland and Scotland obliged their horses to draw by the tail, and took ages to be convinced, that it was more convenient for them to do it with their shoulders. Our advocates for the old system of shoeing have one good reason for rejecting the new; which is, that they commonly reduce their horses feet to such an unnatural state, that they have become incapable of it.

The improvements which I have allowed, have not yet reached the draught-horses. These are shod, even in London, the far greater part of them, in the worst and most destructive manner possible; of which, by and bye. The change for the better in the shoes of our saddle horses is, they are neither so long nor heavy as formerly; with respect to length, in general proper, and the nails of proper size; nor

is the terrible butteris in such constant use, or the binders of the hoof so much cut away as formerly. But (excepting those of the College, and some few belonging to the running stables) our best farriers still are apt to make use of too much iron; one reason of which is, that they do not always provide the best sort; their shoes are internally too concave, and externally not sufficiently flat; and they are still obstinately bent against permitting the frog to rest upon the ground, where that is practicable. I say, where that is practicable; for I acknowledge, that with thousands of horses, it is totally impracticable; and it was purely owing to a want of experience in riding different horses over the roads, that La Fosse and St. Bel recommended it without any reserve. The method of La Fosse to shoe with half-moon shoes, or lunettes, reaching only half over the horse's foot, will suit very few horses indeed. I have often smiled at my own credulity, when, many years ago, I sat off, top full of theory, and Bartlett and La Fosse to ride my hack forty miles, shod with a brand new and neat pair of half moon shoes. It was towards evening, and a very sudden and hard frost; but the frogs touching the ground, secured my nag from slipping. She carried me the journey, without much apparent uneasiness; but on my return, the following day, refused to go faster than a walk after the first five or six miles, and in five or six more, came fairly to a stand-still; when I dismounted, and drove her before me to the nearest inn. I could discover no visible damage done to her heels or frogs, but I supposed she stopped merely from pain and fatigue in her feet. I made repeated trials, afterwards with the same, and other horses, but with no better success. Nevertheless, a person in the neighbourhood, at the same time drove several post-horses constantly with half-moon shoe; and, as I was informed, kept their feet by that means, in a better and sounder state than ever they had been before; and I was assured by a gentleman last year, that he had long ridden his hackney, shod in that way, with all possible success.—Certain sound and tough feet will endure to be so exposed; and when the frog is good, and in its natural state its elasticity preserves it from harm; it will even grow luxuriantly under such rough usage; but I think it wrong to have any part of the crust uncovered unless as an expedient to reduce too high, or widen too narrow heels.

La Fosse's famous method has long been proved generally impracticable; but that which originated from it, namely, Osmer's improvement, since adopted by St. Bel and others, far enough from being in the same predicament, is, I am thoroughly convinced, not only practicable for nine-tenths of our saddle and all our cart-horses without exception, but the only safe and proper way in which they can be shod. The one-tenth which form my exception, consist either of blood horses with low heels, and scarce any frogs, or those with large moist, and fat frogs, or such as have running thrushes; I have seen, of the first, with heels comparatively as tender as a bruised apple, and with no frogs, to reach the ground even, whilst at grass; as to the last, every one knows they cannot travel the roads upon their frogs. For

all these, I know of no remedy, but the bar or round shoe; which ought to be made as light and flat as possible, and so contrived, that the foot may stand in a natural position, and the frog rest upon the bar. People in general are prejudiced against the appearance of this description of shoe, which is nevertheless, in common use in some parts of the world; but that, if judiciously made and well affixed, it is perfectly safe—I have had many years experience over pavement and roads of every kind. Indeed, on reflection, it must be safer than the method in which weak-heeled horses are generally shod, as on the bar they find an additional point of support. The common method of shoeing weak heels, it is notorious, is with long shoes, made additionally thick at the heel, by way of covering the tender quarters, and hoisting them up from the ground; but by these long and heavy shoes, the quarters are gradually rendered still weaker, and the crust battered to pieces; and what with the heels being preter-naturally lifted up, and the foot having few and uncertain points of support upon, perhaps, a convex surfaced shoe, every step of the horse is attended with danger.

I have thus given up part of a very celebrated theory, and agreed that numbers of our horses, from the natural or acquired weakness of their quarters and frogs, cannot travel the roads without an artificial defence for those parts; but what can induce our rational and better kind of farriers to reject this theory where it is practicable? For what end or purpose do they still continue to set a good foot upon a convex, in preference to a flat and even surface of iron, and to make thick instead of thin shoe-heels, thereby preventing the frog from resting on the ground, and the animal from enjoying that firm support, which nature plainly intended, and of which they may be convinced by viewing the horse in his natural state? If the thousands and thousands of horses, suddenly let down in the back sinews, nobody can tell how or why, did not indicate some hidden cause, still the usual reasonings upon the subject, urged by so many experienced professional writers, ought to set us upon our guard. The frog, as has been said, is the natural rest, or fulcrum of the tendon; now if this stands hollow and unsupported, it surely follows, that the tendon, upon every exertion, must sustain an inordinate stress. I know of no better way of bringing this argument to bear upon the understanding and feelings of any curious enquirer, than by advising him to walk a considerable time upon the balls of his feet, without suffering the heels to rest upon the ground; he will soon experience pains in the muscles of the calves of the leg, and about the *tendo achilles*; and if he should carry any weight besides his own, will find the pains increased.—Now a man might, by habit, bring himself to walk in that way, and perhaps without much present uneasiness; but I conceive he would be infinitely more liable to sinew-strains, than if he walked in his proper and natural state; and the case is, in a great measure, though perhaps not precisely the same, with horses. With respect to the face of the shoe, and the sure tread of the horse upon the ground, one would suppose that every owner of common sense, and a moderate

quantum of discretion, would take the trouble of reflection entirely out of his farrier's hands ; telling him at once, that there was no office to insure necks, nor any manufactories where jury ones may be purchased. Let any man, who thinks this language over-strained, take up the foot of a horse, and examine the long, broad, and oval shoe, with which thousands are ridden over the slippery pavement of London. Let him seriously consider how few and uncertain points, an animal of such bulk, and bearing additional weight, has to rest upon, more particularly in a situation of declivity, when the natural use and support of his heels is denied him : I think, if he considered all this, he will make his will, previous to taking a journey from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel Church, upon a horse so shod. And yet how extremely few are the accidents, in proportion to what might be reasonably expected. Within four or five years, although I have looked out, I have witnessed only six or seven cases of horses slipping up all fours upon the stones, and falling upon their sides ; in but one or two of which, the rider had his limbs broken. One would suppose, at any rate, that riding in London, must be within the verge of the court of particular providence. Were these break-neck hazards unavoidable, it would be a commendable mark of philosophy, and indeed of duty, to meet them with fortitude and resignation ; but in what terms is the circumstance to be described, when it is certain they are incurred for no other purpose in the world of things, than purely to humour the delectable prejudice of an anvil-headed farrier. In good truth, honesty requires it to be told, both in Gath and Askalon, the whole fault is fairly to be attributed to the habitual indolence of property.

UPON THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE ART OF SHOEING.

There are some toils to which even the rich must submit. True knowledge is not to be acquired, or the acquisition to be enjoyed, by deputy : and if gentlemen and large proprietors of horses are desirous to avoid the difficulties, and dangers, and cruelties, perpetually resulting from prejudice, ignorance and knavery combined, they must embrace the resolution of making themselves so far masters of the subject, as to be able to direct those whom they employ. It is my duty, during the present Treatise, to afford them such a general insight, and to furnish them with such principles, as shall not fail of the intended purpose, if seconded by very moderate application of their own. The advice I have to offer, in respect to shoeing, will, I trust, lie so much within the province of general reasoning and common sense, that little or no professional knowledge will be requisite, in order fully to comprehend it. I am the more particular in the article of shoeing, as it is that in which we ever have been, and still are, so notoriously defective : a few words will describe its vast consequence. Of what use, (as has been often demanded) is the most beautiful and stately edifice, if in constant danger of falling for want of a sufficient foundation ?

Let us previously finish what remains to be said upon the shoeing cart-horses, which draw upon the London pavements. All of which I have been complaining, relative to the shoeing saddle-horses, is the

pure sunshine of wisdom, placed in comparison with the accursed methods taken purposely, as it should seem, to overthrow, cripple, and torture the unfortunate cart-horse. This wretched animal has huge masses of iron affixed to his feet, by monstrous skewers, in the name of nails, the weight of which, altogether, tears and batters his hoofs to pieces, wounds his pasterns and legs, and renders him liable, at every step, to strains in his joints and sinews. But this is the least part of the danger to which he is so sottishly exposed: although employed in sustaining upon his back immense loads as shaft-horse, and in drawing weights which require the utmost exertion of his powers, over a pavement frequently as slippery as glass, his heels are hoisted upon stilts, and the iron which covers his feet is purposely worked into a globular or oval surface, not unlike a walnut-shell!—a procedure, one would suppose, which could only result (speaking of the proprietor of the beast) from downright insanity. Setting aside the imminent peril of accidents, strains, bruises, and foundering from the burning heat of such shoes in work, how is it possible that a horse, with so ticklish a hold upon the ground, can make the most of his strength, such a large portion of which is wasted and consumed in disheartening struggles, merely to keep himself upon his legs? To see the dreadful cruelty with which generous and obedient animals are whipped during these extremities, is enough to drive a feeling mind to distraction.

We generally find that cruelty originates in some little, dirty, contemptible interest, or rather supposed interest. It is precisely the case here. The feeling, well-being, and safety of these noble animals, are sacrificed to the contemptible consideration of a difference in the price of iron. For cheapness sake, the softest and the most ordinary is made use of; in course, the shoes are required to be of an immense weight and size to bear a large horse, without bending under him. Shoe-moulds, ready made, of this inferior iron, are, I am given to understand, purchased at a low price from the founderies, by the blacksmiths in general.

By a strange absurdity, as cart-horses are shod in a more unnatural and preposterous method than any other description, so there is infinitely less occasion, and less excuse for it. Although the pure, dry, and elastic air of some parts of Asia, so hardens the hoofs of horses, that they are tough enough to endure the ground with very slight, perhaps sometimes without any shoes, yet the nature of the hoof in that race is essentially changed by the heavy and moist air of our northern climate, and we find the feet of our horses, generally tender in proportion to their blood, and tougher as they approach the cart-breed. Most cart-horses are provided in an ample measure, with quarters and frogs sufficiently capacious to support their weight, and which would for ever do that office in the fullest manner, were they not constantly pared down, to make way for an artificial and delusive support of iron. This pretended iron support is much more destructive to their feet, than either their own weight, or the hard ground; for instead of encouraging the natural growth of horn upon the foot, destined to sustain the shoe, it is daily abrading and wearing that

necessary substance away. The plea, that heavy horses require such ponderous shoes to support their weight, is totally unfounded and absurd ; since those horses, as well as all others, are never so firmly supported, or their feet so strong and sound, as when running abroad without shoes ; and if it be urged, that in such case they do not labour, the answer is as just as it is ready ; that during the season of labour and carrying weight, a heavy covering, which weakens and destroys the feet, can never be a proper support for the body. What would a porter say to the artist, who should propose to him to pare away the hard skin of his heels, and to make amends for the loss of natural substance, by an additional thickness of shoe ?

I will however grant, because I know it from long experience, that almost all horses require a certain substance of shoe, sufficient to preserve their feet from the concussion of the ground in exercise ; and for this any person may find an analogy in his own feelings, when running over hard ground with thin-soled shoes ; but this consideration by no means affects draft-horses, in the degree it does those which are obliged to move quick ; and the circumstance of the former being confined to a walk, is extremely favourable to any necessary amendment in their shoeing, even when their feet may have been crippled, and worn tender by weight of iron.

If there be really no necessity for these heavy oval shoes, beyond a paltry saving in the price of iron, and a gratification of the ridiculous prejudices of ignorant smiths, surely the concerned will no longer suffer their own interests, and the feelings of their cattle, to be so idly sacrificed. Excluding all ideas of risk and damage, let it be simply considered with what ease a couple of horses, properly shod with flat narrow-webbed shoes, and having their soles entire, and their frogs in their natural state to cling to a slippery surface, would take a load uphill over the pavement, to what they would be able to do with the common large and oval shoes. It must at least make a horse difference in four ; but in the view of humanity, the difference is immense. Taking it as a mere point of interest, and supposing that the amendment cannot be compassed without an additional allowance to the farrier, there is nothing more obvious, than that it would be infinitely to the advantage of the keepers of cart-horses to comply ; of the truth of which, they may be very cheaply and easily convinced.

The reader, desirous of information, will have made his own inferences from the principles I have laid down ; without being any great connoisseur in horse-shoeing, he has, I dare say, found them accordant with common sense, which has much more to do in the right management of all things, than professional mystics willingly allow. As has been said, the reformation must come from the personal exertions of people of property. In such consists the lawful and meritorious influence of wealth. Little is to be effected, as ages have shewn in this particular case, from the feeble efforts of authors, who, to use a phrase of the schools, are poor by custom, and therefore little attended to. But whoever shall set about this necessary reform, will have an immense load of prejudice to counteract in grooms and farriers in

general, by no means undeserving the character bestowed on them, by the discerning Earl of Pembroke. A holy zeal for antiquated forms, and an invincible attachment to precedent, right or wrong, are not confined to the superior professions.—The late professor, St. Bel, assured me, that one of his workmen left the service of the College, although his wages were higher, and his labour less, than elsewhere, rather than submit to be taught any other method of shoeing than that which he had learned in his youth, and which, for that good reason, he was sure must be the best : and I was within these few days informed, by a friend, of a dairy-man in Buckinghamshire, well known to the said informant, who always weighs his butter for market with a family stone, although the said stone weighs several ounces above a pound ; giving the following sage reason for the practice—"that as his father before him, weighed with the stone, and did well, be sure it did not become him, to be wiser than his father !"

With respect to those farriers who are intelligent, and desirous of improvement, the best method an employer can take with them is to put Osmer's book into their hands. No man of tolerable understanding can read that treatise without learning something of horse-shoeing ; and I have recommended it to several young farriers of merit, both of town and country, who have acknowledged their obligations to it. Farther every one who wishes to have justice done to his horses, must insist upon the following preliminaries with his smith, which are entirely within the cognizance of common sense—namely,

That he never weaken the foot of the horse, by paring away the sole and frog, nor destroy the bars, under pretence of opening the heels.

That he make use of none but the best, hard and well-wrought iron ; that he set the horse upon a flat and even surface, and never make the shoe project beyond the heel.

That he never suffer a burning hot shoe to be fitted to the horse's foot.

The above directions may be made general, almost without exception.

I am sorry to say that the villainous custom of fitting the shoes red-hot, and of burning the crust of the foot to a level with the shoe, instead of hammering the iron to the shape of the foot, subsist in full force at this instant. The mischief done by this lazy custom, to the feet of horses, is incalculable ; a pregnant example of which, is the case of Hue and-Cry, the trotting stallion ; which horse lost both his fore-hoofs by it : and, as I have been informed by the owner, the late Mr Bevan, the farrier sat up three nights with the horse, using his utmost endeavours to prevent a mortification from seizing his feet.

The hammers of the smiths are, in general, too large and heavy, that they cannot drive a nail with that truth and accuracy which the case requires, and where the smallest deviation may occasion disagreeable consequences. The brutal treatment also, which horses experience from too many of the men of this description, ought here to be pressed upon the remembrance of proprietors. It is well known, and indeed

every day seen, that the miserable animals, flinching under the torture inflicted by these Vulcans, are cruelly beat about the head and body with their massy hammers. There is also a gross abuse in the affair of twitching; when a horse is twitched to excess, the mark is over-shot, and the intention of thereby holding a horse in a quiet state is destroyed. I once saw a mare in foal twitched to such excess, by a stupid, heavy-handed fellow, that her lip burst asunder, and the mare threw herself on the ground in a state of desperation, and would not rise until the cord was loosened.

It is here necessary to give the reader a caution against the too usual error of precipitate measures of improvement. A gentleman finds his horse constantly tender-footed, flinching and stumbling. The farrier is applied to, he makes great promises, and every shoeing the horse goes worse. The owner now, with his favourite author in his hand, takes up the foot of his horse, and perceives with indignation that he is shod right wrong, in the very teeth of orthodoxy. The farrier is again sent for, and damn'd for a thick-headed son of a bitch, not worthy to shoe Balaam's ass; and in fine, ordered, at his peril, to shoe immediately and strictly according to the given pattern. The fellow shakes his wise noddle, grins, and makes his bow. The nag being shod, according to order, is mounted by his sanguine and delighted master, who now supposes all his troubles at an end; but, alas! he has only made an exchange of errors, his horse goes like a cat in pattens, he can't trot a yard. The poor animal, as if he were in fault, is now checked with the curb, spurred, cursed, abused, and rode home again. Another meeting takes place with the farrier, who now assumes airs of consequence, on account of his superior skill and fore-knowledge of what had happened. They both join in ridiculing book-knowledge in the art of shoeing, and the folly of authors who pretend to shoe all horses by one common standard. The nag is shod again in the old way, goes better immediately in consequence of the change; but in a very short time, having no feet to go upon, is sold for a few pounds to the mail coaches, where they are made to go, whether they can or not.

The error lies in supposing a horse able to go well in proper shoes, or indeed any shoes at all, whose soles, frogs, and heels are so reduced, as to be scarce able to bear his own weight. In such case, the only remedy is to turn him instantly to grass, with narrow plates upon the walls of his hoofs to prevent their being broken, until his heels and frogs shall have grown to their natural state, and then to put him into the hands of a skilful farrier, who may always preserve them in that state, by strictly following the rules of Osmer and Clarke, supposing the hoofs to be naturally sound; if otherwise, I have nothing better to propose, than to repeat my own favourite method of the bar-shoe. But of all things in the world, let no man put faith in farriers or their pretended cures by shoeing, in cases like these. There is only one farrier equal to the task, which is Nature; and she always performs her operations *sub jove*, abroad.

I think I cannot too much recommend the practice, hinted at in

the beginning of this chapter, of hammering the external surface of the shoe somewhat concave; its great use in securing a horse's footing over convex stones, must strike every one, and it is unattended by any countervailing disadvantage. On a reference, I find it mentioned by Sollysel, as well as that ancient author whom I quoted. It must be of infinite use to town cart-horses more particularly, but I think it a practice which merits universal adoption.

Respecting the single calkin, or usual turning up of the hinder shoe of the saddle horse, I must acknowledge I see nothing in it either of prejudice or utility. If the horse have the use of his frogs upon the ground, he will want nothing else to preserve him from slipping; and if otherwise, he slips with his toe not his heel. As to calkins upon the fore heels, I am convinced nothing results from them but mischief and danger in any case. In frosty weather, or upon a chalky or slippery country, sharp-headed, four-edged ice nails, made of the hardest stuff, are the only security; unless, as an additional one, it be thought proper to indent the welts and toes of the shoes, which may have considerable effect. In this affair, there is certainly an exception to be made with regard to cart-horses, which are obliged to back with heavy loads, an exertion in which the stress materially lies upon the heels, and most of all the hinder ones. The case is the same with the shaft-horse, in going down hill. It is a question, whether their frogs would, in those respects, be sufficient; if not, calkins behind might, as usual be adopted, but not at any rate before.

To recapitulate, all horses with good feet should, and well and safely may, be shod with flat, light, narrow webbed shoes, made of the hardest iron; these shoes should be formed thickest at the toe, and thinnest and narrowest at the heel, that the animal may have that equal and steady base, which nature intended him.

I shall conclude this chapter, with the best professional advice I have been able to procure upon certain practical and operative parts of the subject.

St. Bel proposes the following weights, each shoe, for the respective descriptions of horses, which, at any rate, form a good general outline, to be varied according to circumstances, at the discretion of the operator.

For the heaviest cart-horses, 2lbs. 12oz.

For the lighter ditto, 1lb. 12oz.

For the heaviest coach-horses, 1lb. 12oz.

For the lighter ditto, 1lb. 4oz.

For the saddle-horses in general, from 1lb. 2oz. to 10oz.

For racers, 5oz. to 4oz.

The fairest opportunity of making trial of the true principles of the art, is that presented by the colt at his first shoeing, when his hoofs are in a state of natural perfection, and previous to his being habituated to any particular custom. This occasion ought to be zealously embraced, in particular, if the present owner means to keep the horse for his own use; and, indeed, if it were possible to diffuse such ideas among our breeders, that circumstance alone would have a

most powerful tendency towards the necessary reformation. As the matter stands, the feet even of our four and five year olds, are too generally put out of a state of speedy amendment.

I have given my opinion as to the dependance which ought to be placed on the operations of farriery, for the recovery of thin, weak, and damaged feet. I have not a whit more respect for the various manœuvres practised with the intent of curing convex or pomiced feet—of the different modes of shoeing in use to prevent interfering—or of the operation of unsoling, and of various others which might be named. As to any tampering with pomiced feet, or those where the soles belly out, and the horse is obliged to walk upon them, it is attended with constant pain, without hope of amendment, to the animal: the shortest and cheapest way is to knock him on the head, or suffer him to take his chance abroad. I have no reverence at all for the memory of the inventors of the different kinds of shoes, the use of which, in different cases, has been so ostentatiously set forth by writers; they appear to me ingenious contrivances, without use, and generally full of cruelty. The usual methods of shoeing, taken to prevent a horse from cutting, generally give him an uneven, and consequently unsafe position upon the ground; and after all, he continues to interfere. Drawing the sole, I look upon to be an abominable, and to the best of my knowledge, ever an useless operation. I speak not on my own experience, for although farriers have more than once proposed it to me, I never would permit it; but I have made it my business to enquire for many years past, and I have never yet heard of a horse which was worth nine pence after it.

The general directions are, never to pare the sole, frog, or binders, any more than to cut them level, and strip them of rotten and scaly parts, but I must confess I have seen feet so exceedingly luxuriant in growth, and so tough, that they would bear, nay perhaps require some little paring; but the danger to be apprehended from the want of paring, was ever a feather when weighed against that of trusting a smith to perform it at discretion, buttress in hand.—In this case, I have generally stood over the operator myself, ready to cry out—No more doctor. The directions, however, do not extend to the crust or wall, which in deep, concave, hard feet, must be at any rate taken down because its growth continually binds and contracts the quarters, dries up the frogs, and prevents their necessary contact with the ground. The size and strength of the feet, and the situation of the frogs, are the best measure for the due performance of this.

Whenever it becomes absolutely necessary to cut the bars or frogs, never suffer it to be preformed in the usual way of blacksmiths, that is to say; inwards or downwards, one of the most destructive of all their manœuvres, but always let them be shaved horizontally, or flat; and it is so dangerous to cut too near in the frog, that in case of a considerable bulk in that part, it is even better to thicken the shoeheels a trifle, and so to bring them and the frog upon a level and even bearing. For a foot in a sound and natural state, the breadth of the shoe at the heels, should be one-half of its breadth at the toe, and its substance

decrease by degrees from the toe, so as to be one-half thinner or weaker at the extremity of the heels; notwithstanding this decrease of width at the heel of the shoe, it will be still wide enough to stand out somewhat beyond the crust, and thereby be prevented from getting within the heels as it grows.

The form of the shoe must exactly correspond with the outline of the foot, and ever be made thickest externally at the rim, and gradually thinner internally next the horse's sole, a form directly opposite to the common concave shoe; this will leave just room enough (and there ought to be no more) between the edge of the shoe and the sole, for the introduction of the pecker, which is used to remove small stones and gravel accidentally lodged. Mr Clarke says, he has frequently observed a swelling of the legs immediately above the hoofs, attended with great pain and inflammation, and a discharge of thin ichorous and fœtid matter, which he attributed to the compression made upon the internal parts of the feet, by the common concave, long, and heavy shoes; and that from the same cause chiefly proceed most of the diseases of the feet, founder, hoof-binding, narrow heels, foul thrushes, bleime, high soles, and the like. I have been long convinced of the truth of this observation.

As to the disposition of the nail-holes, every farrier knows that in the fore-feet, the toe is thickest and strongest; in the hinder feet, the heels; according to the French proverb, quoted by Blundeville, *devant derrier, derrier devant*—before behind, behind before.

There is a complaint of very ancient standing, against smiths, for needlessly multiplying nail-holes, and making their nails too large; by which the crust is so torn, as scarce to leave sound space to drive a nail. It is the case, even now, with many of our country shoers, who are not satisfied unless they *skewer* on the shoes.—Old Blundeville's direction herein are not amiss, who says, The nail-heads should be square, and not so broad beneath as above, but answerable to the pierced holes, which they should fill; and above which they should not appear more than the thickness of the back of a knife.—The shanks of the nails to be somewhat flat, stiffer towards the head than below, and the points sharp, without hollowness or flaw.—As to the number of nails in a shoe, the following table is according to the direction of Professor Saint Bel:

For Race-horses, six—three on each side.

—Hacks, Hunters, &c. seven; four on the outside, and three within; the inside quarter being weakest.

—Mail-coachers, Post-horses, &c., same number.

—large Horses, four on each side.

—heavy Cart-horses, five on each side.

Solleysel says, that common smiths, in order to prevent pricking the horse with their large nails, pierce the shoe too near the edge, which practice, in time, ruins the foot.

The shoe being fast nailed, the less there remains to be rasped the better; and that instrument should only be used as high as the rivets,

but never above them, because, in the first place, it is unnecessary, and because the surface of the hoof is much injured, and disposed to dry, by being rasped. Farthermore, a heavy and careless hand is extremely apt to touch with the tool the origin of the nail, just beneath the coronet, where it is extremely sensible; the consequence of which is a small wound or bruise, ending frequently in a sandcrack.

Every foot should be kept as short at the toe as is consistent with the safety of the crust, and the proper shape of the foot. My Lord Pembroke's rule is, to cut the toe square, and afterwards round off the angles; and Laurentius Russius, who wrote some centuries before the noble Earl, says, that a short toe, and a narrow, light and straight shoe, make a large and strong hoof, and a firm leg. In taking down the toe, Solleysel forbids the use of the buttress, directing it to be done with a paring-knife after the shoe is fixed, which is to be purposely set back as far as necessary. This, he says, will occasion a derivation of the nourishment backward towards the heels, and in time greatly strengthen and enlarge them; which salutary consequence is, indeed, well known to us. If the rasp is at all used in this business, it ought to be confined to the toe, and laid on in such wise as to render it as thick as possible, in tender-footed horses.

The only advantageous method that I could ever discover, of shoeing deep strong feet with *contracted narrow heels*, is that of La Fosse, with the half-moon shoes; the crust being previously taken down, as before directed. The horse being presumed already lame, will travel very little more so from his quarters being exposed; and, as being totally unfit, at any rate, for expeditious riding, a little tenderness and flinching may well be borne in a slow pace, since the short shoe will be daily contributing towards his cure, whilst large, hollow, and long ones, would only be aggravating the disease. The smiths render these feet finally useless, by rasping them and paring the soles, under pretence of giving them ease, which, in fact, causes them to dry and contract still more: the only means whence they can possibly get ease is, by the expansion of the quarters, to be attained from the animal's weight borne upon them; the frog also, which appears dried and shrunk up, will expand and increase in bulk from the same cause. Some feet of this description will be thus rendered good, and the remedy is pleasant, from being void of trouble or expence; but if the horn be of a certain peculiar hard and faulty texture, or the bones and internal processes of the feet materially damaged, which will be discovered after a few times shoeing with the short shoes, all remedies hitherto proposed, from the days of Solleysel (the grand empiric for feet) to the present, are worse than the disease.

For the *FLAT FOOT*, the author just mentioned advises the following treatment:—Forge a shoe as straight as possible from the toe to the spunges, that is to say, not so circular as usual, with holes pierced very near the edge: after this shoe is nailed fast, there should be about half an inch of horn left to be cut with the knife from the toe, and in proportion round the sides. The shoe is, on no account, to be made concave next the foot, although it may rather touch the sole, but

to be hammered hollow externally. The horse may be expected to flinch a little, from the shoe setting somewhat upon the sole ; but beware he be not pricked. Every time of change, the shoes are to be made still straighter at the toe, which is to be kept short, but not at the quarters ; and in three or four times changing, the author promises an amendment in the shape of the feet. I have never experienced this, nor have I much opinion of its utility, or of any measures tending to throw nature out of her destined course by violence. A foot naturally flat and thin, will be so still, or rendered worse by forcible attempts at amendment.—The only practice to be depended upon, I believe, in this case, is to keep the toe as short as possible, never to diminish the substance of the crust, sole, or binders, and to shoe always in bars, making use of the smallest nails. Our modern English bar-shoe is a judicious improvement of the ancient *planche*, or pancelet, of which Blundeville and others had so high an opinion, for strengthening and giving substance to weak feet. The late Doctor Snape, farrier to his Majesty, had a very ingenious hand at forging this kind of shoe, as I have often experienced.

Joint-shoes for all feet, vaulted shoes for pomed or convex soles, patten-shoes, lunettes, or half-moons, thick at heel, those with a button or shouldering on the inside, to stand clear of a false quarter, and those formed thickest on the inside, to prevent interfering, are very ancient inventions, and sufficiently known to farriers.

I have said, that interfering is usually occasioned by a preternatural turn or twist of the pastern joint, which gives the toe an oblique direction, either inward or outward ; or, perhaps, the defect may not lie in the lower, but in the upper extremity of the leg ; in this case, it ought to be considered, that those measures of shoeing, the aim of which is to give the foot a straight position upon the ground, must at the same time inevitably expose the ligaments to unusual straining ; the consequences of which may be much worse than those of cutting or knocking.—Here follow, however, the best direction for shoeing a horse which interferes.

A careful farrier always examines and notes which branch of the old shoe is most worn, and acts accordingly. When the toe is turned outward, the stress lies chiefly upon the inward quarter ; of course, the inward quarter must be left untouched, and the thickness of the shoe on that side increased, the external branch of the shoe being made thin, and that quarter of the hoof also reduced in proportion. The whole operation ought to be performed to such a nicety, that the foot may bear equally upon all parts of its circumference. To amend this position, farriers have formerly made the inner branch of the shoe excessive thick, and even raised it upon cramps ; which must always have very ill consequences, particularly as the horse interferes with the heel, and the mischief is done with the foot lifted up ; whence it follows, that the forced straight position on the ground is at last of no consequence to the main end.

When the horse is pigeon-toed, that is, turns his toes inwards, the mode of shoeing usually adopted is just the reverse of the above.

After all, if any good can possibly be done in these cases, it must be from leaving nothing on the inner side, with which a horse can strike himself; but, with this view, an injudicious operator frequently reduces the hoof till it is irrecoverably weakened, the horse has an uneven position upon the ground, and still interferes.

For HAMMER AND PINCHERS, or over-reaching, short fore-shoes, and a reduction of the toes of the hinder-feet, is the method directed; after which, and supposing the horse can go with his quarters exposed, he will most probably still strike his fore-heels with what you have left of his hinder toes.

I have never seen, nor indeed at all considered, the form of the ox's shoe, so am unable to judge of the propriety of the following methods given by Saint Bel:—The ox is either shod with a flat plate of iron, having six or seven nail-holes on the outer edge, accompanied with a projection of four or five inches of iron at the toe, which, passing the cleft of the foot, is bent over the hoof; or with eight shoes, one under each nail; otherwise with four, one under each external nail; or only two, one under the external nail of each four-foot.

Sporting Magazine, 1800.

HORSE BREEDING COMPANY.

The important Meeting, an account of which we this day give, is we hope and believe a turn of fortune in our favour, and will prove the commencement of a new era of prosperity to our colony; that it is a move in the right direction cannot be doubted, and it is now for the settlers generally to come forward and put their shoulders to the wheel which has been set going, and which if energetically pushed will do more towards realizing the golden dreams of the original settlers, than any project which has ever been set on foot since first the European landed on these shores. For several years the idea of forming an Indian Horse Establishment among us has, at intervals, been laid before the public, by some ardent admirers of the capabilities of the colony for the purpose; but not until the present time, has anything effectual ever been attempted. Various causes for this apparent inactivity may be advanced—the want of capital and perhaps of energy among ourselves—the slight communication, with India—the paucity of knowledge in India as to the suitability of the climate—and above all the want of influential friends resident there to urge the project on the attention of that community. We may now be allowed to hope that all these difficulties will speedily vanish, and that many months will not elapse before we shall have the satisfaction of announcing, that the long wished for establishment has

actually been formed. That the settlers have it in their power to fulfil what will be required on their parts, we have not the slightest doubt, as it is well known that much capital is now lying dormant for want of profitable employment; which this project will securely afford; many who have not capital have mares which will do as well; and a fine and legitimate field is opened for the enterprise of Government officials, who have been interdicted trading—to their employing their surplus incomes in this manner there can be no objection, by doing so they will injure no one but greatly benefit the colony from which they derive their means. It is needless to point out to settlers the surety of a profitable return for their investment—to them, who are so well acquainted with the colony, it is unnecessary to urge on their attention what 20 years' experience has sufficiently proved to them—the quickness of growth of Horse stock—the exemption from disease—the temper—the astonishing endurance and strength—the suitability of the climate and pasturage—the certainty of a market, &c.—with all this they have been familiar for years; but to residents in India it has yet to be proved, and it is gratifying to know that proper means will be taken for the purpose; to this end nothing will so much conduce as the testimony of those now resident in India, who have passed some years in the colony, as also the information of the gentlemen who will be deputed to proceed thither for the organization of the company.

It is a matter of congratulation that the requirements of the Company with regard to land, have been so promptly acceded to by His Excellency so far as his power will allow; the locality selected is considered the best by the most competent judges, and has the advantage of approximating in climate very nearly with that the animals are required for; the settlement which will shortly be formed in the neighbourhood removes every objection which can be urged as to its isolation, indeed we believe the district is destined to out-strip in rapid advancement the older settled country—the immediate contiguity to coal and valuable metal, perhaps metals will alone secure prosperity.

We look upon the present proposed Company as but the precursor of others; the knowledge its establishment will disseminate in India of our colony, the increased communication it will create between the countries and the consequent visits valetudinarians will be induced to pay us, must necessarily lead to further enterprise, for which capital will not be wanting, and Western Australia will at length have her numerous capabilities properly developed, her mines of riches will be opened, and she will assume a high station among the colonies of Great Britain.

Perth Gazette.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A small but influential meeting of gentlemen was held at the Freemason's Hotel, Perth, on Wednesday last, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for forming a Horse-breeding Company, in conjunction with persons resident in India.

On the motion of R. M'B. Brown, Esq., Resident Magistrate of Freemantle, W. L. Brockman, Esq., was called to the chair.

The Chairman then read several letters from India—from H. Haggars, Esq., and others, addressed to the late G. Leake, Esq., proposing the formation of such a company, and giving opinions on the manner of proceeding and the great probability of its success. As the principal portions of these letters have been before published, we need not now give insertion. Mr Brockman said that he had enquired of His Excellency whether he was disposed to grant a company a long lease (14 years) of 50 or 60,000 acres of land near Champion Bay, for the purpose of the establishment; His Excellency replied that he had no objection, that he would write to Lord Grey, for the necessary power to deviate from the regular rule, and that in the meantime he would reserve for the Company the quantity required, on a requisition to that effect being made.

The Chairman read a preliminary prospectus of the proposed Company which he had drawn up, and some conversation ensued on the plan proposed by Mr Yule, as detailed in the Inquirer of the 8th ult. which appeared to be generally approved; the Chairman observed that there could be no objection to including that plan in the one under consideration, as he was of opinion they could be worked together.

Mr Simmonds considered the plan set forth by Mr Yule, was preferable to the establishment of a company like the one proposed, as it offered certain advantage with no risk to the settlers; he considered it was impossible to raise in the colony even the moiety of what was required by the prospectus; to this it was urged, that it could not be expected nor was it likely, that residents in India would alone enter upon the speculation; with regard to the amount required to be raised among the settlers, it was considered there would be no difficulty, as according to the proposed plan suitable mares would be received in payment of shares, and where money was required, it would be drawn in instalments, and the whole amount perhaps never called for.

Mr G. Shenton said he had received a letter from Mr Little, (the manager of Mr Prinsep's stud at Australind) in which he stated that there was no chance of parties in India taking up any concern of the kind, unless the colonists would so far engage in it as to take up at least one-fourth of the shares.

The Chairman said he saw no objection to Mr Yule's plan with the exception of the locality proposed for the establishment, the William's district, which was too near the principal existing studs and moreover, the tenure of the land which would be required was objectionable, partly belonging to private parties and partly to Government. He had selected the new district near Champion Bay as possessing the advantages of a climate nearly assimilating to that of India, being at present unoccupied, and a sufficient distance from existing establishments.

The propositions were then read seriatim, several alterations being made, and Mr Yule's plan incorporated; they were finally agreed to in the form which appears in an advertisement in another column.

The necessary application to the Government for the quantity of land required, was also made in the name of the provisional Committee, and another meeting appointed for the 17th October, allowing time for the settlers to consider the proposed plan.

Ibid.

At a meeting held at the Freemasons' Hotel, on Wednesday, the 19th September, W. L. Brockman, Esq., in the Chair, it was proposed to form a Company for the Breeding and Rearing of Horses for the Indian Market.

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

1. That the Capital shall be £20,000, in 400 Shares of £50 each.
2. One-half of the Shares, or more, be reserved for Residents in India.
3. That a Managing Committee shall be appointed to consist of ten (10) principal Shareholders—five (5) resident in India, and five (5) in Western Australia.
4. That His Excellency the Governor be solicited to grant, upon a lease of 14 years with a right of pre-emption, 80,000 acres of land in the neighbourhood of Champion Bay.
5. That the selection of land be made by the Committee.
6. That as soon as the land is assured to the Company and one-fourth at least of the Shares taken up, one of the Committee shall proceed to India with full powers to complete the organization of the Company.
7. That a Manager or Superintendent be appointed from the Colonial Shareholders.
8. That a competent Veterinary Surgeon be selected by the Indian Shareholders.
9. That Mares of good blood and shape, if approved by the Superintendent and Veterinary Surgeon, be taken in payment of Shares at a price fixed by the Managing Committee.
10. That the Stud shall consist in the first instance, of 300 English, Australian, Arab, and Persian mares, and the requisite number of English thorough-bred and Arab stallions, to be selected and forwarded by the Committee in India.
11. That the Superintendent and Veterinary Surgeon having made themselves acquainted with the number and class of the mares in each district of the colony, which they can rely, shall at the proper season, send two of the Company's stallions of somewhat different character to stand in each, under the superintendence of a trustworthy overseer, with grooms, &c., and that any mares, which may be approved by him, shall not be charged any fee, whatever, on the proprietor attaching his signature to a compact to the effect that the produce, if a colt, shall belong to the Company at a certain fixed price, if demanded, and if a filly to belong to the owner of the mare. At weaning season, the Company's agents shall go round to the several districts, duly appointed with assistants, &c., to collect and pay for

HIGHLAND SPORTING.

the colts, which shall then, with the produce of the Company's mares, be herded, handled, fed and managed, as may be proper till they attain the age for shipment.

12. That a Provisional Committee consisting of—the Hon. R. H. Bland, W. D. Brockman, A. O'G. Lefroy, J. W. Hardey, Jos. Hardey, T. Carter, and T. Brown, Esqrs., be appointed to wait on the Governor for the purpose of making application for the land, and for collecting the names of parties willing to become Shareholders.

13. That another Meeting be called for Wednesday, the 17th October.

W. L. BROCKMAN,
Chairman.

PERTH, Sept. 19, 1849.—*Ibid.*

HIGHLAND SPORTING.

Rocks and Rivers ; or, Highland Wanderings over Craig and Corrie, &c. By J. Colquhoun, Esq., Author of the "Moor and the Loch." Murray.

A supplemental performance, not quite so spirited as its precursor ; but as nobody that ever enjoyed Highland sporting has been known to tire of relating their adventures and exploits, we are not surprised at Mr Colquhoun giving us another "skreed" of his favourite and enthusiastic pursuits. Nor can his recollections be read without interest, either by those who have been there or by those who have not ; and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel will start up to the mind's eye to people the scene, stalk the red-deer, strike the trout, hit the blackcock, or miss the roe. We picture the fun it must be to the Queen herself to get away from the semi-royal Balmoral with her Consort to the Hut, and thinking no more of the cares of state than the meanest of her subjects. How they must laugh at the cringing of courtiers among the free denizens of the forest, forget the solemn servilities of ceremony when the heathcock crows them to their morning repast, and in the elasticity of the springy heather find a more delightful carpet than ever was cut from Turkish or Persian loom. It was only a Highlander (one of the Duff clan too*) who in youth relished, to the utmost, joys like these, who could sing of similar sports in another Quarter of the Globe :—

"Gaily we follow
The stately Koodoo,
Eland or Cauna
O'er wild and karroo,

* Sam Sly's African Journal ; Cape of Good Hope.

Springboks are leaping
 In herds on the plain,
 Botchbok and Panther
 Will shun us in vain,
 Lordly Rhinoster
 Shall bow to our sight,
 And e'en the gaunt Lion
 Succumb in the fight !
 "Ourebis playful
 And Klipspringers there,
 Steenbok and Grysbok
 Shall furnish our fare,
 Gensboks so warlike
 And Buffalos too
 Shall yield us rare sport
 With the dark brindled Gnu "'

Well, then, we must imagine the chase, in its natural condition, to be one of the most exciting pastimes to which men in the trammels of the world's cares and business can turn for renovation of health and refreshment of mind. It prevails everywhere, and when not prostituted into the poulterers' trade of battue, or the butchers' of having animals driven up to the guns, but manfully followed amid exertion, fatigue, and the exercise of skill is—is enough to make us throw down our pens, tear our paper, and burn our books. *O Rus quando, et cetera !* In this humour from Mr Colquhoun, we shall only take a few characteristic examples. What would Frank Forester say to the following on catching a salmon ferox of 15½ lb. weight :—

"I had killed in Loch Vennacher, the year before, with single gut, a clean salmon which weighted seventeen pounds when brought home. This salmon did not make near so fierce a run as the Loch Awe trout with gimp. I have heard gentlemen speak slightly of the best trout, when compared with salmon; but let them have one of these Loch Awe monsters on their hooks, in as good condition as mine was, and I venture to say they will not complain of the want of mettle in the trout. I have no doubt that the salmon-ferox is superior, both in strength and spirit, to the salmon-salar."

In America there are several kinds of herring, only one of which takes the fly, and Mr Colquhoun notes of the Scottish that,—

"Various sizes of herring frequent different lochs. They are called 'skulls,' and the Loch Fine skull is so much larger than the others, that five hundred go to a cran, while seven hundred from Loch Long are required to make it."

As our author treats of all sorts of fish, flesh, fowl, and creeping thing, we make no excuse for going from herrings to anecdotes of owls, by way of natural history :—

"Ever since the old tower of my ancestors has been in ruins a pair of tawny owls have made their habitation there. When a boy never failed to search out their nest, and sometimes tamed one of

the young, which was pretty sure to be decoyed away by the parents as soon as it was able to fly. I often saw both father and mother come to their young one in the dusk, sometimes with food in their talons. These young owls were not at all particular what they eat, and devoured greedily raw meat of any kind, as well as fish; but I never saw them drink, and when offered water, they showed as much dislike to it as a cat. All day the young owl sat moping, with closed eyes, hissing and snapping his bill if disturbed; but, about nightfall, his visage became full and staring, and so quick was his sight, that I have only been made aware, by the animation by his solemn face, that the indistinct shadow, barely perceptible, was one of the old ones.* * *

"I have been a good deal puzzled by the observations of an ingenious naturalist, which certainly are in direct opposition to my own. This gentleman resolved to see whether some young white owls, in his barn, could remain without food during the long summer day. He watched them for about twelve hours, and avers that in that time the old birds fed them a hundred and fifty times. For my own part, I never saw the white owl hunting in the day-time, and I know a case in point regarding the tawny owl of quite contrary evidence. A pair had reared their young in a magpie's nest, near the top of a thick pine tree. I used often to go to look at the young, and thus drove the old ones from their dwelling. They were instantly pursued by a host of small birds, principally thrushes and black-birds; and we surely did this happen, that the noise of their chattering was always a signal to me that the owl's nest was disturbed; whereas, if these owls had hunted for prey in the daylight to anything like the extent above mentioned, the uproar among the little birds would have been almost incessant. A gamekeeper told me that once, when he climbed the tree, one of the old owls darted down upon his head, and scratched him with its claws. I could scarcely give credit to this, as I always saw both birds on the watch when I invaded their castle, but they never attempted any defence."

We can, however, vouch for it, on the testimony of scratches which years have not obliterated, that the tawny owl in a deep hole of an ancient castle wall will defend his domicile *à l'outrance*, or tooth and a nail, as we boys used to call it, and it was not without hands and arms bit, scratched, and bleeding all over, that the captive was dragged from his Golgotha of rabbit and other bones and pellets of small deer. In the evening, when released, he would fly direct across the river, about a mile, to his castle seat again.

Mr Colquhoun's chapter on Highland Pouchers is graphic and amusing, and his onslaught in goat shooting is at least a novelty in Scotch sports. It is, however, too long for quotation, and we leave it for a specimen of supererogation.

"There is often more earnest in these ~~cases~~ than grown people would be willing to admit. I have known a deerstalker refuse to go out, on a fine morning for the sport, if he saw a mouse on his kitchen floor at early dawn, and was unable to kill it. The same man was confident of success should a cat jump out of a cupboard before him,

when on his way to the hill. He affirms that he never saw either omen fail. This man, from the braes of Athol, is now conducting a flourishing trade in Edinburgh, a clear-headed, capital man of business, and quite as superstitious as when he left the glens many years ago.

"Like most highland poachers, he had two strings to his bow, and followed the lawful calling of a shoemaker to conceal, as much as possible, his depredations on the hills. He told me he had killed thirteen deer before breakfast time. When after grouse, he never wasted powder and shot upon ptarmigan, as they only fetched two shilling a brace then, whereas grouse brought three and sixpence. The ptarmigan were so plentiful in the forest, that he assured me a fair shot might have bagged ten brace in a few hours."

The pike furnishes our next extract:—

"The two following instances of the pike's voracity are almost incredible, but both I can also certify. In the spring of 1841, two pike of twelve pounds weight were cast upon Loch Vennacher shore, each with a hold of the others' jaws, and quite dead. The second instance happened in Suffolk. A jack of only two pounds was found choked in attempting to swallow another of a pound and a half. The gentleman who saw them taken out, only a short time before, told me the fact.

"But even these instances are equalled by the solemn, toothless cod. A friend of mine was trolling in Loch Long, and hooked a seithe. An enormous cod seized the seithe, and paid the penalty by being brought into the boat himself. His girth seemed unnaturally large, and, upon opening him, a brown paper packet of sandwiches, enough for a luncheon to a pretty, large party, was taken out. They could not have been less injured, mustard and all, had the cod's stomach been a sandwich box."

We add two or three other various notices in conclusion:—

"The ears of the otter, buried in its fur, like those of most water animals, give it something of a reptile appearance. But short ears are not always the characteristic of creatures that feed in and about water. There is an aquatic mouse, about the size and colour of a half-grown Norway rat, which has very large round transparent ears. I have often met with it when fishing the more sluggish waters of the lowlands. It is fully as expert a diver as the common water rat. When angling a shallow, gravelly channel of the Ale, in Selkirkshire I saw one dive a distance of at least a dozen yards, and watched it swimming most expertly under water all the time. From its light fawn colour, it is far easier seen than the water rat. Its legs are also longer and its motions more light and springy. I have never observed it in any part of the highlands.

"The common *Mus aquaticus* is an ugly creature, and his disgusting look is increased by the apparent deficiency of ears. I remember three being taken alive, by a water dog on the Thames, of a rich cream colour. They all haunted the same bend of the river, and were constantly noticed gamboling among the reeds before they were

captured. I never saw more savage little creatures; they seemed to surpass even an imprisoned weasel in ferocity.

"I have often noticed that loathsome creatures prey upon loathsome food; a favourite morsel of the water rat is a bloated toad, while a nest of earwigs are the choice tit bits of the latter. As many as forty have been taken out of a toad's maw. Sheridan's remark to a poor starved man eating shrimps is equally appropriate here—"You're very like your meat."

Instinct.—"Many birds, especially those whose young ones run as soon as hatched, and, being thus dispersed, are more likely to be stumbled on, have various arts to arrest the attention of the chance wanderer, and decoy him from the brood. The lap-wing is always most clamorous when you are furthest from the objects of her solitude. So is the curlew; but should you approach them, the mother appears quite careless and concerned. Grouse and partridges flutter along the ground as if wounded and unable to fly, the latter uttering a most discordant scream. I have always thought these birds overdo their part, and that the lapwing is far superior to them in the art of misleading. The manœuvres of wild ducks are similar to those of grouse, and they give notice to the ducklings when they are to dive by a loud quack, which is instantly obeyed. But the most finished actress I have seen was a mire snipe, which fluttered up exactly as if the tip of its wing was broken. It flew in this disabled manner for about ten yards, when it fell as if exhausted, and lay struggling on its side. I walked forward to seize it, muttering, 'Well, if they hav'n't been peaching even now.' Up it rose again, apparently with the greatest difficulty. But this time it was longer in doing the tumble-down part. Suspecting the trick, I followed to see how it would end. After enticing me some distance, it sprang up with its easy natural motion, and triumpantly twisted out of sight.

"I once witnessed a touching instance of the attachment of an eagle to her young, which, like the child of some blood-thirsty chief, alone had the power to touch the single chord of tenderness and love in the heart of its cruel parent. I had wounded her mortally as she flew from her eyrie, quite unconscious of her having hatched an eaglet. Next day she returned to the foot of the rock, although not able to reach her nest, the feelings of a mother being stronger in her savage breast than either the sense of present pain, or dread of further danger.

"When I lived at Lennie, my children set an old peahen, long solitary, with some bantam eggs. Five came out, and she proved so careful a step-mother as to rear them all. Some knowing observers declared that her long legs would walk them to death. Not so, for often she carried the whole five on her back and if any one seemed weak or flagging, she invariably took it up for long together, as a good nurse would spare her sickly child. When they were old enough to roost, she decoyed them to the large boughs of some old tree, where they continued to rest even during the long cold nights of our northern winter. She tended them with great care after they were quite able to

shift for themselves, always feeding them with any pieces of bread thrown to her. The little bantams showed equal attachment to their kind protectress, and it was not till spring had far advanced that they left her to join the other poultry."

Some of these stories are a *little* marvellous; but we have been much entertained altogether with the very miscellaneous volume.

Delhi Gazette.

RACING IN RUSSIA.

The long-talked of match between two English and two Cossack horses, distance 71 versts, or $47\frac{1}{2}$ English miles, took place on the 4th of August, and was won by one of the English horses. The match was originally proposed by the Cossack general, Count Orloff, Dencessoff, General Alexey, Orloff, Vasselshiehoff, Levascheff, and Prince Dolgoukh, the master of the horse, and was accepted by Count Matuszewic. The stakes were 50,000 roubles (about 2,000*l.*), and the road fixed upon was from the Ligova Canal, through Zarskojesela to Gatchino, a distance of $35\frac{1}{2}$ versts, and back to the starting-post. The road is paved at the bottom, and the surface dreadfully hard and strong. The Cossack party had taken every precaution to procure the best horses of the breed. Count Orloff Dencessoff went himself to the Don to pick them out; and there was not a tribe of the Cossacks but what furnished their quota. Cossacks of the Don, the Black Sea, and the Ural, Calmucks, Bashkurs, and Kirguses, all sent their celebrated racers, and in this way above twenty horses arrived at St. Petersburg, from which the two best were selected after a variety of trials, which rendered their party quite confident of success. In the mean time the English horses were neither seen nor heard of. It was only known that Count Matuszewic had imported some for the purpose, with grooms to train and ride them, and the English party went on steadily backing their horses at 4 to 3 and 5 to 4, without being alarmed at the whispered miraculous trials of the Cossacks. The horses fixed upon were a bay Cossack, of the stud of the well-known Hetman Count Platoff; and a chesnut, Leonide, of the stud of Kuteinikoff. The former was rather a coarse, vulgar animal, high in the hips, but good in the loins, and showing considerable powers. The latter, though bred on the Don, was a very neat horse, betraying clearly his Arabian descent. The English horses brought to the post by Count Matuszewic were Sharper, by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, bred by the Earl of Egremont; and Mina, by Orville, out of Barossa, by Vermin, bred by Lord George Cavendish. The horses started at five minutes past five in the morning, the Cossacks leading, on one side of the road, at a moderate

pace, and the English following on the other side, about three, or four lengths. Before they had gone half a verst, the stirrup-iron of Thomas Arthur, who rode Sharper, broke in the eye, and the horse ran away with him, passing Mina, who would not stop behind. Owing to this unfortunate accident the two English horses ran at a tremendous pace up Pulkova-hill and through Zarskojesela, bidding defiance to the utmost exertions of the riders, the Cossacks following about two hundred yards behind. The English horses arrived at Gatchina in one hour and four minutes, the Cossacks coming in two minutes after them. Here the two English horses were quite fresh and full of running as was the chesnut Cossack also, but the bay was very much distressed, and fell about three versts after turning, never appearing again in the race. Before reaching Zarskojesela, on their return, Mina burst his coronet, from the hardness of the road, and was immediately pulled up and taken away. Soon after this the remaining Cossack began to flag, and the accompany Cossacks contrary to all rule and agreement, began to drag him on by the bridle, throwing away the saddle, and putting a mere child on his back. Before reaching Pulkova-hill, Sharper began to show the effects of the pace he had gone when running away at the early part of the race, and on descending the hill was much distressed; but it was evident he must win, in spite of the extraordinary foul play of the Cossacks, who now fairly carried on their horse, some dragging him on by a rope and the bridle at his head, others actually pulling him on by the tail, and riding alongside of his quarters, to support him and push him along, relieving each other repeatedly in this fatiguing employment. Sharper cantered in much distressed, but game enough to have gone considerably further. He did the whole distance in 2h. 48m. 49s., and, had it not been for his running away, might have done it in less time, without being so much distressed. The Cossack was warped and carried in eight minutes after him: and had he been left to himself and his rider, would undoubtedly have remained at Pulkova-hill. The English horses, at starting, carried full 3st. more than the Cossacks; and during the latter half, of the race the difference was still greater, the Cossack being ridden by a mere child, for form's sake.

The concourse of spectators was immense, and, amongst others, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael were present. The road for the whole distance was lined by Cossacks of the guards, at regular intervals, and some telegraph movements of their pikes, intelligible only to those initiated, occasioned some brisk vetting at one moment during the race, for which they smarted at the end.

Sporting Magazine.

THE DOGS OF THE DANZIG GRANARIES.

A number of monstrous dogs to whom many a human life had fallen a sacrifice, at night guarded the granaries. From time immemorial the city had maintained a pack of these ferocious animals, of a very fierce and blood-thirsty breed, which were kept in strong kennels during the day time, and fed with raw meat to render them still more savage. When night came on, the granaries were closed, and the keepers for these dogs loose to walk about the Speicherinsel. Woe to the wanderer who invaded their territory unaccompanied by a keeper with his dog's whip, which he kept on incessantly cracking. Many a poor Schimky has fallen a prey to the bloody jaws and claws of these ferocious creatures, when, under the influence of liquor, he had fallen asleep in some obscure corner of the granaries, and had escaped the notice of the keepers as they let loose the dogs. His shrieks of anguish and the wild howlings of the beasts thirsting for blood, gave notice to the men, when, however, it was too late to rescue the victim: the keepers themselves dared not try to wrest away the dead and mangled remains. How often have I looked out of the carriage window at these horrid dogs, with eyes like burning coals, howling around us. It was only when I could induce Adam to come inside before we drove through the granaries, that I could get rid of the fear that the creatures would drag him off the coach-box. Herr Umbach, a very renowned performer on the violincello, who, in my day, used to be continually engaged at dancing parties, being somewhat in his cups after having been professionally engaged at Langgaten, insisted on going alone, after midnight, through these monsters. As he was very positive in refusing to have an escort, the keepers allowed him to have his own way, believing that he only wished to save the small gratuity which they commonly received for their trouble. Umbach marched valiantly through the gate; but hardly had he advanced a few paces along the dangerous path, when the formidable dogs flew at him in crowds. What could he do? He retreated, retreated gently, walking backwards, so as to look his enemies full in the face. Presently he brought his back against a wall, and then staggering, he at length sank down in a sitting posture on a great stone at the entrance of one of the ware-houses. His back was secure, and the instrument almost instinctively fell between his feet. There he sat in his customary musical position, and, with a mind full of anxiety, he almost unconsciously drew his bow across the cords: the dogs stood still and pricked up their ears; he repeated the experiment, not a dog moved. Umbach now played away valiantly, at first, to be sure, some original and rather discordant fantasias, and then polkas, mazurkas, minuets, in rapid succession, just as they came to his fingers. The result exceeded his expectation. His four-footed auditory laid aside every hostile thought, and crowded in circles around him, accompanying his instrument with loud but sym-

phonious howls. These friendly feelings, however, lasted only so long as he played. When the modern Orpheus made but a momentary pause, his audience began to move, and gnashing their teeth, showed him they were ready to seize on him in the most cruel manner. He was obliged to play and play without intermission, till he saw the bow ready to drop from his exhausted hand, and he was preparing to commend his soul to God. Then the keepers came; they must have heard this extraordinary concert for some time, and now they thought it was high time to bring it to an end. When Danzig came under the Prussian sway, the dogs were discarded with many other venerable institutions that were deemed unsuitable to the time. Many sturdy admirers of antiquity pleaded their cause most zealously, but, as was meet, without success. No drowsy, drunken Schimky can now be torn in pieces by the wild beasts : and music masters may wend their way by day or night in sober or exalted mood, without being obliged to give an extemporaneous concert, and yet the granaries are equally well secured against depredation.

Autobiography of Madame Schopenhauer.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT v. THE JOCKEY CLUB OF ENGLAND.

— A grand match is on the tapis—his Highness the Pasha of Egypt v. the Jockey Club of England, the renowned Arab of the desert against the English racer ; to be run in the vicinity of Cairo, for from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* a side. What think you of this, racing men of India ? Is not this right royal sport ? Who ever dreamed that the long-vexed question of the merits of the two races would be brought to a trial on this princely scale. The Pasha will, however, have the best conditions ; to be really a fair match, it should be run home and home. The sea voyage, the change of temperature, and more than all, the exchange of the velvet turf of “ merrie England ” for the loose sand of the desert, will tell sadly against our nags ; yet, spite of all these obstacles, we are sanguine as to the success of our English blood. On this subject, however, many of our readers will differ with us, having better opportunities than we have to testing the qualities of the high descended Arabs ; at all events, we feel assured the contemplated match will excite great interest in India. We give from the columns of a contemporary the following letter from a well-known member of the Jockey Club :—

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.

Sir,—A challenge has been sent through me on the part of the Pasha of Egypt to the English Turf, which I first communicated to

the Jockey Club, and now wish to notify to the public through the medium of your paper. It was my intention to have sent you the letter of our Consul-General, in which this challenge is conveyed, but I have unfortunately mislaid it, and after the most diligent search have been unable to find it. I remember, however, the contents of it with sufficient accuracy to answer every purpose. Mr Murray states that His Highness the Pasha is convinced that his Arab horses are superior to our English race horses over a length of ground, and he proposes to test their relative merits by a match to be run in Egypt; the distance to be ten miles; the stake 10,000*l.*, which he thinks, if desired, might be increased to 15,000*l.*; no limitation as to age or weight. The ground over which the match would be run is sand, with a good many stones in it. He concludes by saying that if there is a disposition here to make the match, he will proceed to adjust the preliminaries. Upon the receipt of this letter, I wrote him word that I would make this challenge public, and that I thought it very probable it would be accepted, and I then put to him a great variety of questions as to certain points on which I deemed it essential that information should be supplied. Thus the matter stands at present. As soon as I hear again from Cairo, I will trouble you with a further communication. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. GREVILLE.

Bruton-street, Oct. 12.

To the best of our recollection, the only previous challenge of the kind, was made by Prince Pucklau Muskau in 1840, which was accepted by the Baron Biel, a German noble having a good stud of English horses; the match, however, never came off, the parties not agreeing as to the choice of ground. The correspondence between the Prince and Baron will be found in the March number of the *Sporting Review*, 1840. The following is the only match of the kind, which has taken place in Europe, and is taken from the second volume of the Stud Book:—"Sharper (bred by Lord Egremont, and got by Octavius out of Young Amazon, by Gobanna) was sent in 1825 to Russia, where he and Mianna (bred by Mr Newton, and got by Wolf out of Diana, by Stamford) were matched to run 75 versts (49½ English miles), on the public road, against two Cossack horses. Mianna falling lame, was pulled up early in the race, which Sharper won with ease, notwithstanding the loss of a stirrup, and the consequent inability of his rider to restrain him for several miles. The Cossack horses had nearly 3*st.* advantage in weight, and one of them fell at the end of 25 miles, and died. This race was run in 1825, near St. Petersburg. We know of several owners of horses here, who are quite ready to take up the challenge; amongst others John Day, who proposes to send out his game little "Hero," the winner of the Emperor of Russia's cup and of numerous other races. If Lord Stanley sends "Canezon," and Lord Eglinton the "Dutchman," the English turf will be ably represented.

Herald News.

HINTS TO ANTELOPE STALKERS.

The varietal beginner of course knows that antelope ought always to be approached up, or across the wind, as their sense of smelling is so acute that it is quite impossible to get a shot down the wind, no matter how great soever the cover may be intermediate.

When approaching the antelope on a plain, the Sportsman should move so as to reach a point about two hundred yards to their flank and gradually circling round, he is almost certain of getting a near shot by merely taking the precaution of walking slowly, not looking towards the antelope, otherwise than eyes right or left, and when stopping to fire, either squatting down behind a bush, if such a thing be at hand, or else only firing when the antelope have given over gazing at him. Very often though antelope move off slowly, in which case the sportsman must keep up the same careless style of movement and generally speaking, he will be rapid by getting a good shot in the course of half a mile's walk.

In dry weather the sound of the bullet striking an animal is so peculiar that a Sportsman, who has fired a dozen shots, can always tell whether he has hit, or not, but unless an antelope be struck in the head, neck, or loins, it is but rarely that he drops at the time, so the eye ought not to be taken off the antelope fired at, and it will be found that if at all severely wounded he will either drop dead after going a hundred yards or so, or else will stop at that distance, in which latter case the sportsman must not move, for without doubt the antelope after gazing about for a few minutes will lie down on the spot, or else in some cover near at hand. Many a wounded antelope has been lost by over-eagerness in following up too quickly, for if he perceive himself followed, he is certain to run far out of sight, into some thick cover.

The dress has a good deal to do with antelope stalking, it should be all of the same color, sombre generally speaking the best.

Antelope if much shot at cannot be approached in the usual mode of stalking, in which case a cumbly worn over the head nigger fashion, riding in, and circling round in a bullock bandy, or having a man leading a bullock along side of you, are certain modes of stalking.

Not very long ago, when on a shooting excursion, I recollect well being told that there was a shikaree in the village, who by your merely putting your hand upon his shoulder would take you up to an antelope sufficiently near to catch him by the leg. I took the shikaree out with me, and certainly was never more surprised in my life, I first knocked over a Neelgai on a plain at about 180 yards distance, and the same evening an antelope under thirty-five yards, and after that with the shikaree's assistance I killed an end of black buck. He was a most amusing fellow too, he assured me that the antelope were quite blind upon a windy day, and when they turned to gaze at us, he used

to say that they were winking at him, and indeed it seemed so, for he could at any time get me a shot within fifty yards, but I had to limit him to a hundred to save time and trouble, which he at last agreed, was sufficiently near for my rifle, though at first he used to beseech of me not to fire at game so far off.

I cannot conclude better than by recommending all brother sportsmen to provide themselves with a copy of the Artillery Records for August last, in which will be found some very excellent hint on Rifle shooting.

Madras U. S. Gazette.

DEATH OF COOMBES, THE PRIZE WATERMAN.

On Tuesday morning David Coombes, who with his brothers are well known as the first watermen on the river Thames, was engaged in preparing the platform at Chandler's, Millbank, for the approaching contest for the silver skulls. About eight o'clock he returned home to breakfast, when he was seized with violent pains in his stomach. Medical aid was instantly resorted to, and every attention paid to his sufferings, but he died of cholera in the afternoon. The deceased was thirty-five years of age, without family, and with his three brothers had been the successful competitor for many hard-earned prizes. He was a man much respected by all who knew him.

CRICKET MATCHES.

CRICKET.

A Match played on the Calcutta Club Cricket ground between the officers and men of H. M. 70th Regiment with C. B. Wood, Esq., given, and the Calcutta Club; the latter being in a majority of 129 runs at the close of the first Innings.

H. M. 70th Regiment.

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Beldham caught Currie bowled Shum | 17 |
| Pink bowled Ward | 0 |
| Lieut. Buchanan bowled Tucker .. . | 11 |
| Lieut. Rae bowled Tucker | 4 |
| Walker run out | 2 |
| Black caught Matthew bowled Tucker .. | 3 |
| C. B. Wood, Esq., bowled Tucker | 2 |
| Martin not out | 9 |
| Harding bowled Tucker | 4 |
| Blindell caught Braddon bowled Shum .. | 3 |
| Champion bowled Shum | 2 |
| Byes | 8 |
| Wide Balls | 19 |
| Total .. | 84 |

Calcutta Cricket Club.

| | |
|--|------------|
| E. Braddon, Esq., run out | 21 |
| F. Curtis, Esq., run out | 11 |
| C. P. Hobhouse, Esq., bowled Wood | 80 |
| W. C. Currie, Esq., bowled Wood .. . | 2 |
| C. Marten, Esq., bowled Buchanan | 14 |
| F. Tucker, Esq., stumped Wood bowled Buchanan . | 24 |
| C. S. Belli, Esq., stumped Buchanan bowled Martin .. | 24 |
| J. R. Ward, Esq., bowled Martin.. .. | 0 |
| G. W. Moultrie, Esq., not out | 0 |
| A. F. Shum, Esq., bowled Martin | 2 |
| W. Chapman, Esq., bowled Martin | 0 |
| Byes | 28 |
| Wide Balls | 7 |
| Total .. | 213 |

Calcutta Star.

PROSPECTUS OF RACES TO COME.

CALCUTTA RACES. •

NOMINATIONS, 1ST DECEMBER 1849.

For 1st Meeting 1849-50.

First Day—3d Race.

Mr Return one nomination.
Mr Pye one nomination.
Mr Holdfast one nomination.

Second Day—Second Race.

Mr Holdfast one nomination.

Second Day—Third Race.

Mr Return's
Mr Holdfast's

blk. n.s.w. h. *Garroogin*.
c. cb. g. *Pretender*.

Fourth Day—Third Race.

Mr Return's

c. cb. c. *Massaroni*.

NOMINATIONS 1ST DECEMBER.

For 1st Meeting 1850-51.

AUSTRALIAN PLATE.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------|---|
| Mr Fortescue names | b. n.s.w. g. | <i>Glanywern</i> , sire <i>Œdipus</i> , dam <i>Myrth</i> by <i>Satellite</i> . |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. n.s.w. c. | <i>Fitz Arthur</i> by <i>St. H. Hiliers</i> , out of <i>Alice Grey</i> . |
| Mr Monghyr's | br. n.s.w. c. | <i>Orinoco</i> , by <i>Doctor</i> , by <i>Physician</i> dam <i>Georgiana</i> , by <i>Waverley</i> , dam a Skuttle mare, sister to <i>Corduroy</i> . |
| „ | b. n.s.w. h. | <i>ID</i> , by <i>Cantab</i> , out of <i>Queen of Trumps</i> . |
| „ | b. n.s.w. c. | <i>Prairie Wolf</i> , by <i>St. John</i> , out of <i>Lady Anne</i> , by <i>Gratia</i> , out of <i>Lady Jane</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , G. G. D. by <i>Toss</i> . |

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-------|--------|----|---|
| Mr Pye's | b. | v.d.l. | c. | <i>Sangaree</i> .* |
| Major Bush's | b. | v.d.l. | f. | <i>Filagree</i> , by <i>Jersey</i> , dam by <i>Peter Finn</i> , G. D. by an imported Arab. |
| Mr Charles' | b. | n.s.w. | g. | <i>Bay Hawke</i> , by <i>Besborough</i> , dam by <i>Buffaloe</i> , out of <i>Lady of the Lake</i> . |
| " | *blk. | n.s.w. | c. | <i>Speed the Plough</i> , by <i>Snoozzer</i> , out of <i>Alice Grey</i> . |
| " | b. | n.s.w. | m. | <i>Lady Augusta</i> , by <i>Gil Blas</i> , out of <i>Governess</i> , by <i>Operator</i> . |
| " names | b. | n.s.w. | f. | <i>Manuella</i> , by <i>Operator</i> , out of <i>Lawyer's</i> dam. |
| " names | c. | n.s.w. | f. | <i>Secret</i> , by <i>Sir Charles</i> , out of <i>Persiana</i> . |
| Mr Holdfast's roan | .. | v.d.l. | c. | — by <i>Besborough</i> , dam <i>Agnes</i> by <i>Peter Finn</i> , out of old <i>Agnes</i> . |
| " | b. | v.d.l. | c. | — by <i>Jersey</i> , dam <i>Miniature</i> , by <i>Reubens</i> . |
| " | b. | v.d.l. | h. | <i>Tartar</i> , by <i>Snoozzer</i> , <i>Imogene</i> , dam <i>Curiosity</i> by <i>Buffaloe</i> . |
| " | b. | n.s.w. | m. | <i>Cantaloupe</i> .* |
| " | c. | n.s.w. | f. | —.* |
| Mr Browne's | b. | n.s.w. | c. | <i>Mayfly</i> .* |
| " | g. | n.s.w. | c. | <i>Cupid</i> .* |
| " names | b. | v.d.l. | c. | <i>Portrait</i> , by <i>Jersey</i> , out of <i>Miniature</i> . |
| Shaick Ibrahim's | b. | n.s.w. | g. | —.* |
| " | c. | n.s.w. | g. | —.* |

* Names and descriptions will be sent.

FIRST CALCUTTA MEETING, 1850-51.

Day to be fixed by the Stewards.

A Sweepstakes with a purse added by the Arab dealers, for all Arabs that are both Maidens and Colts on the day of their nomination. Calcutta weight for age. Tree In.

Entrance on or before 1st December 1849, 3 G. M.

Do. do. 1st June 1850, 10 G. M.

Do. do. 1st October 1850, 15 G. M.

When the race will close, a further sum of 15 G. M. for horses declared to start. Winners subsequent to the day of their nomination to carry 5lbs. extra.

Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

If three horses of different stables come to the post the second horse to save his declaration stake, and if there be ten or more entrances with a start of three or more horses the second horse to receive double the amount of his declaration stake.

Entrances for the above race may be received at Madras, Bombay and elsewhere in India, by the Secretaries of the respective meetings, on those dates.

NOMINATIONS OF DECEMBER 1ST.

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|-----|------------|
| Mr Pye names | g. | a. | c. | Landrail. |
| Mr Charles' | g. | a. | c. | Shrapnell. |
| Shaick Ibrahim's | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | b. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | g. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| " | b. | a. | c.* | _____ |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g. | a. | c. | Crusader. |

* Names and descriptions will be sent.

It is requested that owners of horses will be very particular in describing the description and Pedigree of their Colonial horses, and especially stating whether they be New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land horses.

E. K. O. GILBERT, Secy.

Calcutta Star.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DACCA RACES.

TO COME OFF DURING THE FIRST WEEK IN JANUARY 1850.

First Day.

1st Race.—For all Maiden Horses, 10 G. M. from the Fund and 2 G. M. Entrance. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Weights for age (Calcutta.) New South Wales Horses 5lbs. extra, English Horses 10lbs. extra.

2nd Race.—The Little Welter, for all Horses. 10st. 7lbs. 10 G. M. from the Fund, and 2 G. M. Entrance. Heats R. C.

3rd Race.—Pony Race, 3 G. M. from the Fund, and 12 Rs. Entrance. Heats $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile. Catch weights.

Second Day.

1st Race.—For all Horses 10 G. M. from the Fund, and 2 G. M. Entrance. Heats R. C. Arabs, C. Bs. and Cape Horses, 9st.

7lbs. New South Wales Horses 5lbs. extra, English Horses 10lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 4lbs.

2nd Race.—For all *bond fide* Carriage and Buggy Horses, 3 G. M. from the Fund, and 1 G. M. Entrance. Heats $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Catch Weights.

3rd Race.—For all *Bazaar Tats*, 1 G. M. from the Fund, no entrance. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Owners up. Crossing and jostling allowed.

Third Day.

1st Race.—The Great Welter, for all Horses, 12 G. M. from the Fund. 3 G. M. Entrance. $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. 11st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders.

2nd Race.—For all *bond fide* untrained Horses, 5 G. M. from the Fund. 1 G. M. Entrance. One mile. Horses valued at 500 Rs. to carry 11st. and 5lbs. decrease for every hundred rupees, diminution in price. The winner to be sold by public auction, any excess upon his fixed price to revert to the Race Fund.

3rd Race.—Pony Race, 3 G. M. from the Fund and 12 Rs. Entrance. Heats $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Catch weights.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—Winners' Handicap, forced but optional to winners of untrained Carriage and Buggy or Pony Stakes. 8 G. M. from the Fund and 2 G. M. Entrance. 2 miles.

2nd Race.—Losers' Handicap, optional 5 G. M. from the Fund and 1 G. M. Entrance. R. C. and a distance.

3rd Race.—Hurdle Race, 7 G. M. from the Fund and 2 G. M. Entrance. R. C. and over 4 Hurdles thereon, 4 feet 6 inches high. Catch weights. Gentlemen Riders. The Winner to pay for the Hurdles. To be run on the afternoon of the 4th day at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4.

All Entrances to be sent to the Secretary the day before each Race at 12 o'clock, and if Sunday intervene—by noon on Saturday.

Two Horses to be entered from *bond fide* different Stables or $\frac{1}{2}$ the public money to be withheld, and no Horse to walk over more than once during the meeting.

No person to be allowed to enter a Horse for the Races who has not subscribed 2 G. M. to the Fund. Untrained and Buggy Horses and Ponies 1 G. M. subscription.

All Winners to pay 8 Rs. and every Horse in training for a week to pay 4 Rs. towards keeping the Course in order.

Calcutta Turf Rules to be applicable to the Dacca Races, unless otherwise specially provided for.

| | | |
|------------------------|---|-----------|
| MR. J. P. WISE, | } | Stewards. |
| „ J. C. SARKIES, | | |
| „ J. P. COSSEKAT, | | |
| „ KHAJEH ALLEE MOLLAH. | | |

R. ABERCROMBIE, Secretary.

Dacca, 14th November, 1849.

Calcutta Star.

Third Day.

1st Race.—Master Matthew's Purse of 25 G. M., for all horses. Entrance 5 G. M., 3 H. F., T.Y.C. Heats. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st February and name the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Criterion Purse of 15 G. M. from the fund, for all Maiden horses. Craven weights and distance. Heats. Entrance 5 G. M. H. F. To close and name on the 15th December.

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|----|----|---------------------|
| The Confederate's | Cape | h. | .. | <i>Shuttlecock.</i> |
| Mr Return's | .. c. c b | c. | .. | <i>Massaroni.</i> |
| Mr Charles' | .. g. a | h. | .. | <i>Ploughboy.</i> |
| „ | .. b. a. | h. | .. | <i>Meteor.</i> |

3rd Race.—A Handicap Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund, for all horses. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. 2 ft. To close and name on the 15th December. Weights to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----|-----------------------|
| Mr Charles' | .. b. e. m. | .. | <i>Morgianna.</i> |
| „ | .. g. a. h. | .. | <i>Don Juan.</i> |
| „ | .. g. a. w. | .. | <i>Boomarang.</i> |
| The Confederate's | g. a. w. | .. | <i>Little Wonder.</i> |
| Mr Return's | .. b. a. h. | .. | <i>Janitor.</i> |
| Mr Pye's | .. b. n.s.w. m. | .. | <i>Finella.</i> |

4th Race.—The Spear Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund, for all horses from whose backs contested first spears have been taken during 1849 or 1850. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. 11st. each. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance 3 G. M. To close and name the day before the meeting.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—Shaik Ibrahim's Purse of 20 G. M. for horses. Entrance 5 G. M. P. P. R. C. Gentlemen Riders. 11st. each. To close on the 15th January and name the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Berhampore Welter, 15 G. M. from the fund, for all horses. R. C. Gentlemen Riders. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Entrance 5 G. M. To close and name on the 15th January.

3rd Race.—A Purse of 8 G. M. from the fund, for all ponies. 8st. each. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M., 1 forfeit. To close and name the 1st day of the Meeting.

4th Race.—The Berhampore Steeple Chase, for all horses, over about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of fair hunting country. 11st. each. Entrance 5 G. M., P. P. To close and name the 2d day of the Meeting. A Subscription Cup added.

Fifth Day.

1st Race.—Winners' Handicap of 10 G. M. from the fund. Forced to winners of upwards of 20 G. M. public money, optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F., R. C. and a distance.

2nd Race.—Losers' Handicap of 15 G. M. from the fund, for all horses who have started for and not won public money. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. No horse can enter for this race who has been declared distance in any race during the Meeting. R. C. and a distance.

3rd Race.—Consolation Purse of 5 G. M. from the fund, for all horses. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats. To carry weight as under, if to be sold for.

| | | |
|------------|-------|-------|
| 1000 | 10st. | 9lbs. |
| 900 | 9 | 9 |
| 800 | 9 | 2 |
| 700 | 8 | 10 |
| 600 | 8 | 4 |
| 500 | 8 | 0 |

J. SCOTT, *Secretary*.

Berhampore, Nov. 25, 1849.

LAHORE SPRING MEETING.

First Day, the 2d Tuesday, in March, 1850.

1st Race.—The Lahore St. Leger for all maiden Arabs of the season, 8st. 7lbs. each, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A winner once before the day of running 3lbs. extra, twice 5lbs., thrice 7lbs., horses that have started once before the day of running and not won allowed 3lbs., twice 5lbs., thrice 7lbs. Two G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of October and 5 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of November, when the race will close; a state of 5 G. M. for each horse declared to start by 1 p. m. the day before the race. 2d horse to save his stake.

Nominations for 1st October.

| | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------|-----------------------|
| Sir Walter's | g. | a. | <i>Zubberdust.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | b. | h. | <i>Wukcel.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | g. | h. | <i>Zumbooruk.</i> |
| Mr Sim's | g. | h. | <i>Akali.</i> |
| Mr Sim's | g. | a. h. | <i>Goorcherra.</i> |
| Mr Sim's | g. | a. h. | <i>The Gooroo.</i> |
| Mr Sim's | b. | h. | <i>Renegade.</i> |
| Mr Kinlock's | g. | h. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| Mr Kinlock's | g. | h. | <i>Oh ! Charles.</i> |
| Mr Kinlock's | g. | h. | <i>Dear Charles.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | g. | h. | <i>Romance.</i> |
| Capt. Frederick's | g. | h. | <i>Never-give-in.</i> |

| | | | |
|--------------|----|----|----------------------|
| Mr Williams' | g. | h. | <i>The Snatcher.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | g. | h. | <i>Ibrahim.</i> |
| Capt. John's | g. | h. | <i>Surphoe.</i> |
| Capt. John's | b. | h. | <i>Shaik.</i> |

Nominations for 1st November.

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|----|----|----------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Copenhagen.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Austerlitz.</i> |
| Mr James' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Secunder.</i> |
| Mr James' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Vezation.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Aftab.</i> |

2d Race.—Charger Stakes for all Chargers that have never won the value of 500 rupees (Charger Stakes excepted) $\frac{3}{4}$ miles heats, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. Entrance 5 G. M. each, 2 forfeit; to close and name on the 1st of March 1850.

Second Day, Thursday.

1st Race.—The 2d Lahore Great Handicap of 5 G. M. each, 1 forfeit if declared by the 1st of February 1850 for all horses, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To close and name on the 1st of November, weights to be published on the 1st January 1850, and an additional 5 G. M. for all horses declared to start by 1 p. m. the day before the race, 2nd horse to save his stake.

Nominations for 1st November.

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|----|----------------------------------|
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ibrahim.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Nutcut.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | nsw. | h. | <i>Emigrant.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | b. | eng. | h. | <i>Etonian.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | c. | a. | h. | <i>Barabbas.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Centurion.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast.</i> |
| Sir C. Williams' | b. | eng. | h. | <i>Oregon, by Slave, &c.</i> |
| Mr South's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Paragon.</i> |
| Mr South's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Dominie Skelp.</i> |
| Mr James' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Secunder.</i> |
| Mr James' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>The Iron Duke.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | ch. | a. | h. | <i>Lall Sing.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Peshawur.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>The Gooroo.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Akali.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Goojrat.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Renegade.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>The Snatcher.</i> |
| Kinlock's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Master Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Charles.</i> |

| | | | | |
|-------------------|-----|----|----|----------------------|
| Kinlock's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Dear Charles.</i> |
| Kinlock's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Sir Charles</i> |
| Mr Davidge's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| Capt. Frederick's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Pam.</i> |

N. B.—The weights for this race will be published after the Wuzerabad Meeting, or, on the 1st February, instead of the 1st January as previously advertized.

Acceptances to be declared by the 20th February.

2nd Race.—A Silver Drinking Cup given by a Turfite for maiden Arabs of the season, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. One mile. Terms of entrance, stake, extra weight, and allowances as for the St. Leger.

Nominations for 1st October.

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----|----|-----------------------|
| Mr Villers' | gi. | h. | <i>Zumbooruk.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | b. | h. | <i>Wukeel.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | g. | h. | <i>Oomrao.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | g. | h. | <i>Punjab.</i> |
| Mr Davidge's | ch. | h. | <i>Romance.</i> |
| Capt. Frederick's | gr. | h. | <i>Never-give-in.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. | h. | <i>The Gooroo.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. | h. | <i>Goojrat.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | gr. | h. | <i>The Snatcher.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | gr. | h. | <i>Balmorah.</i> |

Nominations for 1st November.

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|----|----|----------------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Smuggler.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Aftab.</i> |

Third Day, Saturday.

1st Race.—The Port Stakes of 10 G. M. each, 2 forfeit for all horses, 9 stone, English horses 1st. extra, 2 miles, maidens of the season allowed 5lbs., maidens on the day of running 8lbs. Winner of the Claret Stakes 1st Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra, to close and name by the 1st November.

Nominations for 1st November.

| | | | | |
|------------------|-----|------|----|----------------------|
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Nutcut.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | b. | eng. | h. | <i>Etonian.</i> |
| Mr Williams' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>The Snatcher.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | cape | h. | <i>Sir Harry.</i> |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Copenhagen.</i> |
| Mr South's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Paragon.</i> |
| Mr James' | b. | d. | h. | <i>Vexation.</i> |
| Mr James' | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Secunder.</i> |
| Mr F. Davidge's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Aftab.</i> |
| Zainab-al-Deen's | gr. | a. | h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah.</i> |

2nd Race.—Give and Take Sweepstakes of 8 G.M. each, half forfeit for all galloways, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 14 hands to carry 9st. maidens of the season allowed 5lbs., on the day of running 8lbs. To close and name on 1st November.

Mr South's b. a. h. *Domine Skelp.*

Mr F. Davidge's g. a. h. *Reality.*

3rd Race.—Omnibus Stakes for all maiden horses, terms the same as St. Leger, and winner of that Race to carry 7lbs. extra.

Nominations for 1st October.

Mr Williams' g. a. h. *The Snatcher.*

Mr Sims' gr. a. h. *The Gooroo.*

Mr Rawlin's b. a. h. *Ibrahim.*

Nominations for 1st November.

Mr Pakenhams' g. a. h. *Austerlitz.*

Mr James' b. a. h. *Vexation.*

Mr James' gr. a. h. *The Lion Den.*

Fourth Day, Tuesday.

1st Race.—The Shorts or Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 3 forfeit, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. extra, English 21lbs. extra, maidens on the day of running allowed 5lbs. To close and name on the 1st of November.

Mr Rawlins' b. n.s.w. h. *Emigrant.*

Sir Walter's gr. a. h. *Peshawur.*

Sir Walter's b. a. h. *Vakeel, Maiden.*

Sir Walter's gr. a. h. *Omrao.*

Mr Pakenham's gr. a. h. *Holdfast.*

Mr Pakenham's g. a. h. *The Centurion.*

Mr Davidge's gr. a. h. *Reality.*

Zainab-al-Deen's gr. a. h. *Aftab.*

2d Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit for maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles. To close on 1st November, and name on 1st February 1850.

Mr Williams' 1 Nomination.

RULE.

Subscribers to Stakes at this meeting, who may be removed before the meeting from their present stations, shall have the option of scratching their horses in all their engagements, provided they signify their wish to avail themselves of this rule immediately they are ordered to move.

To be run for on the 3rd or 4th day, as may hereafter be decided.

The Attok Cup, value 500 Rs. (given by one who rode in the "race for Attok," on St. Patrick's Day, 1849,) for all horses.

Arabs and C. B. 10st., Colonials 10st. 7lb., English 11st. 7lb. G. R. Three miles.

Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs.; winners any time *before this race* once, 3lb.—twice or oftener, 5lb.

2 (Two) G. M. for horses named on or before the 10th October, and 5 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 10th Nov. when the race will close; a Stake of 5 G. M. to be made for each horse declared to start at 1 p. m. the day before the race.

The second horse to receive half of the stakes and entrances—the third horse to withdraw his stake.

Nominations for 10th October.

| | | |
|------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| Mr Villiers' | ch. a. h. | <i>Barabbas.</i> |
| Mr Villiers' | g. a. h. | <i>Zumbooruk.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | ch. a. h. | <i>Loll Singh.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. a. h. | <i>Peshawur.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | b. a. h. | <i>Wukeel, Maiden.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. a. h. | <i>Oomrao, Do.</i> |
| Sir Walter's | gr. a. h. | <i>Punjaub, Do.</i> |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. a. h. | <i>Ibrahim.</i> |
| Mr Sims' | g. a. h. | <i>Gooroo, Maiden.</i> |
| Mr Kinlock's | gr. a. h. | <i>Charles.</i> |
| Mr Kinlock's | gr. a. h. | <i>Oh! Charles.</i> |
| Mr Davidge's | g. a. h. | <i>Reality.</i> |
| Zainab-ul-dcen's | gr. a. h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah,</i> |
| Zainab-ul-dcen's | gr. a. h. | <i>Name Hereafter.</i> |

H. P. BURN,
Secretary Lahore Races.

Mofussilite.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SONEPORE RACES.

R. C. ONE MILE AND A HALF AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT YARDS.

First Day, Tuesday, November 12, 1850.

1st Race.—The Sonepore Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 5 G. M. each for Horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for Horses named between that date and the 15th of Sept., when the Race will close. 40 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 10 G. M.

each for Horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

2nd Race.—The Sonapore Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred Horses. R. C. Sonapore weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 5 G. M. each for Horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for Horses named between that date and the 15th of Sept., when the race will close. 40 G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of 10 G. M. each for Horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Cup value——, presented by Maharajah Roodur Sing, Bahadoor, of Durbungah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 10 F. for all Horses. 8st. 7lbs. R. C. To close and name on the 15th Sept. 1850.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Arabs. One Mile. Sonapore weight for age. Maidens allowed 10lbs to close on the 15th Sept. 1850.

Second Day, Thursday, November 14.

1st Race.—The Chumparun Cup, value——, presented by Maharajah Nowul Kishore Sing, Bahadoor, of Bettiah, for all Horses. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th of September 1850.

2nd Race.—The Doomraon Cup value——, presented by Maharajah Muheshur Buksh Sing, of Doomraon, for all Maiden Horses, R. C. Sonapore weight for age. The winner of either the Derby or Colonial Stakes 7lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th of September, 1850.

3rd Race.—The Sonapore Welter for all Horses. 11st each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1½ mile. Gentlemen Riders. 20 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. each, H. F. To close on the 15th September 1850.

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Maiden Horses on the day of the Race. Sonapore weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th of September 1850.

Third Day, Saturday, Nov. 16.

1st Race.—The Civilians' Cup for all Horses. Sonapore weight for age. One mile and three quarters. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race 10lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup, Chumparun Cup, or Doomraon Cup 7lbs. extra. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and 15th of September when the race will close. An entrance of 10 G. M. each for Horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race. Three subscribers or the Cup to be withheld.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Maiden country bred horses. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close on the 15th of September 1850.

3rd Race.—The Modenarain Cup, for all horses added, to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. Weight for age as below. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Craven distance. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name on the 15th September 1850.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|----|----|----|-------|--------|
| 3 years old, | .. | .. | .. | 9st. | 5lbs. |
| 4 ditto „ | .. | .. | .. | 10st. | 2lbs. |
| 5 ditto „ | .. | .. | .. | 10st. | 10lbs. |
| 6 ditto and aged | .. | .. | .. | 11st. | 0lb. |

4th Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Horses. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. To close on the 15th of September 1850.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, November 19.

1st Race.—The Behar Turf Club Cup value —, with 50 G. M. guaranteed from the Fund for all Horses. Two miles. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 10lbs. The winner of the Civilians' Cup 5lbs. extra. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for Horses named between that date and the 15th of Sept. when the Race will close. Entrance 10 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Maiden Horses. Heats 1½ mile—to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close and name the day before the meeting. Weights to be declared by 9 a. m. the day before the Race.

3rd Race.—A Purse of Rs. 200 for all horses 11st each. Gentlemen Riders. One mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500.

4th Race.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each 10 F. for all horses, 8st. 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 1st. R. C. To close on the 15th of September 1850.

Fifth Day, Thursday, November 21.

1st Race.—The Hutwa Cup value —, with Rs. 500 added from the Fund, for all Horses, 2 miles. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 10 G. M. 5 F. To close and name on the 15th of Sept. 1850. Weights to be declared by 9 a. m. the day before the Race.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses that have started for but not won either Cups or Public money. To be handicapped by the Stewards. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses. To be valued by their owners and the winners to be

sold if claimed at the prices fixed. To carry weight as specified below. Heats one mile. Entrance 5 G. M.

| | Valued at Rs. | 1,000 | st. | lb. |
|-------|---------------|-------|-----|-----|
| | | 900 | 10 | 0 |
| • " " | | 800 | 9 | 8 |
| " " | | 700 | 9 | 3 |
| " " | | 600 | 8 | 12 |
| " " | | 500 | 8 | 7 |
| " " | | 400 | 8 | 0 |
| " " | | | 7 | 0 |

RULES.

1st.—The General Rules of the Sonepore Course as published at page 123, Vol. VII. of the *Sporting Review* to be in force.

2nd.—English imported Horses to carry 1st, 7lbs. extra in all Races.

3rd.—Public money to be withheld when there are not three Subscribers to the Race.

4th.—All entrances to be made and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the Race unless otherwise specified in the terms of the Race.

By order of the Stewards,

K. HAWKE,
Secretary.

Chupprah.

UMBALLA APRIL MEETING FOR 1850.

First Day, Friday, April 5.

1st Race.—A Purse of 25 G. M., for all maiden Arabs, 9st., 1½ miles. Entrance 10 G. M., 5 forfeit. To close and name by 15th January 1850.

2nd Race.—The Ladies' Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit, for all horses. Arabs 10st. 5lbs. Colonials 10st. 12lbs. English 11st. 12lbs. ¾ mile heats. G. R. To close and name by the 15th of Jany.

3rd Race.—The Give and Take of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit, with 10 G. M. added, for all horses. 14 hands to carry 9st. 1½ miles. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Close and name 1st March.

Second Day, Monday, April 8.

1st Race.—The 3rd Dragoons' Cup on its terms.

2nd Race.—The Charger Stakes of 3 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added from the fund, for bonâ fide registered chargers. Heats $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. To close and name the day before the races. 11st. G. R.

3rd Race.—The Pony Stakes of Rs. 60. for all ponies $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats. Catch weights. Entrance 1 G. M. To close and name at the Ordinary the night before the race.

Third Day, Wednesday, April 10.

1st Race.—The Open Stakes of 10 G. M. each, half forfeit, with 15 G. M. added from the fund. N. N. I. T. C. weight for age. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Maidens on the day of naming allowed 5lbs., on the day of running 8lbs. To close and name by the 15th January 1850.

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, with 10 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses. Arabs and C. B. 8st. 7lbs. Colonials 9st. English 10st. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close and name 15th January 1850.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Purse of 500 Rupees from the fund, for all horses. To be valued by their owners. The winner to be sold at the price fixed, and carry weights as specified below. Heats 1 mile. Entrance 2 G. M.

If valued at Rs. 1,000 to carry 10st.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|-----|---|------|--------|
| " | " | 900 | " | 9st. | 8lbs. |
| " | " | 800 | " | 9st. | 3lbs. |
| " | " | 700 | " | 8st. | 12lbs. |
| " | " | 600 | " | 8st. | 7lbs. |

All under that price a feather.

4th Race.—The Hack Purse of 5 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 1 G. M., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The winner to be sold for Rs. 350, if claimed in the usual manner. To come to scale with 10st. Close and name the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Friday, April 12.

1st Race.—The Hurry Scurry, of 100 Rupees from the fund, for all horses. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. G. R. Entrance 2 G. M. Catch weights. To be run without unsaddling. To close and name at the Ordinary the night before the race.

2nd Race.—A Forced Handicap of Rs. 200, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, half forfeit for horses not standing the handicap for all winners, Hacks, Chargers, Consolation and Ponies excepted, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

3rd Race.—The Losers' Handicap of Rs. 160. Entrance 5 G. M., for all horses that have run for, and not won public money during the Meeting.

RULES.

The N. N. I. T. Club rules to be in force.

All entrance money to be made good, and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race, unless otherwise specified, but in all cases entrance money must be made good by that time or the horse will not be permitted to start.

No horse allowed to start unless the owner has subscribed 50 rupees, except for Hacks, Chargers and Consolation, for which 32 rupees must be subscribed, and 20 rupees for pony plate, should there be any deficiency in funds, an equal per centage will be deducted.

Each horse training on the Course to pay Rs. 4 and all winners (ponies excepted) 8 Rupees for Course repairs.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| COL. YERBURY. H. M.'s 3d Dragoons. | } Steward. |
| CAPT. GALLOWAY, Staff. | |
| CAPT. TURNBULL, | |
| LIEUT. C. A. WHEELWRIGHT, Secretary. | |

Mufussilite.

LUCKNOW RACES.

NOMINATIONS CLOSING 1ST DECEMBER 1849.

First Day.

1st Race.—Newab Ali Nuckie Khan names.

| | | | |
|----|----|----|-------------------|
| g. | a. | h. | <i>Hurricane.</i> |
| g. | a. | h. | <i>Syrah.</i> |

2d Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.
Mr Cardinal.
Mr Hope.
Syud Amed.

Second Day.

1st Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.
Mr Hope.
Syud Ahmed.

2d Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Cardinal.

Mr Hope.

Syud Ahmed.

3d Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Cardinal.

Mr Hope.

Syud Ahmed.

Third Day.

1st Race.—Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Hope.

2d Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Mr Cardinal.

Mr Hope.

Syud Ahmed.

3d Race.—Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Fourth Day.

1st Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Hope.

Syud Ahmed.

2d Race.—Newab Mahomed Ali Khan.

Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Cardinal.

Mr Hope.

3d Race.—Newab Ali Nuckie Khan.

Mr Cardinal.

Mr Hope.

First Day.

1st Race.—Newab Ali Nuckie Khan names

| | | | | |
|------------------|----|------|----|----------------------------------|
| | b. | a. | h. | <i>Farewell.</i> |
| | g. | a. | h. | <i>Hurricane.</i> |
| | g. | a. | h. | <i>Syrah.</i> |
| | g. | a. | h. | <i>Scratch.</i> |
| | g. | a. | h. | <i>Magnet.</i> |
| Mr Cardinal's | c. | nsw. | h. | <i>Moosafer, late Prestwick.</i> |
| Mr Hope's | b. | c. | m. | <i>Belle of Rondestosch.</i> |
| Syud Ahmed names | b. | a. | w. | <i>Referee.</i> |

To allow of the arrival of corps, and to meet the wishes of Subscribers, the races are postponed to the 16th February 1850.

By order of the Stewards.

E. MARTINEAU,

Secretary.

Mofussilite.

MADRAS RACES.

With the consent of the Subscribers to the Ladies' Purse, closed on 1st October, the following nomination is added to those already published.

Mr Boynton.

GUINDY STAKES.

22 Subscribers.

13 Forfeits on 1st October.

By order,

S. D. BIRCH,

Secretary Race Committee

Madras Athenæum.

BOMBAY RACES, 1850.

THE THORNHILL CUP.

Value 100 guineas, presented by the Bombay Horse Dealers as a mark of respect and esteem entertained by them of Captain A. R. Thornhill, late Joint Remount Agent, to be run for at the meeting of 1850. Open to Gentlemen and Dealers. Terms of the race for all maidens. Weight for age. One and a half mile and a distance. With a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit.

Winners once before the day of closing to carry 7lbs. extra. Twice or oftener one stone. Horses imported after the 1st of September 1849, allowed 10lbs. To close and name on the 1st January 1850.

Three horses to start from different stables or the Cup to be withheld for a Handicap. The day and terms to be fixed by the Stewards of at the time. All horses to be aged on the 1st January 1850.

Races closed on the 1st October 1849.

The Forbes Stakes.

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Mr Elliot's | g. a. h. <i>Ruby.</i> |
| Mr Hope's | c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket.</i> |
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. <i>Sir William.</i> |
| Mr Macdonald's | b. a. h. <i>Kitmutgar.</i> |
| Captain Haliburton's | g. a. h. <i>Pol Econ.</i> |
| Colonel Foster's | g. a. h. <i>The King of Scotland.</i> |

The Derby.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| Mr Elliot's | r. a. c. <i>Red Roan.</i> |
| <hr/> | b. a. h. <i>Surplice.</i> |
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. <i>The Enemy.</i> |
| <hr/> | g. a. h. <i>The Barrister.</i> |
| Captain Haliburton's | g. a. c. <i>Little John.</i> |
| Colonel Foster's | g. a. h. <i>Annexation.</i> |
| Mr Kimp's | g. a. h. <i>Grey Jacket.</i> |
| <hr/> | b. a. h. <i>Great Promise.</i> |

The Welter.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|
| Mr Hope's | c. a. h. <i>Red Jacket.</i> |
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. <i>Sir William.</i> |

Third Day.

The Sweepstakes Rs. 500.

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Captain Haliburton's | g. a. g. <i>Pol Econ.</i> |
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. <i>The Enemy.</i> |
| <hr/> | g. a. h. <i>The Barrister.</i> |
| Colonel Foster's | g. a. h. <i>The King of Scotland.</i> |
| <hr/> | g. a. h. <i>Annexation.</i> |

30 G. M. Sweepstakes.

Nominations.

| | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----|----|----|------|
| Captain Haliburton's | .. | .. | .. | One. |
| The Confederates' | .. | .. | .. | Two. |
| Colonel Foster's | .. | .. | .. | One; |
| <i>Gentleman's Gazette.</i> | | | | |

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DONCASTER RACES.

Stewards: Earl of Zetland, Viscount Clifden, and the Hon. Colonel Anson. Clerk of the Course: Mr Richard Johnson.

Judge: Mr Clarke. Starter: Mr Hibburd.

The DONCASTER OF 1849 is over, and rarely have we witnessed a meeting that has created so little excitement; the all but certainty of the Dutchman proving victorious in the St. Leger had lessened the interest which this important race always produces amongst the sporting circles, and the universal feeling on Saturday and Sunday at the Corner was that the race might be set down as run and won. We confess we shared, in this general apathy, and certainly felt less alacrity than usual, in preparing for our annual visit to the northern sporting borough. The greater number of our friends had resolved to remain in town and patiently wait the result, which they anticipated with so much confidence. Our young friend, "Miles's Boy," who for certain superstitious reasons connected with railway transactions in which he has been engaged, has been for some months located in Boulogne, studying French from the *poissardes*, could not be induced to come over. "The Man at the Corner," thought the affair would prove "rather slow," and having moreover, an engagement to go "a-gunning" with Lord Brougham, he preferred a day on the moors with the sporting ex-Chancellor to a day at Doncaster with the Dutchman. Even our old friend—friend no longer though—Sir Peregrine Pippins failed in his troth, and wouldn't go. After having deluded us, ever since the last Derby day, with the flattering hope that he would have himself and his carpet-bag packed and ready to accompany us to Doncaster, he coolly sent us word on Sunday morning that there were several reasons why he could not possibly leave town. Pshaw!—don't tell us of reasons, Sir Peregrine in a case like this. As Sir John Falstaff said, "though reasons were as plenty as Blackberries," we will not hear one of them. Abandoned thus by those in whom we had too trustingly confided, we should have been left to make our journey alone, had we not fallen in with a kind of an acquaintance—a worthy drysalter, from Thames-street—who had never in the course of his life ventured further north than Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead-heath. The inducement of cheap fares and the opening of the Great Northern Railroad through to Doncaster, had determined Mr Cudbear to see the Leger run for, and, as we were anxious for a travelling companion, we unthinkingly agreed to the proposal of taking him down, as he expressed it, "under our wing." On parting with him over-night, he pre-

misadventure to be "stirring with the lark," that we might get off in time; and he kept his promise with a vengeance, for the day had scarcely begun to break on Monday morning when we were startled out of our sleep by a violent knocking and ringing at the door. Our first impression was that on going to bed we had inadvertently put our night cap, instead of an extinguisher, on the candle, and that the house was in flames. Our first impulse was to jump out of bed, throw up the window, and call for the police, the engines, and the fire-escapes. We were, however, soon made aware of our mistake by Cudbear's voice issuing from the interior of a cab, which now stopped at the door.

"All right, old fellow!—here I am. Hope I haven't kept you waiting?"

"Waiting!—Why 'tis hardly four o'clock yet."

"Well, there's nothing like taking time by the forelock; I always do. Early to bed and early to rise—you know. Better be an hour too soon than a minute too late—hey? So open the door, and let's have breakfast."

Grumbling audibly in our gizzard at this unseasonable disturbance, we shuffled down stairs to admit our early friend, who had quitted the cab, and when we opened the door was sitting on his carpet-bag at the area-railings, singing with the full force of his lungs "Behold how brightly breaks the morn."

We soon discovered that it was a maxim with our new friend that no man was in time who wasn't before his time. Now, as we seldom make running till the last quarter of a mile, and like to win barely by a head, we were kept in a state of perpetual fidget by the incessant anxiety of Mr Cudbear lest we should be late. We like to eat our breakfast with becoming deliberation. Cudbear swallowed his like a man pursued by bailiffs, and before we had got half through our first egg, there he was, ready to start, standing opposite to us, tapping with his umbrella on the table and urging us to dispatch.

"Come, haven't you done yet? I know we shall be late—there—I've been ready these ten minutes. Cut along with you!"

We couldn't stand being spurred in this inhuman manner; we abandoned a delicious rump-steak, the memory of which makes our mouth water, and suffered ourselves to be carried in a cab to the Eastern Counties Station along with our friend, and had to wait fifteen minutes before the ticket-office was opened—but then, we had the satisfaction of being "in good time."

Notwithstanding the facilities which the Eastern Counties and Great Northern lines offered by the running of special trains which conveyed passengers to the town of Doncaster, the movement towards the north was far from being general, though the majority of the metropolitan turfites adopted this route in preference to the North Western line, by which they would have been dropped at Masbro' or Swinton, with the chance of being delayed at either of those places, if no vehicles could be obtained to convey them eight or ten miles by road to Doncaster. The fraternisation of the Eastern Counties and the Great Northern was acknowledged by all who took this route to have been admirably managed, and the thanks of the public, and especially of the

racing community, are due to Mr Roney, the zealous and obliging secretary of the Eastern Counties Railway, under whose direction the arrangements were made and carried out. A special train was announced to leave the terminus in Bishopsgate-street on Monday morning, at 10 a. m., and precisely at the time announced the train, comprising seven carriages, all of which were occupied exclusively by sporting men, started for the north. The journey was not marked by a single incident, in reference to the race for the "Selling," which was booked as past and gone. In some carriages whist, loo, and cribbage parties were formed, and with these innocent recreations the time passed merrily away; others indulged in a "bit of chicken," and many found sufficient occupation discussing the merits of the new route, which was universally admitted to be one of the pleasantest and best-conducted of any in the kingdom. The promise, too, that the train would reach Doncaster "about five" was faithfully kept; it entered the station at a quarter past. A better or more beautifully made line we never travelled on; there was no oscillation, jumping, or *desagremens* of any sort.

The country, as most of our readers are, no doubt aware, is remarkably flat between Ely and Peterborough. The Great Northern between the latter place and Lincoln is equally so; and for nearly 40 miles it runs alongside the river Witham, which it crosses at Boston, by means of a single "swing" line. The station adjoins the town, and a fine view of the magnificent tower of Boston Church is obtained in passing. The station at Lincoln (a very fine one) is similarly situated, and as the rail runs along the foot of the hill upon which Lincoln is built, the noble old Cathedral (visible many miles distant) presents a most imposing appearance, overlooking, as it does from its lofty position, the whole district around. The race-course, with its neat little stand, is passed within a few hundred yards. The character of the country altogether changes as we enter Yorkshire; but the ordinary features of railway scenery which mark the remainder of the route, call for no particular remark. The new station at Retford, where the junction of the Great Northern line, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway takes place, appears to be sufficiently extensive for the great traffic that may be expected when the main lines are opened throughout.

We must not, however, forget our new fellow traveller, who all this time had been sitting by our side, munching Abernethy biscuits, with which he had crammed all his coat pockets before starting. We were not long discovering that he was a perfect novice in turf affairs; it is true he had once witnessed a trotting match at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham, but his notions of the Doncaster Meeting were cruelly cramped by this single incident in his sporting experience, and we had some difficulty in persuading him that the horses in the Leger did not go in harness, and that The Flying Dutchman had not been beaten by Tom Thumb, the celebrated American trotter. Then, he had not much perception of the beauties of nature or art, except as they related to eating and drinking. At Waltham, when we would have dilated upon the beautiful remains of the venerable abbey, his whole soul was in the eel pies they made there. At Bishop Stratford

he hailed one of the porters on the platform to learn "What sort of ale they brewed in that place?" Chesterford awakened feelings of grateful recollection in his breast, from the fact that he had once received a present of a sucking pig from that neighbourhood. Cambridge and its colleges he cared little about, but Cambridge and its sausages excited the most lively interest in his mind. There was nothing that rendered Boston worthy of his notice, except the fat geese of the fens, and he was completely disgusted with Lincoln, when he discovered that "Great Tom" was not a superior description of "Old Tom," and he indignantly declared that a town which had existed so long, without being celebrated for anything better than an old bell, didn't deserve a place in the map of England. While the train stopped at Peterborough the propriety of sustaining the animal economy led us instinctively to the refreshment room, where we had scarcely commenced operations upon a splendid piece of roast beef when we were seized by our inexorable tormentor and obliged to re-enter our carriage, lest we should be too late. This last aggression was more than human patience could bear, especially when we found that the train did not start for ten minutes after, and we fear we were guilty of uttering some emphatic ejaculations in relation to travelling companions generally, accompanied by a sincere hope that we might be blessed if ever we were caught with Mr Cudbear "under our wing" again. With this pious aspiration we buried our nose with vicious determination into the softly-padded morocco lining of the carriage, and pretended to sleep till the welcome word "Doncaster!" "Ncaster!" "Caster!" shouted by the railway porters as the train drew up alongside the platform, announced that we had arrived at the termination of our journey.

As our readers may feel a natural curiosity to know how we disposed of our travelling companion, we may at once satisfy their curiosity by confessing that after being dragged by him to *The White Hart*, with headlong haste, lest we should be too late for dinner; we determined to get rid of him at any risk, and having induced him to take after dinner an extra pint of wine, with a couple of anti-cholera glasses of hot brandy-and-water, and to make his first trial upon a mild cigar, he dropped into a heavenly slumber; in which unconscious state we had him carefully packed and ticketed, "*Mr Cudbear, Thames-street, London—With care—This side upwards,*" and sent by the night train back to the metropolis, where we have since had the pleasure of hearing that he arrived in "the like order and condition," and was restored by Pickford and Co. to the bosom of his affectionate wife and family, on the following morning. We shall now commence business with a glance at the state of affairs on our arrival in Doncaster, and other—

PRELIMINARY MATTERS OF THE WEEK.

In the hunt after lodgings, we found that the inhabitants were determined to go upon the old tack. The most extravagant demands were made for accommodation, and though we venture to assert that on no previous occasion have so many places been unoccupied on the Monday in the race week, those who had apartments to let held out pertinaciously for enormous rents. In many instances, six, seven, and

eight guineas were coolly asked for a bed-room and sitting-room of small dimensions; single bed-rooms averaged from two-and-a-half to four guineas. The rail, however, will cause a great change in the occupation of lodgings, and it is really time that some check were given to the fleeing to which sporting men are generally subjected at the race meetings. People will not in future go, as formerly, "for the week," when they can pop down and see the all-important race of the meeting, "the St. Leger," and return home the same night. By the giant power of steam, all such abuses, which have existed for years at Doncaster, are being gradually swept away; the inhabitants themselves will soon discover the "error of their ways," and when too late, will, no doubt, regret they did not pursue a different course. On Tuesday morning, the number of cards in the windows of houses, intimating that "lodgings" were to be let out within, were scarcely diminished; and there many remained throughout the week, a legible proof of the folly of endeavouring to grasp too much.

After dinner we "took a turn about" the town and the symptoms of a bad meeting, we regret to state, were everywhere manifest. The list sellers found few purchasers of their "full entries,"—those made this afternoon, it will be seen, were wretched in the extreme, there being only half a dozen to the Cup, a couple to the Queen's Plate, &c. Here and there were congregated small knots of touts and other sporting characters—a few professionals were to be seen on the steps of the rooms, but not a bet was laid, and everything betokened a flatness that we never before witnessed on the Monday at Doncaster. Opinions were nearly all one way—"the Dutchman couldn't lose!" He had arrived safely, in company with Elthron and The Knight of Avenel, on Saturday, and was stated to be in the most blooming condition. Those that were out in the morning, and saw him gallop, pronounced him a "flyer" in every sense of the word! Honeycomb,* Herbert, Old Dan Tucker, Vatican, Saucy Dick, Lady Evelyn, Fernhill, William the Conqueror—*cum multis aliis*—were also on the spot, but nothing was considered to have a chance with "the crack," upon whom 5 to 2 was currently laid in the course of the day. Scott's lot were still at Pigburn, where it was reported, a trial had taken place in the morning, in which Nunnykirk came off an easy winner, Uriel, being second, Thringarth third, and Volcano last! So much for the hopes of the "Irish division." Mr Richard Johnson, the newly-appointed clerk of the course, had an office within fifty yards of the rooms—a central situation and available to all parties. We dropped in just as the list of the morrow had been "scratched;" and one peep was enough to form a pretty correct notion of the poor sport that might be expected, not only on the opening day, but throughout the week—some half dozen walks over seemed certain!

THE BETTING-ROOM AT NIGHT.

The betting-room, renovated with excellent taste, and affording in its elegant arrangements every convenience for the despatch of business presented, as the evening advanced, a thronged appearance, but scarcely any disposition to speculate was manifested.

All the bets that came under notice are comprised in the following scanty list :—

| CHAMPAGNE STAKES. | | 200 to 8 agst Thringarth (t) |
|--------------------------------|------------|--|
| 6 to 4 on Wm. the Conqueror. | ST. LEGER. | 6 to 4 on The Flying Dutchman |
| 2 to 1 on The Flying Dutchman | (t 5 to 2) | for this event, and Canexou for the Cup. |
| 9 to 1 agst Old Dan Tucker (t) | | CESAREWITCH. |
| 13 to 1 — Nunnykirk | | 40 to 1 agst Dacia (t) |

The evening was altogether the duller and most dispiriting that we ever remember at Doncaster. The absence of anything like speculation, and the deluge of rain which fell incessantly during the evening, had confined the great majority of the visitors to their lodgings and the coffee-rooms of the taverns.

Cigars, brandy-and-water, and general conversation were the order of the night at the Rooms, in which, having taken our shares, we found ourselves at a reasonable hour seeking "tired Nature's soft restorer—balmy sleep."

TUESDAY.—THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES.

The rain, which fell incessantly during Monday evening, ceased about midnight, and the morning awoke in a doubtful sort of mood; good humour, however, prevailed, the sun peeped through the broken clouds, and a light breeze gave promise of the beautiful day which followed. We were, as usual, amongst the early birds, who, despising the allurements of "the downy," hastened to the moor

TO WITNESS THE MORNING GALLOPS.

Although most of the sporting men were collected as usual, to make their observations on this interesting exhibition, there was a great falling off in point of numbers, compared with attendance of last year, whilst the show of horses exhibited a still greater deficit. Amongst the early birds were several of the influential of the turf, and many who had travelled from town by the night mail, which reached Swinton about five a. m. The turf was in the most perfect order, thanks to the rain of the previous night and the great attention that had been paid to it by the proper authority.

W. I'Anson's and Mr Green's lots were amongst the earliest arrivals. The former consisted of Confederacy and Leonidas, and among the latter were Lady Superior, Westow, Witchcraft, Gleam, and one or two others. Both the two year olds betrayed symptoms of recent indisposition.

Castanette and Ellen Middleton took a gentle gallop, and the latter looked all the better for the extra time since York, where she was in anything but very blooming condition.

The veteran Tom Taylor's string consisted of Mrs Taft, Lady Evelyn, Penthesilea, Fernle, and Humphrey. Sir Joseph Hawley's two Fernhill and Vatican, also walked and cantered with them. Lady Evelyn and Mrs Taft looked exceedingly well, the Oaks winner being as fresh as a lark. She had a narrow escape, just at starting to canter, by

slipping up and falling heavily on her side, but fortunately it did not appear to have done her the slightest injury, for she went very free in her gallop afterwards. Both of Sir Joseph Hawley's looked remarkably well; Fernhill none the worse for his hard season's work, and Vatican all the better for his rest since Ascot. Job Marson rode him a steady gallop, and by many he was fancied as likely to beat all but the crack.

From the constant look-out in the direction from which Fobert's horses were expected to arrive, it was pretty evident that the general interest was fixed upon a single object. Soon after eight o'clock a trio of nags, wearing the well-known dark clothing of the "Lord of the Tournament," were observed approaching and immediately numerous groups of anxious touters and chatting idlers made a general rush towards them. Elthiron was in advance, followed by the Flying Dutchman, The Knight of Avenel bringing up the rear; "*the flyer*," of course, being "the observed of all observers." After walking a short time, they went a strong canter, the crack going with great freedom, and almost pulling the boy out of his saddle, so eager did he appear to "rush to the fore" and give Elthiron the go-by. Shortly afterwards, Marlow mounted the Derby victor and gave him a good steady gallop, which for a wonder, satisfied everybody, and confirmed the prevailing opinion as to the result. The Dutchman's superb condition was the theme of universal admiration. His eye was clear and bright as diamonds, and he was evidently as clean and fit to run as it was possible for trainer to make him. On pulling up after his exercise, he scarcely moved a nostril; there was no blowing or heaving of the bellows, and as far as judgment could be formed of him in clothes, he was as cool and dry as if he had just been rubbed down. Barring accident, the Leger looked a *certainty*, and down went the last hopes of the fielders, whose chap-fallen countenances appeared to imply

O, that the Dutchman's draught could be
A *stunning* full bucket of *eau-de-vie*!

Herbert was out, but he did not do much. There was a great diversity of opinion respecting him. Some pronounced him a very nice horse, and much improved; and others denounced him as one of the "wouldn't have-him-at-any-price" sort. So much for fancy!

Honeycomb took his solitary exercise without attracting any attention from the by-standers further than a few observations, far from favourable to him or his chance.

Saucy Dick was considered to have as good a chance as the best of the outsiders; but that chance seemed, to our mind, a very distant one.

Of Charles Peck's string, Old Dan Tucker "gathered all the gape seed." No horse could possibly have looked better, and in his action he went as strong and free as his most ardent friends could desire. He did plenty of work, and found many supporters, from the manner in which he did it.

Dawson's, Lord Glasgow's, Gills, and several other strings were out.

Numerous inquiries were made for *Loup-garou*, and his appearance was anxiously looked for; but it was evident the "good time" had not

yet come for his backers. Their only consolation was, therefore, to "wait a little longer!"

Not a single bet was laid during our stay upon the moor.

THE TOWN AND THE ROOMS.

On our return from the moor, with an appetite whetted by the fresh morning air, to enjoy the capital breakfast which awaited us at our caravansera (the Ram Inn), we found the town in a state of tranquillity, by no means indicative of the opening day of the races. The streets were comparatively empty, and though the various trains brought a considerable accession of visitors during the day, there was no gainsaying the fact that there was a most lamentable falling off in the attendance, as well as the sport of the day. Even the betting-rooms, when we looked in, were thinly attended; this, however, might be accounted for by the sale of Colonel Anson's stud which took place this morning at the Turf Tavern. During the time we remained in the rooms, not a bet was laid in our hearing. Many inquiries were made about the "acceptances" for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and several offers made to back, but the book-makers didn't at all "seem to care about it."

THE SCRATCHING OF URIEL.

The mystery which enveloped this horse since his sudden downfall from 8 to 25 to 1, at Tattersall's, was cleared up this morning *at half past eleven o'clock*, when a notification was posted to the effect that *Uriel was scratched!* Something to the sort was expected when it was known that Scott's lot had reached their stables at the Salutation, this morning, and that he was not amongst them. The string comprised Canezou, Thringarth, Nunnykirk, Iron Duke, Goldfinch, and Volcano. Great doubts were entertained about the latter's starting for the Leger. With respect to Uriel, though a good deal was said upon the subject, we can state with some degree of certainty that the horse has been "on and off," and in anything but a satisfactory state all the year; still it was considered far from a hopeless case by his trainer, not only about his starting, but absolutely winning, until Saturday last, when he was tried and "found wanting." Moreover, it was stated that the foot which was injured at Goodwood was all right again, but on the shoe being removed matter was discovered to have formed, so that, under the circumstances, starting was out of the question. The declaration to that effect ought, we think, to have been made at the time, and not delayed until the very eve of the race.

APPEARANCE OF THE COURSE.

When we say that the appearance of the course was a counterpart of that of the town, we have said sufficient to convey to our readers an idea of the flatness of the whole affair. Nobody seemed to take any interest in the sport, the touters lounged along the roads and about the course as though they had no particular business there, the rings formerly so animated, now sent forth only a few feeble sounds; every betting man looked in his fellow's face, and seemed to say with Macbeth

—"there is no speculation in thine eyes." The company on the Grand Stand was remarkably select—in short, there never was less excitement, or less cause for it, known on the first day of meeting, when the following events were decided:—

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs each, for four yr olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb; maiden horses at the time of starting allowed 5lb. The winner of the Derby or Doncaster St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra. Cup Course. 5. subs.

Lord Stanley's Canzon

F. Butler w. o.

The *Selling Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, h ft, with 40 added; for three yr olds, 7st; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; the winner to be sold for 300*l.* if demanded, &c.; if entered to be sold for 250*l.*, allowed 3lb; for 200*l.*, 6lb; for 150*l.*, 9lb; for 100*l.*, 12lb; for 75*l.*, 16lb; or for 50*l.*, 20lb. St. Leger Course. 5 subs.

| | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|------------------------------------|---------------|
| Mr Dawson's | The Little Queen | 3yr, 5st. 5lbs. carried 5st. 7lbs. | |
| (50 <i>l.</i>) | | | Arnold 1 |
| Mr H. Baker names | Pheasant, .. | 3yrs, 6st. 2lbs. (150 <i>l.</i>) | Charlton 2 |
| Mr T. Walter's | Little Cassino | 6yrs, 7st. 5lbs. (50 <i>l.</i>) | Osborne 3 |
| Mr A. Johnstone's | Confederacy.. | 4yrs. 6st. 12lbs. (50 <i>l.</i>) | G. Oates 4 |
| Mr B. Green's | Lammermoor.. | 3yrs. 6st. 2lbs. (100 <i>l.</i>) | Basham bolted |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst Lammermoor—3 to 1 agst. The little Queen—4 to 1 agst Confederacy.

Little Cassino made the running to the Red House, whence The Little Queen and Pheasant came on together, the former having the advantage. From the distance Pheasant made a good effort to get up, but was eventually beaten very cleverly by a length. Little Cassino a very bad third.

Run in 3 min. 25 sec.

At the Mile Post, the favourite, who up to that point had held the fourth place, bolted, blundered over the rails, and fell into the ditch, severely injuring himself. Fortunately, Basham received only a slight bruise on his right foot. Confederacy was last throughout, and was a long way astern at the finish. The winner was claimed.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 30 added, for two yr olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st. 2lbs. A winner before starting to carry 3lbs. extra. Horses having started twice without winning, allowed 3lbs. Red House in. 5 subs.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------|---|
| Mr H. Jones's | br. c. Stepping-stone, | 8st. 4lbs. | Holmes | 1 |
| Mr G. Hobson's | b. f. Rhedycina, | 8st. 5lbs. including 3lbs. extra | Sly | 2 |
| Mr C. Snewing's | b. c. St. George, | 8st. 7lbs. | Whitthouse | 3 |
| Mr H. Waring's | b. g. Manifold, | 8st. 10lbs. in 3lbs. extra | T. Carlisle | 4 |
| Mr Pedley's | br. f. Leghorn, sister to Tuscan, | 8st. 2lbs. | Templeman | 5 |

Betting.—7 to 4 on Rhedycina—3 to 1 agst Stepping-stone—4 to 1 agst St. George.

Stepping-stone, with Leghorn and Rhedycina lying well up, made the running to the bend, where Leghorn dropped off and Rhedycina went up and collared Stepping-stone. A severe set-to in the last fifty yards terminated in favour of Stepping-stone by half a length. Two

lengths between the second and third, Manifold next, Leghorn beaten off a far.

Run in 1 min. 15 sec.

The *Champagne Stakes* of 50 sovs each, h ft, for two yr olds; colts, 8st. 7lb; fillies, 8st 5lb. The second horse to save his stake and the winner to give six dozen of champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club. Red House in. 17 subs.

| | | | |
|--------------|--------|---|-------------|
| Mr Meiklam's | br. c. | The Italian by Touchstone | Templeman 1 |
| Mr Gordon's | b. c. | William the Conqueror, by Touch-Flatman | 2 |
| Mr Hudson's | b. c. | Wallace, by Galanthus—Ada | Bumby 3 |

Betting.—At the commencement of the betting William the Conqueror and The Italian, were equal favourites. At the close 6 to 5 was betted agst the former, and 6 to 5 on the latter.

The Italian jumped off first, but after a few strides was pulled back, and William the Conqueror went in advance, and made the running at a good bat, The Italian lying second to the bend, where he was headed by Wallace, who continued second for the next three hundred yards, and was then beaten. The Italian reached William (his half brother) at the stand, and after an extremely fine race the remainder of the distance, he was pronounced the "Conqueror" by a head. Wallace was tailed off a long way.

Run in 1 min. 13 sec.

The *Cleveland Handicap* of 20 sovs each, h. ft. and 5 only, if declared, &c., with 60 sovs added by the Corporation; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs towards expences. One mile. 22 subs, 11 of whom having declared, &c., pay only 5 sovs each.

| | | | |
|-------------|-------------------------|-------------------|------------|
| Mr Lillie's | The Iron Duke, | 2 yrs, 6st. 16lb. | Harrison 1 |
| Mr Walker | na Maid of Team Valley. | 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. | Osborn 2 |

Betting.—At the opening Maid of Team Valley had the call, but at the close 6 to 5 was betted on The Iron Duke.

Iron Duke waited on the Maid until they arrived within the distance, when he went ahead, and, carrying on the running, won easily by a length.

BETTING ON THE COURSE.

| ST. LEGER | | | | DEBBY, 1850. | | | |
|-----------|--------|---|-----|--------------|----------|-----------------------|---------|
| 500 to | 200 on | The Flying Dutchman | (t) | 16 to | 1 agst | John o'Groat | (t) |
| 8 to | 1 agst | Old Dam | (t) | 18 to | 1 — | Bro to Epirote | (taken) |
| | | Tucker | (t) | 25 to | 1 — | The Italian | |
| | | CESAREWITCH. | | 25 to | 1 — | William the Conqueror | |
| 25 to | 1 agst | Essedarius | (t) | 40 to | 1 — | Windbound | (taken) |
| 25 to | 1 | Glen Sattel (30 to 1 taken to some money) | | 5000 to | 125 — | Sweetheart | (taken) |
| 3000 to | 90 — | Tophana | (t) | | | DERBY, 1852, | |
| 2000 to | 60 — | Puffy | (t) | 7000 to | 105 agst | Bro to Witchcraft | (taken) |
| 40 to | 1 — | Rathmines | (t) | | | DERBY, 1852. | |
| | | CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES. | | 10,000 to | 75 agst | c by Ion Ma Mie | (t) |
| 20 to | 1 agst | Rienni | (t) | | | | |
| 1000 to | 30 — | Woolwich | (t) | | | | |
| 40 to | 1 — | Dacia | (t) | | | | |

REMARKS ON THE DAY'S RACING.

The foregoing account of the racing will enable our readers to form a pretty correct estimate of the sport; it was meagre in quantity and moderate in quality. Perhaps, a poorer "bill of fare" was never seen on the opening day at Doncaster. The Fitzwilliam Stakes again failed to produce a race, and a *trio* of starters only came forth for the Champagne, a two year old race of considerable importance in reference to future events. Last year it was carried off by The Flying Dutchman. The fields to-day were very small; but still there was sufficient speculation upon each race, particularly the "crack" event, to give the bookmakers cheering encouragement at the commencement of the meeting, at which three-fourths of the races booked on paper reduced almost to certainties. Altogether, we think, the fielders had no cause to complain this afternoon.

The first event of the card was the Four Year Old Sweepstakes, which, at the appointed hour, was cantered over for by Canezou, who ran against one of the policemen on the course, just opposite the Stand, and nearly rolled over him. Fortunately, however, Butler recovered her without injury to either horse or man further than a considerable shaking, which rendered the latter insensible for a time. He was crossing the course, and had got clear of the mare, but losing his presence of mind, on hearing her approaching and the shouts of the bystanders, he turned round, got right in her track, and it was a miracle that all were not down together. Having nothing else to do to-day, Frank came to the course in his ordinary dress, and cantered her over in "walking costume," whereupon a fine was hinted at, but on search being made for a law to that effect, none could be found amongst the "rules and regulations" of the meeting, so that Master Butler escaped the infliction.

Business commented in reality with the Selling Stakes, for which Lammermoor was a great pot, but preferring a jump at the rails by the mile-post—fortunately without injuring his jockey—to landing his party in triumph, the race fell an easy victory to Little Queen, a great strapping animal, standing nearly 17 hands high, to whom the appellation of the *monstre* Queen might be more appropriately applied.

The following race was another "turn-up" for the fieldsmen. A quintet came to the post, and 7 to 4 was laid on Rhedycina, who, it will be seen, carried 3lbs. extra for winning. But the pot again boiled over, and the mare was beaten, after a smart race, by Stepping-stone (allowed 3lb. for having been beaten twice) by half a length, to the utter amazement of the backers of the favourite, who, it will be remembered cut down one of the Goodwood flyers, Countess, in the most hollow manner at Brighton, with the odds of 4 to 1 on the latter! Her defeat to-day, may, in some degree, be attributed to the badness of the pace, and we think it not at all improbable that if she had come right away instead of waiting, the result would have been different. Of Stepping-stone we have before spoken as a very improving sort of horse, and his performance to-day confirms the opinion we formed of him both at

Liverpool and York. At the latter place, it will be remembered, he ran very respectably in the Prince of Wales's Stakes with the Italian.

Encouraged, therefore, with Stepping-stone's victory over Rhedycina, who had previously beaten Countess (supposed to be better than William the Conqueror), the friends of The Italian gained additional confidence, and he immediately obtained the call of the Goodwood nag, on whom as much as 6 to 4 and 7 to 4 was laid in the morning. After several fluctuations the betting at starting was 6 to 5 on The Italian, who looked remarkably fresh, and the same against William the Conqueror, whose general appearance, certainly did not please us. Their only competitor was Wallace, a roughish, mean-looking, two year old by Galanthus (the first of his get), who was beaten a long way. The race was entirely between the two "cracks." The Italian was first off, but Flatman directly afterwards took William to the front, and with The Italian lying at his quarters, inside next the rails, made strong play to half way up the distance, when Templeman began to draw up, and the pair were fairly locked together, Templeman quiet, and Flatman at work, till the last two or three strides, when Sim, whose orders were to wait to the very last, got The Italian's head in front, and landed him the winner by a "bare nob," amidst the most exulting shouts from all quarters; everybody, especially the ring, appearing exceedingly pleased at Mr Meiklam's success, an event we last week foretold in the following words:—"The Italian's party insist that he ought not to have been beaten, either at Liverpool or Goodwood. Giving them credit for the correctness of their judgment, we shall award him the preference, and expect to see the blue and white stripe victorious, by the prowess of The Italian." It was a beautiful struggle, and though many insist that The Italian only just won, we entertain a different opinion, and think he won very cleverly—if not easily at last. Of the chance of either for the Derby we certainly do not think very highly. The Italian has great speed, but we doubt his ability to "stay" the Epsom course. Still he is not a horse we should like to "pot," or have on the wrong side of the book, if he were to come fit and well to the post. William *the Conquer'd* we cannot have at any price. He is an over-rated animal. Unless they have one considerably better at home, the Derby will not go to Goodwood next year. Both parties were very "sweet" to-day, and Mr Meiklam is reported to have won a good stake. So unshaken was his confidence in The Italian that he backed him for 1,000 even against the Goodwood nag, at Warwick, the week before.

Out of the eleven acceptances for the Cleveland handicap, a couple only came to the post. Both had a strong party, and at first 6 to 4 was laid on The Maid of Team Valley, but The Iron Duke's friends afterwards came out, backed him freely, and he left off at 5 to 4 on him. The result is soon told, the horses waited for the first quarter of a mile, when he took the lead, and won in a canter. Our predictions in this race were fulfilled to the latter. We said "The Iron Duke ought to win, and The Maid of Team Valley save her stake by being second." So far, so good.

The racing was over at about a quarter-past four, when we returned with the select few to the town, and paid our visit to

THE BETTING-ROOM AT NIGHT.

With the exception of The Dutchman, who looked up with a more formidable front than ever, the *intended* candidates for St. Leger honours were driven up and down in so extraordinary a manner that it was not without great difficulty we could at the conclusion of business "fix" their respective prices for the purpose of furnishing a correct list of quotations.

2 to 1, 5 to 2, and, in three instances, 3 to 1, to 700/., were laid with increased confidence on the "Flyer;" then came Old Dan Tucker, oscillating between 8 and 12 to 1, and at last stopping at 10 to 1.

A demonstration in favour of Thringarth in preference to Nunnykirk caused the latter to recede to 20 to 1, whilst the former advanced to 16 to 1; but he soon fell back to 18 to 1, and was finally peppered at 20 and 25 to 1.

200 even was betted on Herbert against Vatican, *in their places*; 100 to 7 against The Flying Dutchman being placed first, Nunnykirk second, and Old Dan Tucker third; 1,000 to 5 agst Elthiron, being first and the Dutchman second; 600 to 100 against Thringarth being placed either first, second, or third—the backer afterwards offered to take 600 to 200; 500 even between Nunnykirk and Thringarth; 100 even on Westow against Saucy Dick *in their places*; 15 to 1 against Lord Eglinton's two being first or second.

Lord Eglinton, who was present, made no mystery of his opinion and intentions. He said that if he knew he could win 50,000/., with Elthiron, *he would not do it*. He should run for the second money; and would take 1,300 to 100 that his two were first and second! He considered the Dutchman good enough to give any thing in the race *a stone*!

ST. LEGER.

5 to 2 on The Flying Dutchman
10 to 1 agst Old Dan Tucker
20 to 1 — Nunnykirk
20 to 1 — Thringarth
25 to 1 — Volcano
30 to 1 — Saucy Dick
30 to 1 — Vatican
30 to 1 — Herbert
GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP,
4 to 1 agst Thringarth
5 to 1 — Psalmsinger

CESAREWITCH.

14 to 1 agst Essedarius (if)
15 to 1 — Glenvalvon (t)
1000 to 30 — Glen Sattel (t)
5000 to 100 — Old Dan Tucker (t)

CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

16 to 1 agst Rienzi (20 to 1 taken to some money)

DERBY, 1850.

50 to 1 agst Clincher (taken)

Having thus wound up the not-over-satisfactory labours of the day, we prepared to meet the business of the important morrow without any sanguine hopes of being better rewarded for our trouble.

WEDNESDAY—THE ST. LEGER.

The day on which all the hopes, fears and doubts that had been nursed for the last six months, respecting the result of the all-important St. Leger, were to be solved had at length arrived, but never perhaps with such little apparent interest. Formerly people used to be stirring

with the lark on the Leger morning, and the demands for boots, barbers, and soda-water in every hotel and lodging-house in Doncaster before six o'clock, was quite bewildering. On last Wednesday, however, there were none of those exciting manifestations, visitors lay abed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and then strolled idly about the town for half an hour or so before breakfast, without any other apparent design than to get an appetite for their matutinal meal. The number of strangers in the town was considerably below the average of former years, but it was the paucity of the attendance, as much as the do-nothing, listless appearance of the individuals composing the groups who loitered at the doors of the various hotels, that gave an unusual dulness and flatness to the scene. There can be no doubt that the number of railway lines which converge upon Doncaster from every side, will have the effect of diminishing the number of persons who will in future remain in the town during the week. The facilities for coming in the morning and returning in the evening are now so great that few people, except those who, like the Londoners, reside at a very great distance, would think of stopping the night in Doncaster. The townspeople may, therefore, make up their minds that Doncaster will not in future be the sojourning place during the week of all who come to the races, though the attendance at them should be greater than ever.

If anything were wanting to render the affair peculiarly dull, it was the threatening aspect of the heavens, surcharged with dark, leaden-coloured clouds, that seemed ready every moment to discharge their pluvius contents upon the earth. Before starting for the course, we paid our morning visit to

THE BETTING ROOMS.

The following, with exception of several bets *between* horses which it is unnecessary to particularise, were the only bets that came under our notice :—

| ST. LEGER. | | 25 to 1 agst Thringarth | |
|------------|------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|
| 5 to 2 | on the Flying Dutchman | GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP. | |
| 12 to 1 | agst Old Dan Tucker | 4 to 1 | agst Thringarth |
| 15 to 1 | — Nunnyskirk | 5 to 1 | — Mrs Taft |
| 18 to 1 | — Vatican | 6 to 1 | — Psalmsinger |

THE COURSE AND THE COMPANY.

The move to the course commenced about twelve o'clock, and the town was speedily discharged of natives and strangers, who might be seen, as the Yankees say, "streaking" up the hill, and lining the course along the ropes on either side of the judge's chair. At about a quarter to one the special train, which had left Shoreditch at five in the morning, arrived with a strong reinforcement of Londoners, who, thanks to the punctuality with which the trains were run on this line, were in time to see the Leger run for, though this enjoyment must have been greatly lessened by the rain that came down in bucketsfull during the entire afternoon. The company on the grand stand was neither so numerous nor so aristocratic as we have seen it.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE LEGER—SCENES IN THE ENCLOSURES, &c.

The two events which preceded the St. Leger on the card having been disposed of an interval of three-quarters of an hour afforded ample time for the final "squaring," and investments upon the important event so soon about to be decided. The race was timed in the cards for a quarter-past three, but long before that hour a most unfortunate change in the weather took place. The early part of the morning was altogether fine, but as the time arrived for moving to the course, the clouds began to drop hints that top-coats, waterproofs, and umbrellas would be desirable companions throughout the afternoon. Numbers, however, disregarded the warning, and had reason afterwards to repent their carelessness. The rain continued to increase, and by the time the great mass had finally "settled down" for the racing, it fell heavily. But it was not until the horses began to make their appearance in the enclosure to be saddled that a correct estimate could be formed of what was to follow. The clouds flitted about, and here and there light streaks of "dirty blue" held out faint hopes of a partial cessation of hostilities on the part of the elements. "It will soon pass over," was the general remark, but a single glance in the direction to the right of the stand was enough to satisfy the most sceptical in weather prognostications that the heavy masses of black clouds threatened a regular soaking.

In the meantime Honeycomb and Saucy Dick had entered the enclosure, which was scantily attended, nearly all "the ring" having *missed* and taken shelter under the portico and in the large saloon, whilst some two or three hundred, more fortunately provided with waterproof coverings, remained outside for the purpose of getting as good a peep at the condition of the nags as was obtainable under the circumstances. Honeycomb did not certainly look over-blooming, nor was it to be expected, when a review of his doings this year were taken into consideration. Saucy Dick was looking considerably better than at Goodwood, but when brought into comparison with others of his competitors, who meanwhile had come into the inclosure, there was nothing about his appearance to warrant the belief that his lucky jockey would land the "black and white stripe" in the same position that he did the "straw colour" last year, when mounted on the "magnificent son of Touchstone and Crucifix," who, after a lapse of eight and forty years broke the charm which had existed since Champion, in 1800, carried off the Derby and St. Leger the same year. The popular owner of Springy Jack's own brother, however, thought differently, and observed that "if anything happened to the crack he thought he should win!" This straightforward avowal, and the easy victory of his stable companion, Farthingale, in the first race of the day, gave to the backers of Saucy Dick a little more confidence though as soon as they saw "the flyer" gallop up the course, all idea of winning must have been at an end.

On the arrival of John Scott's pair, Thringarth and Nunnykirk, there was a great rush to get a peep at them, especially the black 'un, who certainly never looked so fit to run in his life. There was none of the excessive sweating and nervousness he showed at York; a similar

observation applies to Honeycomb, but the great difference in the weather might have produced the effect. There it was exceedingly sultry, whilst here the rain was falling as if from a shower bath, and the atmosphere was remarkably cold. It was very evident which was the nag, notwithstanding all that was said to the contrary, and the circumstance of Frank Butler being upon Thringarth, whose owner had a prior claim to his services, had no effect upon their respective positions in the market, Nunnykirk leaving off decidedly the better favourite of the two. The services of Alfred Day had been specially "retained" for the "black 'un," and it is somewhat singular that the last occasion (if our memory correctly serves), on which this very clever young artist rode for the Malton stable, was when he landed the prior of St. Margaret's, then called the Joanna colt (another black 'un), in triumph for the Cambridgeshire, in 1846. Thringarth, though a remarkably good-looking horse, and also in admirable condition, did not please the *cognoscenti*, who, on this occasion, went for the new in preference to the old master. Whilst walking about, Thringarth repeatedly made an attempt to leave the impression of his plates upon some of the by-standers, but fortunately without doing any injury though he did send his own trainer's old friend (Mr Markwell) to grass, by a "lift" on the thigh, whilst he was in the act of straightening the animal's clothes.

Westow, from his frequent appearance before the public, was sufficiently well known; consequently few designed to honour him with more than a passing notice, paying at the same time a compliment to his trainer for the animal's fresh looks and excellent condition. The same must be said of the appearance of Herbert, which reflected great credit upon Beresford, his trainer. He is a fine showy animal, and had a first-rate man on his back, still we did not like him at all, considering that he would prefer a much shorter distance. As far as looks went, after The Dutchman, we certainly liked Vatican better than anything else. We question if he was ever in better racing trim. Many fancied him strongly, and backed him for the "off chance" at the last.

The foregoing having left the inclosure, the appearance of the crack was looked forward to with anxious expectation, which was at last relieved by the approach of the animal in question, who, with Elthiron and Old Dan Tucker were saddled in a private spot near the top of the course. Onward they came, like Van Tromp and Eryx, in 1847, attended by their ever-watchful trainer and his nephew (who led the Dutchman by the bridle), George Leadbitter, under whose care he had been placed, to "make assurance doubly sure," and another officer; Charles Marlow, who steered him through his Derby victory, again crossing the Dutchman; and John Cartwright doing the needful for his less pretending companion, Elthiron. The magnificent appearance and blooming condition of the crack were the subject of universal admiration on all sides. His skilful trainer had done everything in his power to bring him to the post in the finest possible condition, and never was an animal trained to a greater state of perfection. Many thought him lighter than he was at Epsom; and perhaps he was so, for he had done tremendous work of late—indeed, few could have stood such a preparation as he had undergone, thanks to his old schoolmaster,

Van Tromp, his own half-brother. Nor could a fault be found with the appearance of Elthiron, but, when brought into comparison with his more showy companion, the evident superiority of the Dutchman caused him to be little heeded. As they walked down the course, past the stand, there was a general rush from the sheltering-places to get a view of the favourite; and as the lot cantered up again, from the tremendous manner in which he pulled, and his easy, corky, bounding action, the Dutchman certainly looked, as a noble lord justly observed "able to win with one of them on his back;" and nine out of every ten, we dare venture to assert, had already anticipated the fiat of Mr Clarke. Old Dan Tucker looked as fit to run as his most sanguine friends could desire. His party remained confident to the last of beating everything but the favourite, and "he would make *him* gallop," they said, "or they were sadly out in their reckoning."

During all this time the rain had increased in violence, and the weather was momentarily becoming more "dirty," as sailors say. The dark black clouds had gradually blotted the whole sky, and now discharged their soaking contents with almost sufficient force to wash the poor jockeys out of their saddles. They were drenched to the skin, and the water ran from their boots and their horses' backs as if from a water-pipe. Notwithstanding "the pelting of the pitiless storm," however, the spectators who lined the side of the course, and the occupants of the stand determined to see it out, and stood their ground "like bricks" until the race was over, though, even with the aid of glasses, it was exceedingly difficult to distinguish the colours at any distance. In the teeth of these adverse circumstances, the Dutchman retained his position with remarkable firmness to the last.

After their preparatory canters, the jockeys were not long in proceeding to the post, where Mr Hibburd succeeded in soon getting them in order, without the annoyance of a parade before the Stand; and after a slight faint, caused by Honeycomb's and Elthiron's desire to be off, the flag was lowered, and away they went at as good a pace as Saucy Dick could make—the Dutchman and his companion being absolutely the last off, and "The Flyer" the last of all. It was very evident they were going to cut him down if they could, but the result showed the absurdity of such an idea being for an instant entertained. The race will be found fully described below; suffice it, therefore, to observe that (as well as could be distinctly observed through the mist and rain, which made almost all the jackets the same colour), the Dutchman, on going over the hill, had reached the fifth place, and passing Old Dan shortly afterwards, was third at the Red House. At this point, Saucy Dick and Herbert were observed to give way, and Nunnykirk to approach the front, the lead being left with Vatican, who on making his appearance first round the bend was proclaimed to be winning. In another stride or two, however, the Dutchman, who had been lying in his wake, pulling double, passed him like a shot, and going clean away by himself galloped home the easiest of winners, upwards of two lengths in advance of Nunnykirk, who beat Vatican as far for the second prize. Had Marlow wished he could have made a wretched example of his

opponents; as it was, The Dutchman won, hard held, and at no part of the race was at more than *half speed*. As soon as it could be distinctly seen that Lord Eglinton's colours were in advance at the distance cries of "The Dutchman wins!" burst from thousands of tongues at the same instant, and from all parts of the course the most vehement cheering was renewed over and over again. Such a scene of genuine excitement and downright gratification we never before witnessed. On the horse being led back to the inclosure, cheers were given separately for Lord and Lady Eglinton, for Fobert, for Marlow, and for the hero himself. Hundreds of hands were thrust forward to give both trainer and jockey a hearty shake—in fact, Fobert was almost pulled to pieces in the attempt made by a body of his admirers to chair him round the inclosure. On the Dutchman's saddle being removed he was as dry underneath as when it was placed on him—in fact, in racing language, he had not "turned a hair," neither did he blow, nor exhibit the least signs of distress. Whilst he stood near the weighing-room the *beau ideal* of a racer, the "admirer of all admirers," pawing the ground as if conscious of his vast superiority, an enthusiastic admirer drew a "Derby" silk handkerchief from his pocket, and after wiping the conqueror's back, folded it solemnly up, and returned it to his pocket in safety, to be preserved as a precious relic of the most wonderful double victory on record, that of the Derby and St. Leger being won by the same animal, ridden by the same jockey, trained by the same trainer, and the property of the same owner. Surplice, last year, it will be remembered, was ridden by different jockeys in the Derby and St. Leger, and trained by different trainers; and in 1800, Champion was ridden by Clift for the Derby and Buckle for the Leger.

The race was no sooner over than a general "break-up" took place. The rain continued to come down in torrents, and everybody made a rush for shelter, whilst crowds took their departure from the course in all directions, and it very speedily presented an ordinary every-day appearance, quite the reverse of what might have been expected, if the day had been favourable. The rush for refreshments—liquids in particular—at the Grand Strand, after the race, was tremendous. Champagne corks flew about in all directions, the winners, of course, "coming out," as they ought to do on such occasions.

We have seldom seen jockeys in a worse plight than they exhibited this afternoon, with their faces and garments completely bespattered with mud, and their jackets washed into an undistinguishable mixture of all colours. To attempt to describe the condition of the visitors, and the scene that we witnessed on the stand, during and after the races, would be useless; the pencil of George Cruikshank or Phiz could alone do justice to them. Suffice it to observe, that the dreadful state of the weather quite spoiled the interest of the race, and to show that it had its effect upon the attendance, we need only state that the receipts to-day fell 300*l.* short of what they did up to the same time last year.

The racing was over about half-past four o'clock, thus affording the Londoners who patronised the special train in the morning just half an hour to get back to the station, before returning on their homeward

journey, which must have been anything but a pleasant one, in wet clothes, on a cold night.

We must now proceed to a detail of the racing, which came off as follows:—

The Doncaster Plate (Handicap), of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added by the corporation of Doncaster, for three years olds and upwards. Red House in. 8 subs.

| | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------|---|
| Mr Payne's | Farthingale, | 3 yrs. 8st. 0lbs. Flatman | 1 |
| Lord Chesterfield's | Penthesilea, | 3 yrs. 7st. 0lbs. G. Oates. | 2 |
| Lord Glasgow's | bm by The Provost—Miss Whip, | 5 yrs. 7st. 7lbs. G. Harrison | 3 |
| Mr Nolan's | Blucher, | 4 yrs. 8st. 7lbs. F. Butler | 4 |
| Mr Banks's | The Swift, | 3 yrs. 6st. 8lbs. W. Sharpe | 5 |
| Mr Lawson's | Keleshear (h-b), | 5 yrs. 8st. 5lbs. M. Noble | 6 |

Betting.—7 to 4 agst Penthesilea—3 to 1 agst Keleshea—4 to 1 agst Farthingale—4 to 1 agst Blucher.

Penthesilea and Swift made the running alternately, followed by Farthingale, who came out when within a distance and a half of home, and obtained possession of the lead. Penthesilea made a vigorous effort to regain it, but was beaten easily by a length. A similar distance between second and third, and between third and fourth.

Run in 1 min. 14 sec.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs; three yr olds, 7st; four, 8st 5lbs; five, 8st 12lbs; six and aged, 9st 2lbs. Cup Course.

| | | | | |
|----------------|------------|--------|----------------|---|
| Capt. Harcut's | Ellerdale, | 5 yrs. | J Marson | 1 |
| Mr B. Green's | Swiss Boy, | 4 yrs. | C. Winttingham | 2 |

Betting.—2 to 1 on Ellerdale.

The favourite waited until about half-way in the distance, when she went ahead, and won very easily by half a length.

Run in 4 min. 40 sec.

The St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft for three yr olds; colts, 8st 7lb; and fillies, 8st 2lbs. The owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovs out of the stakes, and the third 100 sovs. The winner to pay 100 sovs towards expenses. St. Leger Course. 10 subs.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|----|-------------|---|
| Lord Eglinton's | The Flying Dutchman .. | .. | C. Marlow | 1 |
| Mr A Nichol's | Nunnykirk .. | .. | A. Day | 2 |
| Sir J Hawley's | Vatican .. | .. | J. Marson | 3 |
| Lord Clifden's | Honeycomb .. | .. | J. Robinson | 4 |

STARTED, BUT NOT PLACED:—

| | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|----|----------------|---|
| Mr Bowes's | Thringarth.. | .. | F. Butler | 0 |
| Lord Eglinton's | Elthiron.. | .. | Cartwright | 0 |
| Mr B. Green's | Westow .. | .. | C. Winttingham | 0 |
| Mr Payne's | Saucy Dick .. | .. | Flatman | 0 |
| Mr R.H. Nevill's | Herbert .. | .. | S. Rogers | 0 |
| M. Pedley's | Old Dan Tucker .. | .. | S. Templeman | 0 |

BETTING AT STARTING.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 to 1 on The Flying Dutchman | 35 to 1 agst Herbert |
| 15 to 1 agst Nunnykirk | 50 to 1 — Elthiron |
| 15 to 1 — Vatican | 40 to 1 — Saucy Dick |
| 16 to 1 — Old Dan Tucker | 50 to 1 — Honeycomb |
| 20 to 1 — Thringarth | 100 to 1 — Westow |

THE RACE AND THE RESULT.

To describe the circumstances of preparation, the intense interest that was created, and the "pelting of the pitiless storm," braved unflinchingly by congregated thousands "eager for the fray," would be to repeat the observations given above. We shall, therefore, proceed without further preface to the starting-post, and commence the race.

Honeycomb and Elthiron break away, but are soon brought back. All are now well together. The flag is dropped, and away throw the steaming wet go the gallant steeds in beautiful order, Saucy Dick making the running at a good pace, followed by Herbert, Vatican, and Old Dan Tucker. Thringarth, The Flying Dutchman, and Elthiron, after the first fifty yards, lying together in the middle of the ruck; Nunnykirk about a length behind Thringarth, Westow and Honeycomb bringing up the rear. No change of moment occurs until they arrive at the wood near the road. Saucy Dick then disappears from the front, whilst the backers of Herbert, Old Dan Tucker, and Thringarth have their hopes quite extinguished. Vatican immediately takes possession of the lead, whilst the Dutchman, having gradually improved his position, lies up in close attendance, Nunnykirk being third, Elthiron and Honeycomb the next two. At the distance tremendous cheers burst forth on all sides, for The Dutchman bears his colours to the front: in vain does Vatican stretch after him. At the half distance the latter is passed by Nunnykirk, but The Dutchman gallops on in undisturbed possession of the lead, and whilst deafening shouts reverberate afar, and hats are hurled into the air, he achieves the glorious triumph very easily by two lengths. About the same distance is between the second and third, and between the third and Honeycomb, who repeats his Derby running and is fourth, Elthiron fifth, Thringarth sixth, Old Dan Tucker seventh, Saucy Dick, eighth, Herbert ninth, and Westow last. The pace, considering the wretched state of the weather, was good throughout.

Run in 3 min. 20 sec.

The Municipal State of 200 sovs each, h ft; for two yr olds; colts, 8st. 7lb; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs. The owner of the second horse saved his stake. Red House in 6 subs.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-----|----|---------------------------------|----------------|---|
| Lord Eglinton's | ch. | c. | The Knight of Avenel | C. Marlow | 1 |
| Lord Glasgow's | b. | c. | by Bay Middleton—Canada Flatman | | 2 |
| Colonel Anson's | b. | f. | sis to Sweetmeat | F. Butler | 3 |
| Mr B. Green's | br. | c. | Gleam | C. Winttingham | 4 |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst The Knight of Avenel—5 to 2 agst Gleam—and 3 to 1 agst Canada colt. Gleam, followed by The Knight and sister to Sweetmeat, led to the distance, whence The Knight carried on the running, and won easily by a length, Canada colt beating sister to Sweetmeat by a neck. Gleam failed off.

Run in 1 min. 16 sec.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 50 added by the Corporation, for two yr olds, 7st; and three, 9st; fillies and geldings allowed 3lb. The second saved his stake. Red House in 9 subs.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----|----|-----------------|----------------|---|
| Mr G. Hobson's | b. | f. | Rhodyana, | 2 yrs. Rodney | 1 |
| Mr H. Jones's | b. | c. | Stepping-Stone, | 2 yrs. J. Penn | 2 |

| | | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|-----------|--------------------|---|
| Col. Anson's | b. f. by Touchstone— | Potentia, | 2 yrs. J. Charlton | 3 |
| Mr Verner's | br. f. The Recluse, | | 2 yrs. W. Sharpe | 4 |
| Mr Pedley's | gr. f. Lady Bountiful, | | 2 yrs. Harrison | 5 |
| Lord Chesterfield's | b. c. Humphrey, | | 2 yrs. G. Oates | 6 |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst Rhedycina—2 to 1 agst Recluse—5 to 2 agst Stepping-Stone.

Recluse made the running, followed by Potentia filly and Rhedycina, to the distance, where the latter took second place; in the next moment she went to the front, carried on the running, and won easily by two lengths. Stepping-Stone, Potentia filly, and Recluse raced in together, Stepping-Stone obtaining second place by a neck, and Potentia filly beating Recluse by the same distance; the others tailed off.

Race not timed.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON THE LEGER.

We have not much to add to the foregoing report of the day's proceedings. The Flying Dutchman has now, we think, fully borne out the opinion we have ever entertained of his vast superiority. His very easy and triumphant victory to-day has proved that what we have all along asserted with respect to the Derby was quite correct. Since the first time that he appeared in public, we have ever stuck to The Dutchman, without allowing our opinion of his merits to be in any degree shaken. As yet he is an unvanquished horse, and, if he continue to enjoy the same excellent health that he has ever done, we think the day is far distant that will witness the tarnish of his laurels. What an exciting event the Cup would have been, had he been entered and met Canézou at 11st. A more extraordinary career, than that of the Flying Dutchman, we never remember and the fact of 3 to 1 being laid upon him, a month previous to the Leger, is unparalleled in the annals of the turf. Less odds were taken about him for the race just over, immediately after the Derby, than about any other animal in our time; and another such a betting race as the present it would be difficult to point out, at the time of starting, with 2 to 1 laid *on one*, and 15 to 1 then offered *against* anything else. The only other instances in the nineteenth century, we believe, of the Leger being won by the favourite with odds on him, was in 1815, when Sir W. Maxwell's Filho da Puta was backed at evens, and won, beating fourteen others. In 1839, 6 to 4 was laid on Charles XII., at starting, and after the dead heat with Euclid, the betting began at 6 to 4 on Charles, but closed at 6 to 5 on Euclid.

The manner in which The Dutchman retained his position in the market, both for the Derby and St. Leger, speaks volumes in favour of the high opinion entertained by the public of the honourable character of his noble owner, and the great trust reposed in his honest, upright and straightforward trainer and jockey. What opportunities have they not had of amassing great wealth, by doing wrong!—but they have not abused the confidence of either their noble master or the public, and have thereby earned for themselves a character and renown, against which the breath of scandal can never prevail. The enthusiasm which his lordship's success created this afternoon was only a northern echo of the joyful manifestations in the south on the occa-

sion of The Dutchman's victory in the Derby. Farther proof need not be adduced of the great popularity enjoyed by the Earl of Eglinton amongst all classes of her Majesty's sporting subjects, as a nobleman who runs his horses for "glory, honour, and renown," and who spurns the tricks that are every day played on the turf by others equally "high in authority." What a noble example his lordship set to those who hold up their heads so highly, by his manly declaration on Tuesday night, when, said he, "*If I knew I could win 50,000*l.* with Elthron, I would not do so; he should run for the second place, but I declare to win with the best.*" His lordship has ever been one of the turf's brightest ornaments, and fully deserves the unparalleled good fortune that attends his racing career. He has won the Derby once, and the St. Leger three times—viz., in 1842, with Blue Bonnet, and in 1847 and '49 with Van Tromp, and his half brother, The Flying Dutchman, besides the Ascot, Goodwood, and an immense number of other valuable cups and prizes. His lordship can proudly boast of being the possessor of the only animal that ever won the Derby and St. Leger in the same year, trained by the same trainer, and ridden by the same jockey. Fobert can say with pride that he trained the first Derby winner ever trained at Middleham, in addition to carrying off the St. Leger the same year with the same animal, and Charles Marlow alone has had the good fortune to ride the winner in both races.

We cannot conclude our observations upon this great victory without awarding to Fobert the highest possible praise for the great care and attention bestowed upon his horses, without which they could never have been brought to the post in the superb condition their appearance presented. We wish him health and happiness to enjoy his triumphs for many years to come. Of Marlow we can safely speak in the same terms, and it affords us great pleasure to observe that his great talents are becoming more and more appreciated every day. Such are the fruits of a straightforward and honest career. As a proof of the great care bestowed upon The Dutchman, and in order that the horse might escape foul play, the services of Lead-bitter were secured after his arrival at Doncaster, and his stable was nightly guarded by an officer, in addition to which a nephew of Fobert's slept in the stable the night before the race. The Dutchman occupied the same box at the Turf Tavern that Elis, Mango, and Van Tromp did in former years, and Elthron was located in that where Nutwith stood in 1843. There was great rejoicing in the evening at the above well-known sporting hostelry of Mrs Bowe, where, likewise, stands the renowned Bay Middleton, the sire of the invincible Flying Dutchman.

Curious to relate, poor Lord George was in some manner interested in the fate of both the horses that have in the last two years broken the "Champion charm." Surplice was bred by him out of his favourite mare Crucifix (whom we saw on the Leger morning quietly grazing in one of the paddocks which adjoins a back route to the course), and The Flying Dutchman was got by his favourite stallion Bay Middleton. Of The Dutchman Lord George entertained a very high opinion, and shortly before his death, in speaking of him to a

friend, he observed, "*Whatever beats The Dutchman will beat the devil!*"

Nunnykirk, after all, ran second best in the race, and for the third time proved that the Two Thousand running was correct between him and Honeycomb, who, it will be seen, occupied in the Leger exactly the same position that he did in the Derby and Great Yorkshire Stakes at York. He also beat Elthiron, though the latter defeated him in the Ebor St. Leger, and, we think, had he persevered to-day, he would have done so again. It must have been highly gratifying to Alfred Day to turn the tables upon Old Dan Tucker, and obtain the second place to-day with Nunnykirk, after beating the latter at York, upon Old Dan. There can be no doubt, therefore, that, as we said at the time, Nunnykirk's defeat there was a mistake; and as for his running in the Derby it would be absurd to consider it his true form. Previous to the meeting to-day Honeycomb beat Vatican on three occasions, but now the latter comes out and defeats Honeycomb easily. Such "in and out" running with all the three year olds this year, except The Dutchman and Tadmor, was never seen.

With respect to our prophecy upon the race, The Dutchman fully bore out the opinions we last week expressed of him. Uriel was our selection from Scott's lot, and we placed him second, but we had to put up with Nunnykirk instead, so that we were not far out in selecting our second from the stable that produced the winner of the second prize.

Of the remaining races our report must speak for itself. Lord Eglinton, it will be seen, followed up his luck by winning the Municipal Stakes with his Derby colt, The Knight of Avenel, thereby adding the sum of 600 sovs to the Leger, which, clear of all deductions, is worth 3,200*l*.

In the last race, Rhedycina turned the tables upon Stepping-Stone, and beat him in a canter, thereby fully bearing out the opinion we expressed respecting her defeat on the previous day. To-day she made all the running, and won as she liked.

THE EVENING AFTER THE LEGER.

Splashing through the red, grouty sludge that lay ankle deep on the road, we returned to the town, amidst a troop of rain-soaked and mud beplastered fellow-sufferers; and having, by the help of soap, water, towels, dry clothes, and a warm dinner, "completely re-decorated and renovated" ourselves exteriorly and interiorly, we walked forth to see how matters were going on outside. The rain was still falling heavily, and the professionals had not yet begun to assemble in the betting-room; in fact, the result of the great event of the day had been so long confidently anticipated by the public that its realisation produced very little excitement. People were quite prepared for it; and so there was neither surprise, delight, nor disappointment felt about the matter. Luckily for the amusement-seekers, the theatre was open, and Mr Webster, of the Haymarket, playing in two of his favourite characters. Thither we bent our steps, and for a couple of hours enjoyed, with peculiar relish, his admirable delineation of Lavater, the

Physiognomist, and Sir Charles Coldstream in *Used Up*. After which we returned to—

THE BETTING-ROOM—WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Appearance indicated an easy settlement on the great event of the day. No doubts were raised—no fears expressed. Accounts were, for the most part, light in their respective balances.

At midnight our list of quotations relative to forthcoming events comprised the following:—

GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.

3 to 1 agst Mrs Taft (taken)
 9 to 2 — Fernhill (taken)
 5 to 1 — Psalmsinger (taken)
 5 to 1 — Thringarth
 12 to 1 — Miss Harrison (off)
 CESAREWITCH.
 16 to 1 agst Vatican (taken)
 40 to 1 — Volcano (taken)
 40 to 1 — Carthaginian (taken)

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12 to 1 agst Pitsford (taken 14)
 15 to 1 — The Italian (taken to 300l,
 3,200 to 200 also taken)
 16 to 1 — Bro to Epirote (taken,
 3,400 to 200 also laid)
 20 to 1 — Cyprus (t to 100l.)
 30 to 1 — Mildew (t to 50l.)
 40 to 1 — Voltigeur (t to 100l.)

A warm glass and a cigar in the house of *Aries* brought us to the fall of the curtain for the right.

THURSDAY—THE GREAT YORKSHIRE.

The great day having been celebrated by a grand deluge, the weather appeared a little more settled on the following morning, but the attraction of the meeting had passed away; and, except from the regular turf amateurs and sporting men, the Great Yorkshire Handicap did not command much attention. The day, indeed, was almost a counterpart of Tuesday, in the fineness of the weather and the small attendance. An unfounded rumour that the Marquis of Exeter had died on the previous day, was very generally circulated through the town in the morning, and caused considerable uneasiness to many of his lordship's friends. The interest in the proceedings of the morning was confined to

THE SETTLING FOR THE LEGER.

This important *finale* to the great event of yesterday, commenced this morning, and proceeded most satisfactorily. It was, in fact, more like the settlement after an ordinary day's racing at Newmarket than paying and receiving on the St. Leger. The issue of the race is, of course, all against the fielders, which will account for the ready supply of the needful. The great Leviathan is reported to be nearly 6,000l. on the wrong side, his antipathy to The Dutchman being well known. His profits out of other horses, however, must have been considerable. Another gentleman is named for half that amount, a penalty for absurd prejudice against the winner. Lord Eglinton has won several "double event" bets, which will leave a nice little balance, in addition to the stakes. His friends are, for the most part, large winners. The only bets that came to our knowledge during the morning were the following on

THE DERBY.

| | | |
|-----------------------------|--|------------------------|
| 18 to 1 agst Bro to Epirote | | 40 to 1 agst Voltigeur |
| 40 to 1 — Knight of Avenel | | 40 to 1 — Clincher |

The afternoon's sport was as follows:—

Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs each, h ft. with 50 added, for three yr olds. Mile and a quarter. 9 subs.

| | | | |
|---|----|----------|---|
| Lord Zetland's Castanette, 7st. 5lbs. | .. | G. Oates | 1 |
| Mr Lillie's The Iron Duke, 8st. 7lbs. | .. | Holmes | 2 |
| Mr H. Barker's Pheasant (late Mystical) | .. | Charlton | 3 |

Betting.—7 to 5 on the Iron Duke—2 to 1 agst Castanette.

Castanette and Pheasant jumped off together, but after a few strides, Castanette took a decided lead, and carried on the running at a good pace. At the bend near the distance, Pheasant was beaten off. The Iron Duke pushed on, but had no chance of catching Castanette. She won easily by four lengths. Pheasant a long way behind.

Run in 2 min. 22 sec.

The *Fitzwilliam Handicap Stakes* of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two yr olds and upwards. Red House in. 4 subs.

| | | | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|----|-------------|---|
| Mr B. Green's Westow. | 3 yrs, 8st. 4lbs. | .. | Wintringham | 1 |
| Mr Verner's br. f. The Recluse, | 2 yrs, 6st. 4lbs. | .. | W. Sharpe | 2 |
| Colonel Anson's Oddity, | 3 yrs, 6st. 2lbs. | .. | Charlton | 3 |

Betting.—6 to 4 agst the Recluse—7 to 4 agst Westow—and 7 to 4 agst Oddity.

Oddity made the running to the bend, where Recluse took it up, but had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards with it when Westow went in advance, and won by four lengths, same distance between the second and third.

Run in 1 min. 18 sec.

The *Scarborough Stakes* of 30 sovs each, 21 ft; for three yr, olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb extra. One mile, 3 subs.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Sir C. Monck's br. c. Vanguard | } Vanguard withdrew this stake; Thringarth received forfeit from Garrick. |
| Mr Bowes's b. c. Thringarth | |
| Mr B. Green's b. c. Garrick | |

The *Great Yorkshire Handicap* of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 only if declared, &c., with 200 sovs added by the corporation. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the third horse to save his stake; the winner to pay 30 sovs towards the expenses. St. Leger Course. The winner of the Leamington Stakes or Great Ebor Handicap, 9lb extra; or of any handicap amounting to 200 sovs value with the winner's stake, from the time of declaring the weights to the time of starting, both inclusive, 6lb extra; no horse to carry more than 9lb extra. 66 subs, 42 of whom having declared, &c., pay 5 sovs each.

| | | | |
|---|----|-----------|---|
| Mr Meiklam's Snowstorm, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb (5lb extra) | .. | Arnold | 1 |
| Sir J. Hawley's Fernhill, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb | .. | Flatman | 2 |
| Mr Neville's Letitia, 3 yrs, 4st 12lb | .. | Harrison | 3 |
| Mr S. L. Fox's Pealmsinger, aged, 7st 1lb | .. | Treen | 0 |
| Mr Lawson's Keleshea, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb | .. | Sharpe | 0 |
| Lord Chesterfield's Mrs Taft (h-b), 4 yrs, 8st 8lb | .. | G. Oates | 0 |
| Lord Glasgow's b c by Don John—Impertinence, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb | .. | J. Walker | 0 |
| Mr S. Hawko's Miss Harrison, 4 yrs, 6st | .. | Basham | 0 |

| | | |
|--|----------|---|
| Mr Walker na Maid of Team Valley, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb .. | Osborne | 0 |
| Mr Bowes's Thringarth, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb .. | Charlton | 0 |
| Lord Zetland's Castanette, 3 yrs, 5st (2lb over) .. | Hiett | 0 |

Betting.—4 to 1 agst Fernhill—9 to 2 agst Mrs Taft—5 to 1 agst Snowstorm—6 to 1 agst Psalmsinger—7 to 1 agst Thringarth—14 to 1 agst Castanette—14 to 1 agst Miss Harrison—100 to 7 agst Impertinence colt—100 to 6 agst Keleshea—and 20 to 1 agst Letitia.

A beautiful start, Miss Harrison taking the lead, with Fernhill second, Mrs Taft third, Keleshea next, and the ruck well up; Snowstorm and Thringarth being the last two. Soon after starting Fernhill was pulled back and he became fifth. On they streamed to the hill, where Letitia took up the running, which she carried on at a good bat, Snowstorm and Thringarth at the same time moving forward; Castanette, Mrs Taft, and Keleshea lying well up with Letitia. At the Red House Castanette headed Letitia, but at the end of the next hundred yards Letitia was again in advance. At this point Keleshea fell into the rear, and Mrs Taft and Thringarth showed unmistakeable signs of being thoroughly beaten. At the distance Fernhill, who had gathered ground at every stride after passing the Red House, came up and deprived Letitia of the lead. In the following moment Snowstorm rushed up next the rails and challenged. An extremely fine race ensued, Snowstorm in the last two strides obtaining the advantage, and winning by a head; about a length and a half between the second and third. The others widely scattered. Castanette being fourth and Thringarth fifth.

Run in 3 min. 22 sec.

At ten minutes past two, Susan Lovell was declared not to start.

Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs each, h ft. with 50 added, for two yr olds. Red House in 9 subs.

| | | | |
|--|----|----------|---|
| Mr B. Green's br c Witchcraft, 7st 4lb .. | .. | Fenn | 1 |
| Mr Pedley na ch f Lady Speedy, 6st 12lb .. | .. | Sharpo | 2 |
| Mr Melkam's b f French Susy, 7st 3lb .. | .. | Arnold | 3 |
| Mr G. Barton's br c Leonidas, 7st 6lb .. | .. | W. Oates | 0 |
| Mr J. G. Smyth's b c Goldfinch, 8st 7lb .. | .. | Butler | 0 |

Betting.—7 to 4 agst French Susy—2 to 1 agst Witchcraft—5 to 2 agst Lady Speedy.

Lady Speedy jumped off with the lead, followed by Witchcraft, to the stand, where the latter came with a rush, and won a remarkably fine race by a neck. French Susy was a bad third; the others tailed off afar.

The Foul Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft. for three yr olds; colts. 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 5lb extra. One mile and a half. 9 subs.

Lord Eglinton's The Flying Dutchman C. Marlow w. o.

REMARKS ON THE RACING.

The sport commenced this afternoon with a Handicap for three year olds, in which three started, The Iron Duke the favourite, with 7 to 4 on him. He never had a chance; the race was all one way, and

won in a canter by Castanette, who made running from end to end, and thereupon came into notice for the Great Yorkshire Handicap.

The Fitzwilliam Handicap was another turn-up for the fielders, through the easy victory of Westow, who was laid agat at 2 to 1, whilst they took 5 to 4 and 7 to 4 about each of the other two. A more miserable handicap could not have been framed.

The Scarborough Stakes having ended in a forfeit, the Great Yorkshire Handicap next came on for decision. Eleven started, and after a beautiful race with two—Snowstorm and Fernhill—victory was declared in favour of the young one by a head. There was a remarkably fine contest for this race last year between Lady Wildair and Miss Sarah, Flatman on both occasions having the misfortune to lose the victory by a head only. Snowstorm was a great pot, though scarcely mentioned in the betting till this morning, when he came with a rush, and after being backed for a large amount, left off almost as good a favourite as anything. He owes his victory in a great measure to the admirable riding of his clever little jockey, whose finishing, against so clever an *artiste* as Flatman, gave promise of greater things hereafter. Fernhill was much fancied in several quarters, but the distance was not quite so far as he generally likes it. His performance, however, fully warranted the confidence of his party, seeing that he gave 26lb to the winner (who beat him for pace at the finish), and 40lb to the third animal in the race. Mrs Taft and Psalmsinger were also great pots, but neither had the ghost of a chance of reaching the front. This is the third great handicap this season that Fernhill has lost by a head, Canzou having beaten him at Newmarket by that distance, and The Hero at York. His wretched exhibition at Warwick is perfectly unaccountable after his previous running at York, and in this race to-day. The winner's performances have hitherto been most *mediocre*, but, from all appearances, he seem to have recovered his early two year old form, which, judging from the manner in which he was backed for the Derby at that age, ought to lead us to expect better thing hereafter.

A Handicap for two year olds fell to the lot of Witchcraft, after a splendid race with Lady Speedy, Fenn coming with a rush half-way up the stand rails and landing his horse a neck in advance. The winner is in the Derby, and will see a better day.

The Foal Stakes went off in a walk over by The Flying Dutchman, none of the remaining eight subscribers being bold enough to risk a race with "The Champion" of 1849, with the 5lb penalty for his victory of yesterday. Chantrey was in the inclosure, and an offer was made to save his stake, we believe, but no arrangement being come to, the horse was sent away.

In the course of the evening The Flying Dutchman held a *levee* at his quarters, at the Turf Tavern, which was attended by Lord and Lady Eglinton, and a large party of the noble earl's distinguished friends.

THE ROOMS AT NIGHT.

There was some brisk betting to-night about naming the winners of the principal events on the morrow; and some strong investments were made on the Cesarwitch and the Derby.

5 to 4 and 6 to 4 betted freely on Brother to Epirote, for the Two Year Old Stake; Lady Evelyn, for the Park Hill Stakes; and Canezou for the Cup.

At 25 to 1, Bon-mot was backed for the Cesarewitch for upwards of 600*l*. 20 to 1 taken about Snowstorm to 100*l*.; 30 to 1 about Vanguard to 50*l*.; and 2,000 to 60 about Rhesus. The other transactions on this event were only to small sums.

Brother to Epirote was in great force for the Derby; at 16 and 15 to 1 he was backed for fully 1,000*l*. 1,400 to 200 laid agst Pitsford and Ghillie Callum conjointly; 1,000 to 50 Cyprus; 1,000 to 30 Deicoon, taken several times; 1,000 to 30 Hardinge; 35 to 1 Clincher, taken to 50*l*. Closing prices:—

| PARK HILLS STAKES. | |
|--|--|
| 7 to 4 on Lady Evelyn (t 2 to 1) | |
| 3 to 1 agst Baroness (taken) | |
| CESAREWITCH. | |
| 12 to 1 agst Essedarius | |
| 15 to 1 — St. Rosalia | |
| 18 to 1 — Glenalvon | |
| 20 to 1 — Bon-mot (25 to 1 taken freely) | |
| 20 to 1 — Snowstorm (taken) | |
| 25 to 1 — Glen Saddle (taken) | |
| 25 to 1 — Fire-eater (taken) | |
| 30 to 1 — Vanguard (taken) | |
| 33 to 1 — Rhesus (taken) | |
| CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES. | |
| 12 to 1 agst Rienzi | |
| 30 to 1 — Woolwich (taken) | |
| 40 to 1 — Iron Duke (taken) | |

| DERBY, 1850. | |
|---|--|
| 14 to 1 agst Pitsford (t) | |
| 15 to 1 — Brother to Epirote (t) | |
| 17 to 1 — Ghillie Callum | |
| 17 to 1 — John o' Groat | |
| 20 to 1 — Cyprus (t) | |
| 1000 to 30 — Deicoon (taken several times) | |
| 1000 to 30 — Hardinge | |
| 1600 to 30 — Windhound | |
| 1750 to 50 — Clincher (t) | |
| 1400 to 200 — Pitsford and Ghillie Callum (t) | |
| DERBY, 1852. | |
| 10,000 to 100 agst Badajoz (t) | |

FRIDAY—THE CUP DAY.

Notwithstanding the dull and threatening aspect of the morning, the *prestige* attached to the "Coop Day," and the interest with which the Two Yr Old Stakes and the Park Hill Stakes were regarded, induced an average amount of company to re-assemble on the moor.

The "ring" presented undiminished strength in point of numbers, but the 5 to 4 betting on running three winners brought speculation into a small compass.

The sport, which commenced at half-past one with the North of England Produce Stakes, for which Belus and Semi-Franc, a hack which, it was said, had been bought for 7*l*., were brought out to run. The former had some few days before pulled up so lame after sweating that it was found necessary to convey him home per van; he was, however, sent to Doncaster in the expectation that the intelligence of his arrival would prepare the way for a walk over. But Semi-Franc was not to be got rid of so easily. His party brought him up from grass, sent him as fat as a bullock to the post, whence he walked, and jumped and trotted, and won! Belus breaking down at the top of the hill. The fielders were in great glee, and shouts of laughter were heard on all sides.

The Handicap Plate brought out ten runners, and Miss Whip and The Little Queen were considered good enough to take the lead in the

betting; Lord Zetland's smart filly, Castanette, however, bowled them down in the race, and won the prize very cleverly.

All were now on the *qui vive* for the Two Year Old Stakes, which by numbers was booked to Brother to Epirote as a certainty. Overnight at 15 and 16 to 1 he was backed for the Derby for nearly 1,000*l.*, and what was to beat him to-day? The Knight of Avenel? Pshaw! 3 to 1 was betted freely on the favourite, but the great pot boiled over, and there was such a getting down stairs of hopes as never was seen!

Again the fielders were "up in the stirrups." The winner sprang immediately to 25 to 1 for the Derby.

Lady Evelyn justified the confidence reposed in her by winning the Park Hill Stakes easily, beating Ellen Middleton and an Irish importation distinguished by the title of The Baroness, whose *intended* jockey was so fuddled when the bell rang for saddling, that Butler was, at the last moment, engaged to ride. All Frank's tactics were, however, of no use. At the Red House, The Baroness was found to be quite unfit for such company.

For the Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, Vatican, Old Dan Tucker, and Honeycomb were started, and the result clearly proved Old Dan's victory at York to have been more by accident than merit.

But for the daring of Westow to "try about" with Canezou, the Cup would, in all probability, have been placed on the shelf until next year. The condition being that it should not be disposed of by a walk over. Canezou won it in a canter; and thus ended the weakest and slowest of Doncaster meetings.

The North of England Produce Stakes of 50 sovs each, for the produce of mares covered in 1845; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; those by stallions or out of mares that never bred a winner allowed 3lb; if both, 5lb. The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb, of the St. Leger, 7lb extra. St. Leger Course. 4 subs.

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|----|-------------------|
| Mr Jacques's Semi-Franc, (5lbs.) | .. | .. | J. Sharpe 1 |
| Lord Eglinton's Belus (5lbs.) | .. | .. | Marlow broke down |

Betting.—6 to 1 on Belus.

When the flag was dropped, the scene was not a little ludicrous, neither attempted to make play until they had arrived at the foot of the hill, Semi-Franc then went on at a slow pace. At the top of the hill, Belus, who was evidently lame at starting, broke down and was stopped at the mile post. Semi-Franc was received with loud laughs and cheers on passing the chair, and when he returned into the inclosure.

Handicap Plate of 70 sovs, for three yr olds, and upwards. Entrance 3 sovs. to go to the second horse. Last mile and a quarter of the St. Leger Course. 12 entered.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|------|--------|-----------|---|
| Lord Zetland's Castanette | 3 yrs, | 7st. | 8lbs. | G. Oaten | 1 |
| Mr Gill's Psalminger | aged, | 8st. | 12lbs. | Templeman | 2 |
| Lord Chesterfield's Mrs. Taft (h. b.) | 4 yrs, | 8st. | 7lbs. | Flatman | 3 |
| Mr Jacques's Chantry | 3 yrs, | 8st. | 5lbs. | Butler | 0 |
| Lord Glasgow's Miss Whip | 5 yrs, | 8st. | | Sharpe | 0 |
| Mr S. Hawke's Miss Harrison | 4 yrs, | 7st. | 15lbs. | Cartright | 0 |
| Mr Banks's The Swift | 3 yrs, | 6st. | 8lbs. | W. Sharp | 0 |

| | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|-------|----------|---|
| Mr H. Baker na Pheasant | 3 yrs, 6st. | 8lbs. | Osborne | 0 |
| Mr Simpson's The Little Queen | 3 yrs, 6st. | 7lbs. | Arnold | 0 |
| Mr J. C. Johnson's Gaudy | 3 yrs, 6st. | 5lbs. | Charlton | 0 |

Betting.—4 to 1 agst Miss Whip—4 to 1 agst Little Queen—5 to 1 agst Castanette—6 to 1 agst Mrs. Taft—6 to 1 agst Gaudy—7 to 1 agst Psalmsinger.

Pheasant led off at a merry pace, followed by Swift and Miss Whip, the others lying well together to the distance, where Swift and Miss Whip were beaten; in the next moment Pheasant retired. Psalmsinger, Castanette, and Mrs. Taft then joined issue, and a smart race in with the three terminated in favour of Castanette, by a length. A head between second and third; the others widely scattered.

Run in 2 min. 18 sec.

The Two Year Old Stakes of 20 sovs each for colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb; the second horse to save his stake. T. Y. C. 19 subs.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|---------------------------|------------|---------------|
| Lord Eglinton's | ch. c. | The Knight of Avenel | Marlow | 1 |
| Mr Bowes's | ch. c. | Epirus—Mickleton Maid | Butler | 2 |
| Mr Dawson's | b. c. | Mark Tapley, by The Hydra | Cartwright | 3 |
| Mr B. Green's | b. c. | Witchcraft | .. | Wintringham 4 |

Betting.—3 to 1 on Brother to Epirote—4 to 1 agst The Knight of Avenel.

The Knight jumped off with the lead, and made the running at a good steady pace, Witchcraft and the favourite lying together to the distance, where Witchcraft fell into the rear. The favourite, with Mark Tapley in close attendance, made a vigorous effort to catch The Knight, but was beaten very cleverly by three lengths. About a length between the second and third. Witchcraft several lengths behind.

Run in 1 min. 46 sec.

The winner was afterwards backed for the Derby at 25 to 1. 22 to 1 taken about Lord Eglinton's Mavors.

The Park-Hill Stakes of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three yr old fillies, 8st 7lb. The owner of the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 20 sovs towards the expenses. St. Leger Course, 33 subs.

| | | | | |
|---------------------------------|----|----|----------|---|
| Lord Chesterfield's Lady Evelyn | .. | .. | Flatman | 1 |
| Lord Zetland's Ellen Middleton | .. | .. | Robinson | 2 |
| Mr Watt's The Baroness | .. | .. | Butler | 3 |

Betting.—7 to 4 on Lady Evelyn—3 to 1 agst Ellen Middleton—1 to 3 agst The Baroness.

Ellen Middleton was first off, but before they had proceeded a hundred yards The Baroness took the lead, with Lady Evelyn second. In this order they ran to within half a mile of home, when the favourite went in front. At the distance, Ellen Middleton took second place, but was beaten very easily by two lengths. A length between second and third.

Run in 3 min. 26 sec.

Lilly was brought over from Ireland on purpose to ride The Baroness, but, on going to scale, was found to be so full of the "cratur," it was necessary to "drhop" his engagement, and Butler was put up.

Sweepstakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, for three yr olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb extra. The owner of the second horse to save his stake. St. Leger Course. 8 subs.

| | | | | |
|----------------------------|----|----|-----------|---|
| Sir J. Hawley's Vatican | .. | .. | Marson | 1 |
| Mr Pedley's Old Dan Tucker | .. | .. | Templeman | 2 |
| Mr Mostyn's Honeycomb | .. | .. | Robinson | 3 |

Betting.—2 to 1 on Vatican—3 to 1 agst Old Dan Tucker—4 to 1 agst Honeycomb.

Honeycomb led to the distance, where he was joined by his competitors. At the half distance Vatican went ahead, followed by Old Dan, who was beaten very cleverly by a length. Two lengths between the second and third.

Run in 3 min. 25 sec.

The Cup, value 300 sovs; three yr olds, 7st; four, 8st 5lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 2lbs; mares and geldings allowed 7lb; the winner of the St. Leger of the same year to carry 5lb; the second, 2lb extra. Cup Course, about two miles five furlongs.

| | | |
|--|--------|--------|
| Lord Stanley's Canezou, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lbs. (carried 8st. 4lbs.) | Butler | 1 |
| Mr B. Green's Westow, 3 yrs, 7st. | .. | Fenn 2 |

Betting.—10 to 1 on Canezou.

Canezou took the lead, kept it, and won with all ease by two lengths.

The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs each, 30 ft, for three yr olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; the winner of the St. Leger to carry 5lb extra. St. Leger Course. 3 subs.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----|----|-------|
| Lord Stanley's Strongbow | .. | .. | W. O. |
|--------------------------|----|----|-------|

Match for 200 sovs, h. ft. 8st 2lb each. Red House ff.

Lord Chesterfield's ch f by Pantaloon, out of Industry, received forfeit from Lord Glasgow's bl f by Jerry, dam by Actæon, aged (dead.)

THE JOURNEY HOME.

A doubt as to the *exact* time of departure of the "special," some announcements making it 5 p. m., others 5.35. p. m., caused no little confusion and necessary haste in getting away. An impetuous rush from the course to cabs and other vehicles, was made in every direction and only *half-a-sovereign* was demanded as the fare to the station! On arriving there, it was found that there was nearly an hour in hand—the special not being ordered to be in readiness until 5.35.

By the many who had rushed "dinnerless" to the station apologies, excuses, and explanations were not listened to. The old proverb that the belly has no ears was completely verified.

About six o'clock, after the departure of the train to Wakefield, Leeds, &c., the special for London was brought alongside the platform, and the greatest crowding, crushing, squeezing, and rushing ensued. Fortunately no accident occurred, and the journey home was comfortably performed, the village being safely reached at 2.30 a. m.

We have now concluded our task of giving to our readers a faithful record of the entire sporting business of the week, omitting nothing of moment that came under our observation, giving praise where praise was due, and censure where censure was deserved. That the meeting was a failure we sincerely regret; but it is due to the committee, the stewards, and the race officials to state that the falling-off was in no wise attributable to any fault in the arrangements, than which nothing could possibly have been more perfect or more efficiently carried out. In the town, on the course, and in the stand and enclosure nothing had been left undone to provide for the accommodation of the professional and non-professional visitors. The stewards secured by their presence and their authority the proper performances of the various duties of the course, which were most ably discharged by Mr Johnson, the new clerk of the course; by Mr Clark, the veteran judge; and by Mr Hibburd, the starter. The mayor and the town council also lent their aid to maintain the order and regularity of the meeting, and we were much pleased to find that the suggestion we made last week, for the removal of the maimed and deformed mendicants, who on former years lined the road to the course, had been adopted by the mayor, who caused a public notice to be issued for the suppression of this disgusting nuisance. The unfavourable state of the weather and the universal certainty as to the result of the St. Leger, in favour of the Dutchman, had doubtless contributed to lessen the attendance on the great day; but even these causes do not sufficiently account for the general flatness of the meeting, or the remarkable paucity of the sport, spread over four days' racing.

In a preliminary article upon the Doncaster Races, which appeared in this journal last week, we endeavoured to point out the true causes of their decline, to impress upon the corporation and inhabitants of the town and county generally the necessity for a total change in the system upon which the meeting is at present supported, and to urge them to make certain alterations which we suggested. If any doubt remained upon our minds as to the propriety of the plan we proposed, the experience of the past week has settled the question; the meeting just past has been the most unsuccessful of the *twenty* that we remember to have witnessed, and every succeeding year will see it declining still further, unless some well-directed efforts be made to arrest its downward progress. What we said last week we now repeat with a stronger conviction of the force of the objection—that the Yorkshire nobility and gentry and the corporation and town of Doncaster do not subscribe with sufficient liberality to their races—that the 1,000*l.* which they give is no equivalent to the large benefit which the tavern, hotel, and lodging-house-keepers and trades-people generally derive, from the great influx of strangers who visit the town during the race week.

We recommended that a sum of 2,050*l.*, in addition to the 1,000*l.* already given by the corporation, should be raised by subscription from various sources, which we indicated, and we showed how this increased fund might be most advantageously applied, by giving at *least one good stake* to be run for on each day of the meeting. Surely the nobility and gentry of Yorkshire, the largest, the wealthiest, and the most

sporting county in England, would not think it too much to contribute 1,000*l.* or 1,500*l.* to the races, nor would it be too much to expect an additional 500*l.* from the corporation of Doncaster, and 250*l.* or 300*l.* from the inhabitants of that town. The different railway companies whose lines lead to Doncaster would doubtless act liberally in contributing to this fund. Lastly, we urged the propriety of giving the clerk of the course a fair allowance, to enable him to attend the principal race meetings through the kingdom for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for the different entries. We have reason to know that our propositions have received considerable attention from the racing public, as well as from the corporation, whom we hope to find taking up the matter in a spirit of wise liberality. It is folly to imagine that Doncaster can continue to be an exception to all the great racing meetings in the kingdom, and that a poor 1,000*l.* will be considered an adequate amount of money to be run for at the four day's meeting. Look at the sums added to the various races on Tuesday, 30*l.*, 40*l.*, 50*l.*, and 60*l.*—in all more than 180*l.*—why at any little race meeting where they advertise a purse of sovereigns not less than 30*l.* would be added to a race. What position must Doncaster then expect to hold when its supporters cannot afford to be more liberal? Doncaster must, in a word, come out manfully, or lie down and be extinguished for ever. Other race towns have set the example of what may and can be done when there is a will, and if the inhabitants of the celebrated racing borough cannot or will not keep pace with their neighbours they must be prepared to see their races dwindle rapidly into a second or third class meeting. The question of reducing the races from four to three days has also been generally discussed, and we confess ourselves amongst those who think that such an alteration would materially benefit the meeting.

We gave our opinions fully on this point last week, and need now only reiterate our conviction that the sport would be better, and that there would be more money expended in the town in three days than in four, and for this reason, that time is of more value now than formerly, and that people who cannot afford to spend an entire week at a race meeting, would not mind three or four days. We are satisfied that the idea of losing a whole week, or of leaving before the conclusion of the meeting, prevented hundreds of persons from going to Doncaster this year. Besides, when the funds are manifestly inadequate to procure good sport for four days, the best mode of meeting the difficulty is by reducing it to three days, and making the stakes larger. A tradesman, when he finds his capital insufficient for his business, contracts his operations, and concentrates his resources; why should not the same plan be adopted by the Doncaster Race Committee. Although the plan we have proposed for the restoration of this meeting is in our opinion most important, and without it no attempt at remodelling it can be of any permanent advantage, we are ready to admit that there are many other improvements especially as regards the revision of the leading stakes, which demand the serious attention of the Jockey Club. A scheme was issued on last Friday, which, however, reached us at too late an hour before going to press to admit of our doing more

than alluding briefly to the plan which appears in another part of our paper.

We shall take up the proposed plan and analyse it carefully next week, premising, however, that on a cursory view it appears to contain some very excellent alterations. In conclusion, we would repeat our advice to the corporation with respect to the weekly tickets to the Grand Stand, that day tickets should in future be issued, as at other principal race meetings through the kingdom.

The Railway facilities are now such that thousands of persons will come to see the Leger-run, who will not come on any of the other days; and many of these would gladly pay their half-guinea to the stand for the day who refuse to give a guinea for the useless admission to it during the week. We are confident that much more money would be taken by the day ticket system than is now received for weekly admission.

OUR ST. LEGER EXPRESS.

We were again the first to give the result of the Great St. Leger to the public on Wednesday last. The news was conveyed by horse express to Swinton in about thirty-five minutes, reaching that station at six minutes to four. It was telegraphed to Normanton in three minutes; but from some unaccountable cause (which we trust will be inquired into by the company) our clerk did not receive it at the Lothbury Station till twenty-three minutes past four! At *half-past four*, the news was posted at our office, which was surrounded by a dense crowd, who gave several tremendous cheers on its being known that The Flying Dutchman was the winner.

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1849.

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RACING CALENDAR.

MAURITIUS RACES.

FIRST DAY, Monday, August 13, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Maiden Sweepstakes, of £10 each, with £70 added by the Club, for horses which have never won in the Colony. Weight for age. Heats, twice round.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|--------------------------------|------------|-------|-----|
| Mr Galca's | b. h. | <i>Montagu</i> , | 5 yrs. old | Shaw | 1 1 |
| The Hon'ble Mr Kerr's | b. c. | <i>Hero</i> ,* | 4 | Goode | 2 2 |
| Major Moore's | b. h. | <i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , 6 | „ | White | 3 3 |

* Late *Hero* of Aliwal.

1st Heat.—*Hero* went off with the lead at a racing pace, closely followed by *Montagu*, which places they kept till the second round, when *Montagu* made play opposite General Sutherland's, passed the *Hero*, and won easily in 8m. 12s. *The Lad* saved his distance.

2nd Heat.—*Montagu* off with the lead at score, followed by *The Lad*, who kept him at it to the second round, when *White*, in endeavouring to take the lead on the inside, shot past *Montagu*, but went the wrong side of the post, and was distanced. *Hero* was laying by for the third heat, and was too far back to take advantage of this, and only saved his distance.

Time,—3m. 14s.

Montagu in his running proved both fast and honest. He was in beautiful condition, but there can be little doubt that, barring accidents, it would have been *The Lad*'s race.

2ND RACE.—The Yates' Plate, of £50 given by the Club, with £5 entrance. Weight for age. Yates' Mile.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|-----------------------------|------------|-------|-----|
| Mr Galea's | ch. h. | <i>Sir Peregrine</i> , aged | Shaw | 1 1 | |
| The Hon'ble Mr Kerr's | b. h. | <i>Sting</i> , | 6 yrs. old | Goode | 2 2 |
| Major Moore's | ch. m. | <i>Isabella</i> , | aged | White | 3 3 |

1st Heat.—*Sting* off with the lead, which he kept to the Yates' Mile Post, where *Sir Peregrine* passed him, and won easily. *Isabella* a bad third.

2nd Heat.—*Sting* off again at his best pace, which he kept up to past the distance post the second round, looking like a winner, but the hill stopped him, and *Sir Peregrine* passed him and won with tolerable ease. *Isabella* nowhere.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 59s. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 56s.

3RD RACE—A Hack Plate of £15, given by the Club. £2 entrance to the second horse. 10st. each. Heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders:—Jockeys to carry 7lbs. extra.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|-----|----|---------------------|---------------------|
| Capt. Lowe's | wh | h. | <i>Wee Willie</i> , | Dr Protheroe, R. A. |
| Capt. Gilman's | ch. | h. | <i>Baron</i> . | |
| Mr R Leishman's | b. | h. | <i>Ugly Buck</i> . | |
| Major Moore's | g. | h. | <i>Blue Pill</i> . | |
| Mr Goodrich's | bl. | h. | <i>Trumpeter</i> . | |
| Mr Galea's | b. | h. | <i>Creeper</i> . | |

Both heats won easily by *Wee Willie*, who, from his former training, knew how to start at speed.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, August 5.

1ST RACE.—The Turf Club Plate of £50, given by the Club. £5 entrance to the second horse. Weight for age. Three times round. The winner of the Maiden or Yates' Plate to carry 7lbs. extra.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------|----|----|------------------------------|------------|-------|---|
| The Hon'ble Mr Kerr's | b. | h. | <i>Brush</i> , | aged | Goode | 1 |
| Major Moore's | b. | h. | <i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , | 6 yrs. old | White | 2 |

This was by far the most interesting race of the whole Meeting. *The Lad's* first day's performance satisfied the public that his Cape reputation for speed and bottom was well deserved; nevertheless betting was even, for the recollection of little *Brush's* former performances, his honesty, speed, and bottom, which had carried him successfully through many a well foughten field, secured him ample support, and well he proved his worth. The inside place fell to the lot of the *Lad*, so Goode took his place well on the left and scarce was the word "off" given before he shot across and found himself some lengths a-head and on the envied side. This distance he kept the whole way round, from the beginning to the end of the race. At first the pace was moderate, increasing as they went, the *Lad* pushing to improve his place, but it would not do. Little *Brush* was never caught, and won in a common canter.

Time,—4m. 59s.

2ND RACE.—The Draper Plate of £40, given by the Club. £5 entrance to the second horse. 10st. each. Heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders allowed 7lbs.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----|----|------------------------|------------|--------------|-----|
| Mr Galea's | ch. | h. | <i>Sir Peregrine</i> , | aged | Capt. Master | 1 1 |
| The Hon'ble Mr Kerr's | b. | h. | <i>Sting</i> , | 6 yrs. old | Goode | 2 2 |
| Major Moore's | ch. | m. | <i>Isabella</i> , | aged | .. | dr. |

In this case the Jockey had to give the Gentleman rider 7lbs, nevertheless it was supposed by some that his riding would make up for it, and that he stood a chance. Others, however, especially his friends, maintained that the officer, happen what might, must win *by a nose*, and, as it proved, he did so with a good deal to spare.

3RD RACE.—The Creole Plate of £50 by voluntary subscription. £5 entrance. The second horse to save his entry. Weight for age. Heats, twice round.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|------------------|-------------|-------|---------|
| The Hon. Mr Kerr's | b. | h. | <i>Brush</i> , | aged | Goode | 1 1 |
| Mr Galea's | b. | h. | <i>Montagu</i> , | 5 years old | Shaw | 2 dist. |

1st Heat.—To our astonishment, out came *Brush* again, looking not much worse for his three times round. He went off at a snapping pace, hard pushed by *Montagu*, which was maintained to the end, *Brush* winning by a length.

Time, 3m. 11s.

2nd Heat—Off again, hammer and tongs—*Montagu's* jock determined to win, which he most likely would have done, because seven times round our course on the same day is too much for even *Brush*. But he carried his determination too far, and having jostled Goode, was declared distanced.

4TH RACE.—The Corinthian Plate of £100, by voluntary subscription of £1 each. £1 entrance to the second horse. 11st. 7lbs. each. Heats, Yates' Mile. Gentlemen Riders.

| | | |
|-----------------|--------|---------------------|
| Capt. Low's | wh. h. | <i>Wee Willie</i> . |
| Mr Leishman's | b. h. | <i>Ugly Buck</i> |
| Capt. Gillman's | bl. h. | <i>Porter</i> . |

This race was won by *Wee Willie* in his usual style, well ridden by Dr. Protheroe, R. A.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, August 18.

1ST RACE.—The Creole Handicap of £45 by voluntary subscription. £5 entrance. £1 forfeit. Second horse to save his entry. Heats, twice round.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|--------|---|-------|-------|
| Major Moore's | b. h. | <i>Lad of Stellenbosch</i> , 6 yrs. old 8st. 12lbs. | White | 3.1.1 |
| Mr Galea's | ch. h. | <i>Sir Peregrine</i> , aged, 9st. 2lbs. | Shaw | 1.2.2 |
| The Hon. Mr Kerr's | b. h. | <i>Sting</i> , 6 ,, 8st 2lbs. | Goode | 2.3.2 |

1st Heat.—*Sir Peregrine* having the inside, led off at a canter, followed by *Sting* and *The Lad*. They kept these places to the distance post, when wheeling into line, they made a beautiful run home, *Sir Peregrine* winning by half a length, *Sting* second, *The Lad* third.

2nd Heat.—*Sting* off like a flash of lightning, with *Sir Peregrine* on the inside, whose place he succeeded in taking at the turn down hill by his speed, but was passed by *Sir Peregrine* and *The Lad*, who then made a beautiful race of it, the latter winning by a nose.

3rd Heat.—*The Lad* off with the lead, which he kept throughout, winning the race with ease. *Sir Peregrine* second.

Time, —1st heat, 3m. 35s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 12s.; 3rd heat, 3m. 27s.

2ND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of £20, with £10 added by the Club. £5 entrance. The second horse to receive his entry. Weights for age and height. Heats, twice round. 14 hands and aged 8st. 7lbs.

| | | | | |
|----------------|-------|---|-------|-----|
| Mr Galea's | b. h. | <i>Montagu</i> , 5 yrs. old, 14-2, 9st. 11lb. | Shaw | 1.4 |
| Hon. Mr Kerr's | b. c. | <i>Hero</i> , 4 ,, 14-3, 9st. 2lbs. | Goode | 2.4 |
| Major Moore's | .. | <i>Somnambulist</i> , (post entry) | bid. | |

Montagu and *Hero* away together at a good pace. It seemed a neck and neck race, but Goode could not hold his horse, and was carried inside the post and distanced.

Somnambulist bolted, and is only fit for a bus, or a moonlight visit to the Champ de Mars.

3RD RACE.—Hack Plate of £10 given, by the Club. £1 entrance. Second horse to receive his entrance. Catch weights. Heats, Draper Mile.

| | | | |
|-----------------|--------|-------------------|--|
| Capt. Gillman's | c. h. | <i>Baron.</i> | |
| Mr Leishman's | b. h. | <i>Ugly Buck.</i> | |
| Mr Brownrigg's | wh. h. | — | |
| Mr Goodrich's | bl. h. | <i>Trumpeter.</i> | |

Won easily by the *Baron*, beating the others in two heats.

The sports of the day concluded with a Pony Race for a Saddle and Bridle, a Donkey race, climbing a Greased Pole, &c. &c. The Pony race was won by Mr Telemaque. The successful competitors for the two other prizes are unknown to Fame, but seemed happiest in their victory.

DEYRAH RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, August 22, 1849.*

1ST RACE.—The Maiden Plate of Rs. 300, for all horses. 8st. 7lbs. each. 1½ miles. Entrance 8 G. M., half forfeit.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|------------------------------------|----|------|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Copenhagen,</i> | .. | West | 1 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Longwaist,</i> | .. | | 2 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Hafiz,</i> | .. | | 3 |
| Mr Hill's | c. a. h. | <i>The Bishop, late Champagne,</i> | | | 4 |

Time,—3m. 11½s. Won in a canter.

2ND RACE.—A Silver Cup, presented by a Lover of Sport, for all horses Arabs and Country-bred 9st.; Colonials 9st. 7lbs.; English 10st. 7lbs.; Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., half forfeit.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|---------------------------------|----|-------|---|---|---|
| Mr Cardinal's | b. cp. h. | <i>Here-I-go,</i> | .. | Brown | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Charles' | bk. nsw. g. | <i>Mooltan, late Blackhawk,</i> | .. | | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Holdfast,</i> | .. | | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Postmaster,</i> | .. | | 1 | 4 | 4 |

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 5s.; 2nd heat, 2m. 3s.; 3rd heat, 2m. 5s. Won by a length.

3RD RACE.—The Hack Stakes of Rs. 100, for all horses, G. R 11st. ¼ mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|-----------------------|----|-------|---|---|
| Mr Campbell's | c. cb. m. | <i>Isa,</i> | .. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Young England,</i> | .. | | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Symon's | b. a. h. | <i>Mesmer,</i> | .. | | | |
| Mr Watson's | g. a. h. | <i>Sir Harry,</i> | .. | | | |
| Mr Lucas' | b. a. h. | <i>Don Juan,</i> | .. | | | |

Time,—1st heat, 30s.; 2nd heat, 30s.

SECOND DAY, *Tuesday, September 25.*

1ST RACE.—The Mussoorie Cup value Rs. 500 for all horses. Weight for age. Rs. 5. Entrance 10 G. M., half forfeit.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|--------------------|---------------|------|---------|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Austerlitz,</i> | 5 yrs. maiden | West | 1 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Here-I-go,</i> | aged, | .. | Brown 2 |

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|------------------|--------|----|----|---|
| Mr Charles' | bk. bsw. g. | <i>Mooltan</i> , | aged, | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Hafiz</i> , | 5 yrs. | .. | .. | 4 |

Hafiz took the lead at a good pace followed by *Mooltan*, *Here-I-go* and *Austerlitz*, lying some ten lengths behind. They all came round the corner to the straight run in, much in the same order—but *Hafiz*, being joined by others. At the $\frac{1}{2}$ m. past, *Austerlitz* driven a little in front and a pretty run ensued between him and *Here-I-go*. The maiden winning cleverly by a length and half—much to the surprise of every one.

Time,—3m. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2ND RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Rs. 160 for all Horses. G. R. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile; heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|------------------------|------------|-------------|---|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Young England</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | Mr Pakenham | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Campbell's | c. cb. m. | <i>Isa</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Boots</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | .. | 3 | 3 |

The first heat won by about $\frac{1}{2}$ a length 1m. 6s. The second by a length, 1m. 2s. To the spectators it seemed as if there was plenty of crossing and jostling, but as no complaint was made until *Young England's* rider had declared weight, the public were deprived of an interesting dispute.

3D RACE.—Match 25 G. M. P. P. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile 8st. 7lbs. Mr Pakenham's b. a. h. *Copenhagen*, West, beat Mr. Parr's b. a. h. *Longwaist*, in a canter. 4 to 1 on *Copenhagen*.

4TH RACE.—The Welter of 15 G. M., for all horses, 10st. 7lbs. G. R. 1 mile. Entrance 5 G. M.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|---------------------|----|--------------|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. b. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | .. | Mr Francis | 1 |
| „ | b. cb. h. | <i>Hector</i> . | .. | Mr Pakenham | 2 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> , | .. | Capt. Hicks | 3 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Postmaster</i> , | .. | Capt. French | 4 |

Holdfast made the running followed by *Postmaster*, *Hector*, and *Here-I-go*, going first $\frac{1}{2}$ m. in 58s. Were *Hector* broke away—a length or two in front. It was a pretty run for me. *Holdfast* winning easy—in 2m. 4s. by a neck. *Hector* second, and *Here-I-go* not beaten by a head.

The Course is very heavy although the weather has been fine since first day's running.

Here-I-go was a great favorite for both races, and there was no betting on the Consolation, as all looked upon *Boots*' winning as quite certain. Another proof of the glorious uncertainty of the Turf.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, September 27.

1ST RACE.—The Tradesmen and Innkeepers' Plate, value Rs. — for all horses, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Arabs and C. B. 9st., Colonials 9st. 7lbs. English 10st. 7lbs, Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 5 G. M.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|---------------------|----|------|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , | .. | West | 1 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Longwaist</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Hafiz</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |

The running was made by *Longwaist* and *Hafiz*. *Copenhagen* a length behind. After passing the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post *Copenhagen* went to the front, and came in at his pleasure—winning by 2 lengths.

Time,—3m. 44s.

2ND RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each. H. F. for all horses, 10st 7lbs. each. 1½ mile. G. R.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|--------------------|----|------------|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | .. | Mr Francis | 1 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. ch. h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> , | .. | Mr French | 2 |
| Mr Charles' | bk. nsw. g. | <i>Mooltan</i> , | .. | Mr Knox | 3 |

Here-I-go took a long time to get him up to the post. On the word being given, *Holdfast* jumped off, and got some lengths in front followed by *Here-I-go*—and *Mooltan* scarcely moving—so that his chance of the race was very poor. The running was kept up by *Holdfast*—going the 1 mile in 2m. 6s., on coming round the corner *Here-I-go* attempted to reach him—but did not succeed. *Holdfast* coming in at his pleasure an easy winner by some lengths. *Mooltan* ran up very game, and some folks think that had he got off better he would have beaten *Here-I-go*—if not have won the race. Time,—2m. 36½s. There was a good deal of money changed hands, both *Holdfast* and *Here-I-go* selling for 50 G. M. each in the lottery. The latter the favorite for choice.

3RD RACE.—Match 25 G. M. 1½ mile, 8st. 7lbs.

| | | |
|----------------|----------|---|
| Mr Knox's | c. a. h. | <i>Champagne</i> beat Mr Parr's b. a. g. <i>Boots</i> . |
| Time,—3m. 24s. | | |

Champagne made the running to the ¾ mile post, when *Boots* ran up to him. Coming round the turn they were together—but *Boots* in difficulties—about half way up the distance a pretty race we all thought would ensue, but *Champagne* when called on sprung to the front, and was landed an easy winner in 3m. 24s. The betting was 5 to 1 on him after *Boots'* race for the Consolation.

FOURTH DAY, Saturday, September 29.

1ST RACE.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse for all horses, 2 miles. Arabs and C. B. 9st.—Colonials 9st. 7lbs., English 10st. 7lbs., Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 6 G. M.

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----------|--|-------|---|
| Mr Cardinal's | b. cp. h. | <i>Here-I-go</i> , | Brown | 1 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>The Centurion</i> , late <i>Young Gazelle</i> , | | 2 |
| Time,—4m. 17s. | | | | |

2D RACE.—The running was made by *Here-I-go*, *The Centurion* lying about a length behind. At the half mile post, *Centurion* took the lead, but could not maintain it—and at the hill *Here-I-go* again took up his original place and won easily by a couple of lengths.

The Losers' Handicap, ¾ mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|-----------------|-------------|------|---|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. cp. h. | <i>Hector</i> , | 10st. 0lbs. | West | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Parr's | b. a. b. | <i>Boots</i> , | 7st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Hafiz</i> , | 7st. 7lbs. | .. | 2 | 3 |

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s.; 2d heat, 1m. 30s.

3D RACE.—The Arabs made running for both heats, going first quarter mile in 27s. *Hector* closed with them going up the hill, and won each heat cleverly by a length.

Match 1½ mile, P. P., 9st. 25 G. M. each.

| | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|---------------------|----|------------|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , | .. | West beat. |
| Mr Charles' | bk. nsw. g. | <i>Mooltan</i> , | .. | .. |

Mooltan led to the ½ mile, when *Copenhagen* passed him and ran home an easy winner.

Time,—3m. 8s.

4TH RACE.—The Winner's Handicap 1½ mile.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|-----------------------------|------------|--------|---|
| Mr Parr's | b. a. h. | <i>Longwaist</i> , | 7st. 7lbs. | George | 1 |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Hector</i> , | 9st. 3lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Cardinal's | b. a. h. | <i>Hère-I-go</i> , | 9st. 0lb. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Hill's | b. a. h. | <i>The Bishop</i> , feather | .. | .. | 4 |
| Time,—3m. 7s. | | | | | |

5TH RACE.—The Arabs made the running to the 2 mile post—when all got well together; coming up the hill *Longwaist* and *Hector* went in front, the former winning by a length—very well ridden by the native.

The Pony Plate.

Mr Campbell's c. cb. p. *Jhelah*, walked over.

THE MYSORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, September 6, 1819.

1ST RACE.—The Rajah's Plate, 100 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. For all Maiden Arabs. To close 1st August and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 2 Miles.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|------------------------|-------------|--------|---|
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h. | <i>Clausman</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. | Cumlah | 1 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | b. a. h. | <i>Benbow</i> , | 7st. 9lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Ireland's | b. a. h. | <i>Ace of Trumps</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. | .. | 3 |
| Capt. Macartney's | .. | <i>Mieschi</i> , | 7st. 9lbs. | .. | 4 |
| Mr Russell's | .. | <i>Red Rover</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. | .. | 5 |

Five horses came to the post for this Race, *Clausman* was the favorite, but *Benbow* had also many fanciers. The lot got off well together, but *Clausman* immediately showed in front, closely followed by the *Ace of Trumps* and *Benbow*, the other two were out-paced in the first few strides. At the hill *Benbow* passed the *Ace*, but could not reach *Clausman* who led them up the first hill, down the dip and up the second hill at a good pace. At the top of the second hill, *Abdoollah* on *Benbow* made an effort to reach the little Grey, and at the corner had his head at the Grey's girth. There was a cry of *Benbow's* Race, but immediately it was seen that *Abdoollah* was at work, whilst Cumlah was sitting steady holding his horse. In a stride or two the Grey shook *Benbow* off, and had it all his own way for the last ¼ of a mile, winning by a length and a half, held the *Ace of Trumps* a good third, and the other two making a Race of their own in the rear.

Time,—4m. 6s.

2ND RACE.—The Galloway Plate, 30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 5 G. M. For all Galloways. To close and name on 1st September. Weight for inches. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Heats 1 Mile.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|---------------------|-------------------|--------|---|---|
| Mr Boynton's | .. | <i>Rienzi</i> , | 8st. 3lbs. 8oz. | Cumlah | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | .. | <i>Pebble</i> , | 7st. 12lbs. 12oz. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. Macartney's | .. | <i>California</i> , | 8st. 3lbs. 8oz. | .. | 3 | 4 |
| Mr Russell's | .. | <i>Humbag</i> , | 7st. 12lbs. 12oz. | .. | 4 | 3 |

Rienzi was the favorite for this, though *Pebble* had also a few friends.

1st Heat.—*Humbag* away with the lead, but before he got up the hill, he fell back on the other horses and his chance was out. *Rienzi* and *Pebble* went to the

front and raced together to the turn in, where the Race was no longer in doubt, they ran together down to the rails where Cumlah eased his horse and came in an easy winner by a length. The other two nowhere.

2nd Heat.—This was reduced to a match between *Rienzi* and *Pebble*, the other two only went to settle a bet, they got off all together, but *Rienzi* immediately drew ahead. At the corner of the straight run in, *Pebble* went to the front, but it was only for a stride or two, *Rienzi* closed with and headed him again, and came in an easy winner by a length.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 52s.

3RD RACE.—The Mysore Great Welter, 40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. For all Arab Horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the Race. Gentlemen Riders, 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1½ Mile.

N. B.—This Race to be run between the heats of the 2nd Race.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|--------------------|-------|-------|---------------|---|
| Mr Sparrow's | g. a. h. | <i>XL</i> , | 11st. | 0lb | Capt. Kearney | 1 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | g. a. h. | <i>Adamant</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Eaton | 2 |
| Mr Ireland's | w. a. h. | <i>Lightning</i> , | 11st. | 0lb. | Nolan | 3 |

This was the prettiest Race of the day. *XL* was the favorite. At the start *Adamant* went to the front with *Lightning*, *XL* waiting in the rear, in this way they ran to the bottom of the 2d hill, when *XL* went to the front and led them up it at a rattling pace, from thence to the turn in, all three kept well together and came down the straight run in a cluster, though it was evidently *XL*'s race as at the distance, the other two were at work, and *XL*'s jock was holding ; inside the rails *XL* showed a length in front which he kept and won easily.

Time,—3m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—A Hack Stakes, for Natives.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, September 8.

1st RACE.—The Durbar Stakes, 30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. For all Horses. To close and name 1st September, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 Miles.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----------|------------------|------|------|----|-------|
| Mr Ireland's | g. a. h. | <i>Thunder</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Sparrow | g. a. h. | <i>XL</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | dist. |

This Race was looked forward to with great interest, as the two crack platers were to meet at even weights. The betting was at even, though *Thunder* had rather the call, the two came up to the post together, the starter gave the word "go" when much to the disgust of all *Thunder* went away, and *XL*'s jock pulled up, saying that the other horse was ahead of him when the word was given. *Thunder* went round the Course and claimed the Race, which was given to him by the Stewards.

2ND RACE—The Commissioner's Plate, Rs. 1,000 from Major General Cubbon. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all Maiden Arab or Country bred Horses. To close and name 1st September. 9st. Maidens that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. Heats 2 Miles.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|------------------------|------|--------|----------|---|---|
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h. | <i>Grey Momus</i> , | 8st. | 11lbs. | G. Smith | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Ireland's | b. a. h. | <i>Ace of Trumps</i> , | 8st. | 11lbs. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | bm. a. h. | <i>Bronze</i> , | 8st. | 11lbs. | .. | 3 | 3 |

Bronze went away with the lead, which he kept for the first ½ mile, when the other two passed him and ran together round the Course, at the finish *Grey Momus* winning easily.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 11s. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 12s.

3RD RACE.—The Colts' Plate, 40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. For all Arabs having a Colt's tooth on 1st May. To close 1st September and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. 1½ Mile.

N. B.—This Race to be run between the heats of the 2d Race.

Capt. Macartney's g. a. h. *Fieschi*, 7st. 12lbs. Mr Hartman 1

Mr Em's g. a. h. *Momus*, 7st. 12lbs. .. 2

Momus made the winning to the top of the hill, when he shut up, *Fieschi* went to the front and won as he liked.

The 2d heat was run in a similar manner.

Time,—3m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—A Hack Stakes, for Europeans.

Mr Goldfrap's g. a. h. *Connaught*, 11st. 0lb. Capt. Nolan 1 1

Capt. Macartney's b. a. h. *Thunder*, 11st. 0lb. Mr Howell 2 2

Mr Snooks' g. a. h. *Hud Ban*, 11st. 0lb. Capt. Eater 3 3

Mr L.'s g. a. h. *Risseldar*, 11st. 0lb. Owner 4 dr.

Time,—1st heat, 58s.; 2nd heat, 57½s.

THIRD DAY, Tuesday, September 11.

1ST RACE.—The Palace Stakes, 60 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all Horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the Race. Weight for age. Winners once, to carry 3lbs. extra, twice 7lbs. extra, thrice and oftener 10lbs. extra. 2 Miles.

Mr Sparrow's g. a. h. *XL*. .. G. Smith 1

Mr Boynton's g. a. h. *Clansman*, .. Cumlah 2

Capt. O'Leary's b. a. h. *Benbow*, .. Abdoolah 3

Mr Ireland's declares forfeit

For this race *XL* was a little the favorite, though the betting was nearly even between him and *Clansman*, *Benbow* was considered not to have a chance. The three got off well together, *Clansman* went to the front, *XL*'s jock pulling to the rear to take an inside place, and then laid well up on *Clansman*'s quarter, *Benbow*'s chance was out in the 1st ½ mile, which was done in 1-1, the other two ran in the same way to the top of the hill, where *XL* began to draw on *Clansman*, and "*XL*'s race easy was the cry," but at the corner the two were still well together going at a very severe pace, they ran down the straight run in, neck and neck until about 5 or 6 strides from home, when G. Smith applied the whip and landed *XL* a winner by a head and neck. It was a beautifully contested race throughout, and in the opinion of many, had it been a few yards further, the race was *Clansman*'s. The race was ridden in a masterly style by G. Smith, who was lent for the occasion by Mr Boynton to the owner of *XL*, Cumlah on *Clansman* also rode very steadily and well. Considering the course which is a very trying one, the time was good, as the course is supposed to be 3 seconds worse for time than the Bangalore one.

Time,—4m. 2½s.

2ND RACE.—The Give and Take Plate, 20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 3 G. M. P. P. For all Horses. To close on 1st September and name the day before the race. Weight for age and inches. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Heats 1½ Mile.

Mr Boynton's ch. a. h. *Rienzi*, 8st. 1lb. 8oz. Cumlah 1 1

Mr Ireland's g. a. h. *Thunder*, 9st. 1lb. 8oz. .. 2 2

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|-----------------|-----|----|----|-----------------|------|--------|-------|----|-------|
| Capt. O'Leary's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Pebble</i> , | 6st. | 13lbs. | 8oz. | .. | 3 dr. |
| Mr Russell's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Humbug</i> , | 7st. | 6lbs. | 12oz. | .. | 4 dr. |
| Mr Em's | ch. | a. | h. | <i>Moses</i> , | 7st. | 3lbs. | 4oz. | .. | 5 dr. |

Rienzi winning this was an unexpected event, *Thunder* being the favorite at long odds; the lot got off well together, with the exception of *Moses*, who made a bad start, but immediately went up to the others, but as soon fell back again, *Rienzi* went ahead. At the 1st hill *Humbug* dropped astern, and at the 2d *Pebble* found the pace too much for him; *Rienzi* continued to increase his lead, and at the corner was 5 or 6 lengths ahead: *Thunder* here made an effort to go up to him, but the little horse was not to be caught, and he came in a winner held by 2 or 3 lengths. The others nowhere.

2d Heat.—Only two came to the post, the others declining so useless a contest. The two off together, *Rienzi* showing in front immediately and continued to increase his lead all the way, winning as he liked. *Thunder* appeared to be running badly, not at all like himself.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 3s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 0s.

3RD RACE.—The Little Welter, 20 G. M. from H. II. the Rajah. Entrance 5 G. M. For all Horses. To close and name the day before the Race. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. 1½ Mile, and a distance. The winner of the Great Welter excluded.

N. B. The Race will be run between the heats of the 2d Race.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|-------|-----------------------|-------|-------|----------------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Lightning</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Major Berkeley | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's | w. | a. | geld. | <i>Paudheen</i> , | 10st. | 4lbs. | Capt. Kearny | 2 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Adamant</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Capt. Eaton | 3 |
| Mr Macartney's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Grand Master</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Mr Howell | 4 |

The four went away well together, *Paudheen* showing to the front: at the hill, *Lightning* began to draw on him, went a head, and soon increased his lead to several lengths, *Grand Master* falling to the rear. At the corner *Adamant* and *Paudheen* again went up to *Lightning*, the three came down the run in together, but inside the rails the Major eased his horse, and came in an easy winner by two or three lengths, held; the other two making a beautiful race of it for the 2d place, *Paudheen* taking it by a nose.

Time,—3m. 23s.

4TH RACE.—Hack Stakes for Natives.

PESHAWUR SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, September 18, 1849.

1ST RACE.—Peshawur Derby, 200 Rs. from the fund, 3 G. M. ent. 1½ mile race, weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of running allowed 5lbs. Five nominations for this race, but no training and trials. Heat and oblique corners reduced the starters to 3.

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|----|----------------------|------|--------|----|---|
| Mr Goodridge's | .. | <i>Paragon</i> , | 9st. | 10lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Cheshire's | .. | <i>Rory O'More</i> , | 9st. | 5lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Capt. George's | .. | <i>Singed Cat</i> , | 9st. | 5lbs. | .. | 3 |

Paragon's powers had been so much sung about, and *Rory* and the *Singed Cat* so much ridiculed, that it was thought this would prove but a race in name.

The first mile shewed that the public had been somewhat gulled. Whatever *Paragon's* merits, *Rory* ran with him stride for stride and tho' the latter is but a wee galloway, his splendid condition and rider's skill made it so close a thing as is rarely seen. *Paragon* won by a heat. The *Singed Cat* was content with a distant view of his competitors. He saved his distance.

2ND RACE.—The Welter, R. C. Fund 150, 2 G. M. Entrance.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|--------------------|-------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Cheshire's | .. | <i>Sartche,</i> | 11st. | 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Capt. Young's | .. | <i>Celer,</i> | 11st. | 0lb. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Mason's | .. | <i>Escape,</i> | 11st. | 0lb. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Finche's | .. | <i>Refraction,</i> | 10st. | 7lbs. | .. | 4 |
| Mr Merry's | .. | <i>Chevron,</i> | 10st. | 7lbs. | .. | 5 |

This was a capital race, well won by a good horse, capitally ridden by his owner.

3RD RACE.—Galloway Plate, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile heats, Fund 300, 2 G. M. Entrance.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|----------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Mr Cheshire's | .. | <i>Rory O' More,</i> | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Slender's | .. | <i>Punch,</i> | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Captain Maughan's | .. | <i>Rifleman,</i> | .. | .. | 3 | 4 |
| Mr Naylor's | .. | <i>Unexpected,</i> | .. | .. | 4 | 3 |

Rory O' More's gallant running for the Derby did not prevent him coming for this. Right well and honestly he won both heats, both horse and rider (owner) deserved their luck.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Peshawur Cup did not fill, *Switcher* only standing the Handicap.

The Pony Purse brought a Legion to the post, from all of which in both heats ($\frac{1}{2}$ miles) Mr Tough's wee pet quickly severed himself and won easy.

Chargers' Stakes, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles heats, Fund 100, 2 G. M. Entrance.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|--------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Mr Mason's | .. | <i>Escape,</i> | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Williams' | .. | <i>Happy Go,</i> | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Naylor's | .. | <i>Unexpected,</i> | .. | .. | 3 | 2 |

"*Happy Go*," creditably sustained his name in the first heat, running well home with *Escape*, but the 2d heat was all to *Escape*.

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—Handicap for all horses, Fund 150, 2 G. M. Entrance. Mile heats.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|----------------------|------|--------|---|-----|---|
| Mr Cheshire's | .. | <i>Switcher,</i> | 9st. | 6lbs. | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Henry's | .. | <i>Celer,</i> | 9st. | 3lbs. | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr Mason's | .. | <i>Escape,</i> | 8st. | 13lbs. | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Greig's | .. | <i>Little Brick,</i> | 8st. | 7lbs. | 3 | dr. | |

1st Heat.—*Celer* took the lead and kept it home easy, *Switcher* holding.

2nd Heat.—*Celer* again went off with the lead, *Switcher* being close by; thus they passed the half mile post. At the turn Home *Celer* sustained an accident and became lame, leaving *Switcher* and his owner an easy task.

3rd Heat was left to *Switcher* and *Escape*; this to the former was no exertion.

2ND RACE.—Hack Plate, Fund 100, Entrance 1 G. M. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------|----|-----------------------------------|----|----|---|---|---|
| Capt. George's | .. | <i>Mazeppa</i> , | .. | .. | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Naylor's | .. | <i>Unexpected</i> , | .. | .. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Blaze's | .. | <i>Buffalo Gal</i> , ⁴ | .. | .. | 3 | 3 | 0 |

This was an excellent Race, *Unexpected* running the old Turf Hero *Mazeppa* within a nose in the 1st Heat. *Unexpected* by the aid of whip and spur bore away the 2nd and 3rd Heats. *Buffalo Gal* at a discount: after two endeavours to win favor, she was drawn.

FOURTH DAY.

1st RACE.—Winners' Handicap, Fund 150, 1 G. M. for each Race won.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----|-----------------------|-------------|----|---|
| Mr Cheshire's | .. | <i>Rory O' More</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. | .. | 1 |
| " | .. | <i>Switcher</i> , | 9st. 5lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Goodridge's | .. | <i>Paragon</i> , | 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 |

The Sport loving Proprietor of *Switcher* and *Rory O'More* declared to start both and to win with the best. Here again it was settled ere the Race was run, for *Paragon*. In the first $\frac{1}{2}$ mile *Switcher* and *Rory* were playing 20 lengths ahead of the favorite, who appeared stiff and bereft of his fascinations. The two made a good race home, the palm being *Rory's*; he was steered by his owner, to whose skill and judgment the spectators-thought *Rory* was indebted for his leading position.

2ND RACE.—The beaten Handicap, Fund 100, Entrance 1 G. M. 1 mile Race.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----------------------|-------------|----|---|
| Mr Greig's | .. | <i>Little Brick</i> , | 8st. 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Williams' | .. | <i>Happy Go</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Naylor's | .. | <i>Light</i> , | 8st. 0lb. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Merry's | .. | <i>Chevron</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 4 |
| Capt. Matghan's | .. | <i>Rifleman</i> , | 8st. 0lb. | .. | 5 |

At the distance all were at the whip, and within 10 lengths of home the 3 leaders were abreast.

Two other days' racing followed. Beaten and Tattoos, Europeans and Sepoys. Hurdles for Horses and Tats. Concluding with $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats for untrained.

The 2d Beaten was won by Mr Merry's *Chevron*, beating 2 others *Happy Go* and *Light*. The Hurdle Race was carried off by Captain Lumsden's *Eusfaze*. There were but 3 started and one of the riders of these felt his way over or thro' every jump. He never reached the last. His fall at the 2d was too earnest an embrace of Mother Earth for him to start again. Luckily he was not much damaged.

Great fun and amusement to the banished of this Camp the Races afforded. There was a grand Derby for the Europeans. Soldiers Riders, Bazar and Baggage Ponies, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Heats. Some 40 started, not less than 20 bolted. These rather benefited than otherwise by this, for they were fresh for the next Heat! The Victor was a long Rifleman.

BANGALORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Thursday, October 4, 1849.

1ST RACE.—Bangalore Derby. For Maiden Arabs. 2 miles. Weight for age. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st April, 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st August, when the race will close. Horses that have never started allowed 3lbs. 1,000 Rs. from the Fund and an Entrance of 20 G. M. for all horses declared to start.

| | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------|-------|-----------|---|
| Mr Boynton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Grey Momus</i> , | 8st. | 2lbs. | G. Smith | 1 |
| Capt. O'Leary names Mr South's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Benbow</i> , | 7st. | 9lbs. | Abdoollah | 2 |
| Mr Sparrow's | g. | a. | h. | <i>George</i> , | 8st. | 2lbs. | Sherburne | 3 |

Twenty-four forfeit.

For this race, out of the 27 named, only 3 came to the post, though but few horses had broken down in the course of training, yet many had been taken out of work as having no chance. *Grey Momus* was the favourite at almost any odds, then *George*, who being but little known, was supposed by some to have a chance, *Benbow* was thought not to have the most remote chance. A good start *George* off with the lead, with *Grey Momus* next and *Benbow* last, they ran the 1st mile in this order when the *Grey* went up to *George*, collared and passed him, in another $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile *George* was quite beaten and fell back, *Benbow* passed him and made an effort to reach *Grey Momus* but with no success, the *Grey* carried on the lead and won by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length, pretty easily, *Benbow* second, running a much better horse than he had the credit for, *George* was beaten off.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 58s.—mile, 1m. 58s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 2m. 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m.—2 miles, 4m. 8s.

2D RACE.—The Colts' Plate. For all Arabs having a Colt's tooth on the 1st May. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Weight for age. 20 G. M. from the Fund, with an Entrance of 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the first August and name the day before the Race. Two horses from different stables to start or no race.

| | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|----|----|------------------|------|--------|--------|---|
| Captain Macartney's | g. | a. | c. | <i>Fieschi</i> , | 7st. | 12lbs. | Cumlah | 1 |
| Mr Em's | ch. | a. | c. | <i>Moses</i> , | 7st. | 12lbs. | .. | 2 |

Two forfeits.

Moses as usual ran for few hundred yards at a great pace when he dropped, *Fieschi* went ahead and won as he liked by a couple of lengths.

Time,— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 29s.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 57s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 2m. 34s.

3RD RACE.—The Great Welter for all Arabs. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. 11st. 7lbs. Maiden allowed 10lbs. Gentlemen Riders. 15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. To close on the 1st August, and name the day before the race.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|-------|---------------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Lightning</i> , | 11st. | 7lbs. | Capt. Nolan | 1 |
| Capt. Macartney's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bumble</i> , | 11st. | 7lbs. | Capt. Kearney | 2 |

One forfeit.

The two cantered together for the 1st $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, *Lightning* leading, after which the pace improved and they ran together all the way; *Lightning* with a slight lead, who won on the post by a head—held.

Time,— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, 36s.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 1m. 9s.— $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 1m. 40s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. 5 G. M. forfeit, for all horses. 1 mile. 6st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. To close on the 1st August and name the day before the race.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|------------|----|----------------|-----------------------------------|--------|----------|-------------|
| Mr Ireland's | black nsw. | g. | <i>Simon</i> , | 8st. | 11lbs. | G. Smith | 1 |
| Mr Sparrow's | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Child of the Islands</i> , | 9st. | 0lbs. | Sherburne 2 |
| | | | | Two forfeits. | | | |

The Child from his known reputation was slightly the favorite, though the Waler from his size and stride had also his admirers, the *Child* went away with the lead, which he kept for the 1st. $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile when the Waler went ahead and got a lead of about 2 lengths at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post. Sherburne was at work and the big horse seemed to be cantering quietly along, just inside the rails the Waler attempted to bolt into the crowd but was steadily held by G. Smith who landed him a winner after a capital run by half a length.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 27s.— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 55s.— $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 1m. 25s.—1 mile, 1m. 55s.

N. B.—A great deal of rain here the last few days, and the Course consequently very heavy.

SECOND DAY, Saturday, October 6.

1ST RACE.—The Maiden Stakes. For Maiden Arabs that have never won Plate, Purse, Match, or Sweepstakes. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats. 8st. 7lbs. Rs. 500 from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M., 11. F. To close on the 1st July and name the day before the race.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-----------------|------|-------|-----------|---|---|---|
| Mr Sparrow's | g. | a. | h. | <i>George</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs. | Sherburne | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Captain O'Leary's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Either</i> , | 9st. | .. | Abdollah | 2 | 1 | 1 |

1st Heat.—*Either* the favourite *George* off with a slight lead which he kept all the way round, inside the rails *Either* went up to him and a splendid race ensued, *George* winning by a head.

2d Heat.—*Either* made the running from the post and continued to encrease his lead all the way round, winning easy by several lengths.

3rd Heat.—Was run in exactly the same manner as the preceding one.

Time,—1st heat, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 1m. 2s.—mile, 2m. 6s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m. 6s.—2d heat, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 57s.—mile, 1m. 56s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m.—3d heat, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 59s.—mile, 1m. 59s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m. 4s.

2ND RACE.—The Whim Plate, a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F. each, with 25 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses. Weight for age, and inches. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To close on the 1st September, and name the day before the race.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|----|----|----|------------------|------|--------|-------|-----------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Thunder</i> , | 8st. | 12lbs. | 14oz. | Chinniah | 1 |
| Mr Boynton names Mr Sparrow's | g. | a. | h. | <i>XL</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | 0oz. | Sherburne | 2 |

This race was looked forward to with great interest as there was at last to be a race between the two rival platers. Both got off together but *Thunder* soon drew ahead : going up the hill at the mile post *XL* made an attempt to go up to him on the inside, but there not being room for him to do so, he was pushed on to the bank nearly into the ditch, from thence home *Thunder* continued to encrease his lead, and won easily by several lengths.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 57s.—mile, 1m. 57s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 2m. 58s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 3m. 29s.

3d RACE.—A Cup for all Horses. 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Cape and Australian Horses 7lbs. extra. English 2lbs. extra. 5 G. M. for Horses named on or before the 1st April, 10 G. M. for Horses named between that date and the 1st

August, when the race will close. The winner of the Derby 3lbs. extra. 1½ miles, heats. (If no cup 20 G. M. from the Fund.)

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|--|------|-----------|----------|---|---|------|
| Mr Sparrow's b. | a. | h. | <i>The Child of the Islands</i> , 9st. | 0lb. | Sherburne | 0 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Ireland's g. | a. | h. | <i>Lightning</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | Chinniah | 0 | 2 | 3 dr |
| Mr Boynton's g. | a. | h. | <i>Grey Momus</i> , | 8st. | 10lbs. | G. Smith | 3 | 3 | 1 |

1st Heat.—For this race the *Child* was a little the favourite, *Grey Momus* had the next call, and *Lightning* was very low in the market. The three off well together, the *Child* and *Lightning* showing in front, *Grey Momus* seemed to be either out paced at once or lying by for the other heats, the two ran neck and neck all the way round; at the distance both Jocks were at work and a most splendid struggle ensued all the way in after they passed the post, some said the *Child's* race, others *Lightning's*, but the judge decided it to be a dead heat; after one of the most beautiful races ever seen on this Course.

2nd Heat.—The *Child* a little the favorite, *Grey Momus* very low down, though a few of the knowing ones still took the odds against him. A good start, *Lightning* and the *Child* going away in company, the *Grey* evidently holding for the next heat: the two ran together, but at the distance it was the *Child's* race, he came in a winner by a length.

3d Heat.—On the starter giving the word the *Child* jumped off with the lead, the others from some cause not going; about a hundred yards from the post *Sherburne* hearing the shouting pulled up and the horses went up to him; the *Child* and *Grey Momus* went away together, *Lightning* was beat in the first mile. At the corner the two were well together and came down the straight run head and head; inside the rails both were at it, and a beautiful race terminated in favor of *Grey Momus* by a head and neck.

4th Heat.—The *Grey* evidently had it all his own way, at the ½ mile from home, he went away from the *Child* and won easily by several lengths. This finished the best day's racing that has been known in Bangalore for years. The time will shew that we have some first-rate animals here this season.

Times,—1st heat, ½ mile, 56s.—mile, 1m. 55s.—1½ mile, 2m. 55s.—2nd heat, ½ mile, 57s.—mile, 1m. 55s.—1½ mile, 2m. 57s.—3rd heat, ½ mile, 55s.—mile, 1m. 54s.—1½ mile, 2m. 54s.—4th heat, ½ mile, 59s.—mile, 2m. 1s.—1½ mile, 3m. 7½s.

THIRD DAY, Monday, October 8.

1ST RACE.—Omnibus Stakes, for all horses R. C. and a distance, that have never won a Public Plate, or Purse previous to the present Meeting. Weight for age. English horses 21lbs. extra. Cape and Australian 5lbs. extra. Winner of the Derby, Maiden, or Cup 3lbs. extra, if a Winner of two of the above races 7lbs. extra. Maidens on the day allowed 2lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before 1st April, 20 G. M. between that date and the 1st August when the race will close 50 G. M. from the Fund, and an Entrance of 20 G. M. for all horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race, if there are 10 nominations the second horse to save his Stakes.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------|------|---------|---|--------|-----------|----------|
| Mr Sparrow's b. | nsw. | gelding | <i>Venture</i> , late <i>Boomerang</i> , 7st. | 10lbs. | Sherburne | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's g. | a. | h. | <i>Blacklock</i> , | .. | 8st. | 3lbs. |
| Capt. O'Leary's b. | a. | h. | <i>Benbow</i> , | .. | .. | Abdollah |
| | | | | | | 3 |

Sixteen declared forfeit.

Venture the favorite. *Benbow* and the *Waler* went together, *Blacklock* a long way in the rear; it was *Venture's* race every inch of the way, and he won pulling double by several lengths, *Blacklock* second.

Time,—½ mile, 57s.—mile, 1m. 58s.—1½ mile, 2m. 59s.

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, 10 G. M. from the Fund, 10 G. M. Entrance for all horses. Weight for age and inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. 1½ miles. To close on the 1st September, and name the day before the race.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------|----|-----------|---|
| Mr Russell names Mr Sparrow's | <i>XL</i> , | 9st. | .. | Sherburne | 1 |
| Mr Ireland's | g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. 14oz. | | Chinniah | 2 |
| Mr Boynton's | ch. a. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , | 8st. 11lbs. 8oz. | | Cumlah | 3 |

One forfeit.

Thunder the favorite. *Thunder* and *XL* ran together all the way, *Rienzi* never having a chance, a beautiful race between the two first, *XL* to the astonishment of all, winning by a head and neck.

Time,—½ mile, 1m. 4s.—mile, 1m. 58s.—1½ mile, 2m. 59s. 1¼ mile, 3m. 30s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. Forfeit 5 G. M. if declared the day before the Meeting. 10 G. M. if declared the day before the race. For all horses. Weight for age. English horses to carry 1st. extra. 2 Miles. To close the 1st August and name the day before the race by 2 P. M. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

| | | | | |
|--------------|------------------------------|-------------|----------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | g. a. h. <i>Cawroush</i> , | 8st. 5lbs., | Chinniah | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h. <i>Grey Momus</i> , | .. | G. Smith | 2 |

Three forfeits.

Grey Momus the favorite. The two ran together, *Cawroush* with a slight lead to the half mile from home, when *Cawroush* drew a head and won easily by several lengths.

Time,—½ mile, 1m.—mile, 1m. 57s.—1½ mile, 2m. 55s.—2 miles, 3m. 59s.

4TH RACE.—A Hack Stakes of 10 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. Entrance. P. P. for all horses not trained before the Meeting, 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders, ½ mile heats. To close and name at the Ordinary the night before the race.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|-------------|----------------|---|------|
| Mr Goldfrap's | g. a. h. <i>Cannaught</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | Capt. Knox | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Kendall's brown | a. h. <i>Blacksmith</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | Capt. Berkoley | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Trowes' | w. a. h. <i>The Doctor</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | Capt. Kearney | 3 | dis. |

Both heats won easily by *Cannaught*.

Time,—1st heat, 58s.; 2nd heat, 59s.

FOURTH DAY, Thursday, October 11.

1ST RACE.—The Bangalore Turf Club Purse of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. R. C. and a distance for all horses, to be Handicapped by the Stewards, the day before the race. To close and name the day before the meeting. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay 5 G. M.

| | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|--------------------|-------------|----|------------------|----|
| Mr Ireland's | .. | <i>Lightning</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. | .. | Declare Forfeit. | 10 |
|--------------|----|--------------------|-------------|----|------------------|----|

2ND RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each for all Arab Horses. Weight for age and inches. Maidens allowed 5lbs. 2 miles.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|-------------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h. <i>Clansman</i> , | 8st. 3lbs. 4oz. | G. Smith | 1 |
| Mr Ireland's | g. a. h. <i>Thunder</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. 14oz. | Chinniah | 2 |
| Mr Sparrow's | g. a. h. <i>XL</i> , | 9st. 0lb. 0oz. | Sherburne | 3 |
| Capt. O'Leary's | g. a. h. <i>Elther</i> , | 8st. 0lb. 14oz. | Abdoollah | 4 |

Thunder and *Clansman* the favorites. All got well off together, *Thunder* leading: at the hill *Elther* dropped off and was soon followed by *XL*. *Clansman* at the ½ mile took the lead, which he kept and won by a length.

Time,—1 mile, 1m. 57s.—1½ mile, 2m. 57s.—2 miles — *m.

* Not legible.—A. E.

3RD RACE.—The Little Walter, 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all Arabs, 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. 1½ miles and a distance. The Winner of any previous Walter excluded. To close and name the day before the race.

| | | | |
|--------------|----|-----------------|-------------|
| Mr Ireland's | .. | <i>Thunder,</i> | 10st. 7lbs. |
|--------------|----|-----------------|-------------|

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses, 2 miles, English horses to carry 1st. extra, Plate horses that have started more than once during the meeting and not won allowed 7lbs. Maidens that have started more than once and not won, allowed 10lbs. Winners of the Derby, Cup, Omnibus or Maiden to carry 3lbs. extra, if two of these races 7lbs extra. To close on the 1st August and name the day before the race.

| | | | |
|---------------|----|----|-------------|
| 3 years old.. | .. | .. | 7st. 4lbs. |
| 4 „ .. | .. | .. | 8st. 4lbs. |
| 5 „ .. | .. | .. | 8st. 12lbs. |
| 8 and aged.. | .. | .. | 9st. 2lbs. |

| | | | | | |
|--------------|----|------------------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | .. | <i>Cawroush,</i> | 8st. 12lbs. | G. Smith | 1 |
| Mr Sparrow's | .. | <i>Child of the Islands,</i> | 8st. 9lbs. | Sherborne | 2 |

Three forfeits.

The two ran together to the ½ mile post from home, when *Cawroush* went to the front and won easily by several lengths.

Time,—½ mile, 59s.—1 mile, 57s.—1½ mile, 2m. 56s.—2 miles, 4m. 3s.

5TH RACE.—Hack Stakes of 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 2 G. M. P. P. for all horses not trained before the meeting ¾ mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. The Winner of the 1st Hack Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name at the Ordinary the night before the race.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-----------------------|-------------|----------------|---|
| Mr Goldfrap's | .. | <i>Connaught,</i> | 11st. 0lb. | Capt. Knox | 1 |
| Mr Aker's | .. | <i>Young Hopeful,</i> | 10st. 7lbs. | Capt. Berkeley | 0 |
| Mr Kendall's | .. | <i>Black Smith,</i> | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Kendal | 0 |

Time,—1st heat, ¾ mile, 1m. 34s.; 2nd heat, not taken.

Both heats were won easily by *Connaught*.

FIFTH DAY, Saturday, October 13.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap for all winning horses only, 2 miles. 15 G. M. from the fund, with subscription of 4 G. M. for each race won.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|--------------------|-------------|------------|---|
| Mr Ireland's | .. | <i>Cawroush,</i> | 8st. 12lbs. | Chinniah | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | <i>Clauseman,</i> | 8st. 3lbs. | Cumlah | 2 |
| Mr Sparrow's | .. | <i>XL.</i> | 8st 7lbs. | Sherbane | 3 |
| Mr Ireland's | .. | <i>Thunder,</i> | 8st. 10lbs. | Mr Hartman | 4 |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | <i>Grey Momus,</i> | 8st. 5lbs. | G. Smith | 5 |
| Capt. Macartney's | .. | <i>Fieschi,</i> | a feather | Ali | 6 |

Won in a canter by *Cawroush*.

Time,—½ mile, 57s.—1 mile, 1m. 55s.—1½ mile, 2m. 54s.—2 mile, 3m. 59s.

2ND RACE.—Beaten Handicap of 15 G. M. from the fund. 1 mile heats for all beaten horses of the meeting. Entrance 5 G. M.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|----|----------------|------------|----------|---|
| Mr Boynton's | .. | <i>Rienzi,</i> | 8st. 4lbs. | Cumlah | 1 |
| Mr Sparrow's | .. | <i>Bumble,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. | Sherbane | 2 |

Won easily by *Rienzi*.

Time,—1m. 57s.

3RD RACE.—Hack Stakes of 10 G. M. from the fund, entrance 2 G. M. P. P. for all horses not trained before the meeting. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. 1 mile heats. Winner of the 1st or 2nd Hack Stakes 7lbs. extra, if of both 1st. extra. Horses that have not started for either of the Hack Stakes allowed 3lbs. To close and name the night before the race at the Ordinary.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|------|------------|-------|-------|-------------|---|
| Mr Goldfrap's | .. | Connaught. | 1st. | 7lbs. | Capt. Nolan | 0 |
| Mr Russell's | * .. | Thunderer, | 10st. | 4lbs. | Mr Howell | 0 |

Won easily by *Connaught*.

BELGAUM RACES.

FIRST DAY, Friday, September, 28, 1849.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap Steeple-chase, of Rs. 150 from the fund, and Rs. 20 entrance,—for all horses. Distance about 3 miles.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|-----------------------|-------|-------|-------------------|
| Mr Lockhart's | c. a. h. | <i>Chuney,</i> | 10st. | 4lbs. | Capt. Haliburton. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. a. h. | <i>Hyena,</i> | 11st. | 4lbs. | Owner |
| Mr Arthur's | b. a. h. | <i>Zip Coon,</i> | 10st. | 0lb. | Mr McPherson. |
| Mr Flyers' | b. a. h. | <i>Bay Middleton,</i> | 10st. | 0lb. | Mr Eglinton. |

Hyena, at all times the favorite of a Steeple-chase, set out very deliberately, and came in an easy winner. The remainder were nowhere.

2ND RACE.—A Handicap of Rs. 100 from the fund, and one G. M. Entrance,—for all horses. Three quarter mile heats.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|-----------------------|----|-----------------|
| Capt. Stock's | g. a. h. | <i>Escort,</i> | .. | Mr Daniel. |
| Capt. Paolo's | c. a. h. | <i>Onezur,</i> | .. | Owner. |
| Mr Elrington's | g. a. h. | <i>Vibration,</i> | .. | Owner. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | c. a. h. | <i>Little Wonder,</i> | .. | Mr Flyers. |
| Mr Manson's | g. a. h. | <i>Pol Econ,</i> | .. | Capt. Christie. |

Little Wonder had the race entirely to himself, and won easily by a length. *Pol Econ* kept rather close too, but was outbeat.

3RD RACE.—A Hack Race of Rs. 60 from the fund, and Rs. 10 entrance.—Weight for inches—14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. for each inch. Three quarter mile heats. Winner to be sold for Rs. 300.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|-----------------------|-------|--------|------------|
| Capt. Paolo's | c. a. h. | <i>Polyphemus,</i> | 9st. | 10lbs. | Owner. |
| Major Stisted's | g. a. h. | <i>Go-Lightly,</i> | 9st. | 10lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Swinton's | c. a. h. | <i>Little Wonder,</i> | 9st. | 3lbs. | Mr Daniel. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | b. a. h. | <i>Accident,</i> | 10st. | 3½lbs. | Mr Flyers. |
| Mr Elrington's | b. a. h. | <i>Badger.</i> | 10st. | 3½lbs. | Owner. |

This race was well contested, and all started fairly. Mr Elrington's *Accident* won by a length.

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, October 2.

1ST RACE.—A Pony Plate of Rs 40 from the fund. and Rs. 10 entrance,—for all Ponies, 13 hands and under. Catch weights.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-------|-------------------|----|----|
| Capt. Haliburton's | d. p. | <i>Moolraj,</i> | .. | .. |
| Mr Clay's | g. p. | <i>White Boy,</i> | .. | .. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. p. | <i>Blue Ruin,</i> | .. | .. |

Moolraj won this race without much exertion.

2ND RACE.—A Welter Handicap of Rs. 120 from the fund, and Rs. 20 entrance,—for all horses: lowest weight 10st. Distance one and a quarter miles.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|-------|-------|------------|
| Mr Lockhart's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Cluney</i> , | 10st. | 6lbs. | Mr Weeks. |
| Mr Elrington's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration</i> , | 11st. | 7lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Hyena</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Little Wonder</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | Mr Flyers. |
| Capt. Paolo's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Onezur</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | Owner. |
| Capt. Haliburton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Carlo Dolce</i> , | 10st. | 3lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Manson's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Pol Econ</i> , | 10st. | 5lbs. | Owner. |

Little Wonder, as usual, won this race easily.

3D RACE.—A Handicap Hurdle Race of Rs. 100 from the fund and one G. M. entrance, 1 mile heats, over four hurdles 3 feet high

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|-------|--------|------------|
| Mr Lockhart's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Cluney</i> , | 10st. | 4lbs. | Mr Weeks. |
| Mr Arthur's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Zip Coon</i> , | 9st. | 10lbs. | Mr Daniel. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Hyena</i> , | 11st. | 0lb. | Owner. |
| Capt. Haliburton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Carlo Dolce</i> , | 9st. | 10lbs. | Owner. |

This was a drawn race between *Carlo Dolce* and *Cluney*—*Cluney* winning the first heat, and the former the second.

4TH RACE.—A Handicap Steeple-chase of Rs. 100 from the fund, and one G. M. entrance—Distance 2 miles. The winner to be sold for Rs. 400.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|------------------------|-------|--------|-----------|
| Mr Moncrieffe's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Trumpeter</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | Owner. |
| Mr Daniel's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Whiskey</i> , | 8st. | 0lb. | Owner. |
| Mr Elrington's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Accident</i> , | 11st. | 0lb. | Owner. |
| Major Stisted's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Go-Lightly</i> , | 10st. | 10lbs. | Mr Milne. |
| Mr Flyer's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Bay Middleton</i> , | 10st. | 10lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Douglas's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Limber Jim</i> , | 9st. | 12lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr McPherson's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ugly Buck</i> , | 9st. | 12lbs. | Owner. |

Limber Jim and *Accident* had this race to themselves, the latter winning: the remainder nowhere.

THIRD, DAY, Friday, October 5.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap for winners of flat races—optional to losers—Rs. 100 from the fund, and Rs. 20 entrance, Mile heats.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------|--------|--------------|
| Capt. Paolo's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Onezur</i> , | 8st. | 12lbs. | Mr Daniel. |
| Capt. Haliburton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Carlo Dolce</i> , | 8st. | 12lbs. | Mr Christie. |
| Mr Moncrieffe's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Little Wonder</i> , | 9st. | 12lbs. | Mr Flyers. |
| Mr Elrington's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration</i> , | .. | | Drawn. |

Carlo Dolce kept the lead, and won: *Little Wonder*, contrary to all expectation, lost.

2ND RACE.—A Forced Handicap Steeple-chase, for the winners of the Steeple and Hurdle Races. Optional to losers, Rs. 100 from the fund, Rs. 20 entrance. 2½ miles heats.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------|-------|---------------|
| Mr Moncrieffe's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Hyena</i> , | 11st. | 7lbs. | Owner. |
| Mr Lockhart's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Cluney</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Mr Elrington. |
| Mr Elrington's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Accident</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | Mr Weeks. |

Mr Flyers' b. a. h. *Bay Middleton*, 10st. 0lb. Owner.
 Mr Arthur's b. a. h. *Zip Coon*, Capt. Haliburton.
Citney won this race.—*Hyena* lamed after the second leap.

3RD RACE.—The Hurry Scurry Races, Rs. 75 from the fund, Rs. 10 entrance.
 4 mile heats, over 4 hurdles. Winner to be sold for 300 Rupees.

Major Stisted's g. a. h. *Go-Lightly*, 10st. 3½lbs. Mr McPherson.
 Major Stisted's c. a. h. *Pincher*, 10st. 3lbs. Mr Weeks.
 Mr Rock's c. a. h. *Prejudice*, 10st. 3lbs. Mr Elrington.
 Mr Moncrieffe's b. a. h. *Badger*, 10st. 10lbs. Owner.
 Capt. Paolo's c. a. h. *Polyphemus*, 10st. 3½lbs. Owner.

Go-Lightly and *Pincher* had this race to themselves—the former winning by a length.

FOURTH DAY, Friday, October 12.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of Rs. 20 entrance, and Rs. 100 from the fund—
 for all horses. One mile heats.

Capt. Haliburton's g. a. h. *Carlo Dolce*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr Christie.
 Capt. Haliburton's g. a. h. *Pol Econ*, 9st. 3lbs. Owner.
 Mr Moncrieffe's g. a. h. *Hyena*, 10st. 0lb. Owner.
 Mr Elrington's g. a. h. *Vibration*, 10st. 5lbs. Owner.

Carlo Dolce won easily, though the remainder had a hard push for it.

2ND RACE.—The Frantic Stakes of Rs. 10 each entrance, and Rs. 70 from the
 fund. Half Mile heats. Weight 10st. *Go-Lightly* to carry 10lb extra.

Mr Moncrieffe's b. a. h. *Badger*, Owner.
 Mr Swinton's c. a. h. *Little Wonder*, Owner.
 Capt. Paolo's c. a. h. *Polyphemus*, Owner.
 Mr Rock's c. a. h. *Prejudice*, Owner.
 Major Stisted's g. a. h. *Go-Lightly*, Owner.

Go-Lightly won, and is now considered the best horse in Belgaum.

3RD RACE.—A Race for all Horses or Ponies, the property of the 78th High-
 landers,—Rs. 20 from the fund, and half a rupee entrance. Half mile heats.

Sergeant Johnstone's c. a. p. *Invalid*, .. Dr. Foulds.
 Corporal Anderson's b. a. p. *Light Bob*, .. Moseley.
 Corporal Lawthurs g. a. p. *Rear Guard*, .. Hudson.
 Private Boaz's g. a. p. *Farmer*, .. Owner.

Light Bob won, though the whole appeared in good order.

4TH RACE.—A Foot Race for the men of the Highlanders,—Rs. 10 from the
 fund. Round the Steeple-chase ground, and over all the Leaps.

Ten men of the Highlanders started, and the Race was won by Private
 Herlokes of No 4 Company.

A fifth Race was got up. Two Bheestie Bullocks were brought on the Course,
 Mr Douglas and Mr Elrington being the Jockeys. A Race it may be called—for
 with a good deal of kicking and thrashing they were fairly got at the winning post,
 the former winning. It caused much laughter, and it was hoped a Pig chase might
 be got up, but our annual sports finished with this.

HOSHEYARPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, October 23, 1899.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 100 from the Fund. Entrance 20 Rs. H. F. (for all horses that have never been trained.) Weight 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|----------|-------------------|----|------------|-----|
| Mr Drummond's | c. a. h. | <i>Firefly</i> , | .. | Mr Marquis | 1 1 |
| Mr Mac's | g. a. h. | <i>Sluggard</i> , | .. | Owner | 3 2 |
| Mr Scott's | b. a. h. | <i>Bijou</i> , | .. | Mr Lamb | 2 4 |
| Mr Woodcock's | b. a. h. | <i>Bayard</i> , | .. | The Duke | 4 3 |
| Capt. Squishcock's | g. a. h. | <i>Griddle</i> , | .. | .. | dr. |

1st Heat.—Won easily.

2nd Heat.—All got off well together; at the quarter mile post *Firefly* and *Sluggard* shook off the others and rated it in. *Firefly*, notwithstanding the excellent riding of Mr Mackinnon, again won by about a length.

2ND RACE.—Give and Take Purse of 80 Rs. from the fund. Entrance 16 Rs. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. and 5lbs. per inch. H. F. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|------------------|----------------------------|---------|-----|
| Capt. Loser's | g. a. h. | <i>Feroza</i> , | 9st. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Mr Lamb | 1 1 |
| Mr Gertrude's | g. a. h. | <i>Clarion</i> , | 9st. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Mr Mac | 2 2 |
| Mr Scott's | g. a. h. | <i>Bobby</i> . | 9st. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Owner | 3 3 |
| Mr Scott's | b. a. h. | <i>Bijou</i> , | 9st. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | .. | dr. |

Feroza the favorite; any odds against *Bobby*. A good race between *Feroza* and *Clarion* for both heats; *Feroza* winning each by about a length. *Bobby* well in the rear.

3RD RACE.—Pony Race, Rs. 50 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Rs. each. Catch weights. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------|----------|-----------------------------|----|------------------|-----------|
| Capt. Kreoiso's | br. pony | <i>John Lawrence</i> , | .. | The Duke | 1 1 |
| Capt. Drummond's | b. pony | <i>Cocky Lawrence</i> , | .. | The Marquis | 2 2 |
| Capt. Winner's | c. pony | <i>Sir Henry Lawrence</i> , | .. | Herbert Benjamin | 3 3 |
| Capt. Windygut's | g. pony | <i>The Board</i> , | .. | Mr Lamb | 4 4 |
| Capt. Squishcock's | b. pony | <i>Dick Lawrence</i> | .. | The Major | no where. |

SECOND DAY, Thursday, October 25.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Rs. each. Catch Weights. Gentlemen Riders.

$\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---------------|----------|-----------------|---------|-----|
| Capt. Loser's | g. a. h. | <i>Feroza</i> , | Mr Lamb | 1 1 |
|---------------|----------|-----------------|---------|-----|

Mr Drummond's b. a. h. *Firefly*, .. Mr Jem 2 dr
 Mr Morris's g. a. h. *Conrad*, .. The Duke dr

1st Heat.—The two ran together to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, when *Feroza* let out and won easily.

2d Heat —*Feroza* walked over.

2D RACE.—For all Country breds, 60 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 8 Rs. Catch Weights. Gentlemen Riders.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Capt. Gertrude's b. h. *Fop*, .. Mr Mackinnon 1 1
 Mr Charles's b. m. *Jenny Deans*, .. Mr Jem 2 dr
 Capt. Loser's b. m. *Priscilla*, .. Mr Lamb 3 dr

1st Heat.—*Fop* took the lead, never was headed and came in an easy winner.

2d Heat.—*Fop* walked over.

3D RACE.—The Galloway Plate of 60 Rs. from the Fund, with 8 Rs. each. Gentlemen Riders.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Capt. Loser's b. g. *Banker* .. Mr Mackinnon 1 1
 Mr Charles's g. g. *Blue Stocking* .. Mr Jem 2 2

Both heats were similar, the *Banker* taking the lead and keeping it.

4TH RACE.—For Shuter Sows, 16 Rs. from the Fund. Post Entrances.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mile race.

Six Camels started, but it was a hollow affair, and won easily by Peerbuccus's Camel Davy Sing.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, October 27.

1ST RACE.—Steward's Race of 80 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 16 Rs. Catch Weights. Gentlemen Riders.

$\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

Mr Jem's c. a. h. *Ruby*, .. Owner 1 1
 Mr Qui Hye's b. a. h. *Comus*, .. The Duke 2 2
 Mr Woodcock's b. r. a. *Bayard*, .. Mr Lamb 3 3
 Capt. Squishcock's g. a. h. *Griddles*, .. Mr Lamb 4 dr

Ruby the favourite at long odds in the lottery, *Comus* and *Bayard* steadily supported and *Griddles* with but few backers.

They got off well together, *Ruby* taking the lead, which he kept and won the heat easily.

An interesting race ensued between *Comus* and *Bayard* for the second place, the former winning by $\frac{1}{2}$ a length. *Griddles*, who had been well in the rear, gave up the contest at the distance post, and was drawn.

2d Heat.—Similar to the 1st, *Ruby* again winning easily.

SONEPORE RACES.

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2ND RACE.—The Donald McDonald Purse, value 80 Rs. Entrance 10 Rs. for all Horses that are *bona fide* Buggy Horses. Catch Weights. Gentlemen Riders. $\frac{1}{4}$ mile heats.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------|---------------------|----|---------|-------|
| Mr Charles's | b. m. | <i>Jenny Deans,</i> | .. | Mr Jem | 1 1 |
| Mr Drummond's | g. h. | <i>Humbug,</i> | .. | Mr Lamb | 2 dr |
| Capt. Gertrude's | a. h. | <i>The Colonel,</i> | .. | Mr Mac | dstd. |

1st Heat.—The Colonel would not start kindly, and *Humbug* went like a Camel, so that *Jenny Deans* won at her leisure.

2nd Heat.—The Mare walked over.

Several well contested Foot Races closed the day's sport.

SONEPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, Saturday, October 27, 1849.

1ST RACE.—The Sonepore Derby Stakes for maiden Arabs. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1849.

10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th September, when the race will close. 40 G. M. from the fund, and an entrance of 10 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|---------------------|-------------|--------|---|
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. h. | <i>Blood Royal,</i> | 9st. 11lb. | Barnes | 1 |
| Mr Scymour's | g. a. h. | <i>Soothsayer,</i> | 8st. 9lbs. | Beiro | 2 |
| Mr Fox's | c. a. h. | <i>Sea Gull,</i> | 8st. 12lbs. | Barker | 3 |

Five forfeits.

Blood Royal tho favorite in the Lottery, but little done in either that or the betting line. All three well away together from the post—at the first quarter out *Sea Gull* took a decided lead which he maintained by dint of regular grinding on the part of Barker, closely followed by *Sooth Sayer* till the three quarter mile in, when *Blood Royal* who had been hard held all round, came up to them and passed them at the finish, winning with great ease.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 15s.

2ND RACE.—The Sonepore Colonial Stakes for maiden, Cape, Australian, and country bred horses, R. C. Sonepore weight for age—horses that have never started in India before the day of naming allowed 3lbs.

5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1849. 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 1st of September, when the race will close. 40 G. M. from the fund and an entrance of 10 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|------------|------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. nsw. g. | <i>Firefly,</i> | 8st. 9lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | h. nsw. m. | <i>Woodbine,</i> | 8st. 9lbs. | .. | 2 |

Four forfeits.

A hollow affair—the mare pulled up half a mile from home. She was not half trained, owing to an accident which prevented her being brought up to the mark.

3RD RACE.—The Durbungah Cup.

A Cup valued Co.'s Rs. — presented by Maharajah Rodur Sing, Bahadur, Rajah of Durbungah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, half forfeit for

all horses. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. To close and name on the 15th September,

Mr Holdfast's b. nsw. m. *Bellona*, .. walked over.

SECOND DAY, Tuesday, October 30.

1ST RACE.—The Chumparun Cup valued Co.'s Rs. — presented by Maharajah Nowil Kishore Sing, Bahadur, of Bettiah for all horses, Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. 10 F. To close on or before the 15th Sept. 1849.

Mr Holdfast's c. cb. g. *Pretender*, .. walked over.

Mr Fox's b. c. h. *Cape Lad*, .. forfeit.

2ND RACE.—The Doomraon Cup valued at Co.'s Rs. — presented by Maharajah Moheshur Bux Sing, of Doomraon, for all Horses. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. The winner of either the Sonepore Derby or Colonial Stakes 7lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M., 10 F. To close and name on the 15th Sept. 1849.

Mr Holdfast's .. b. a. h. *Bonanza*, walked over.

3RD RACE.—The Sonepore Cup value 50 G. M. for all Horses. Two miles. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race one stone.

Mr Holdfast's b. a. h. *Bonanza*, 8st. 3lbs. Hydur 1

„ c. cb. g. *Pretender*, 8st. 1lb. Barnes 2

Mr Fitzpatrick's b. a. h. *Referee*, 9st. 3lbs. C. Barker 3

This race was brought forward to save a blank day. A well contested race between *Bonanza* and *Referee*, the former winning with difficulty.

Time,—4m.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 Forfeit, for all Horses. Maidens on the day of the Race. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th Sept. 1849.

Did not fill.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, November 1.

1ST RACE.—The Civilians' Cup for all Horses. Sonepore weight for age. One mile and three quarters. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 1st. The winner of the Durbungah, Champarun, or Doomraon Cups 5lbs. of two or more of the said Cups 7lbs. extra.

Mr Holdfast's g. a. b. *Blood Royal*, .. walked over.

2ND RACE.—The Sonepore Welter for all Horses, 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs., R. C. Gentlemen riders. 20 G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of 10 G. M. each. To close on the 15th Sept. 1849.

No entrances.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F. for all Horses. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. To close on the 15th Sept. 1849.

Did not fill.

FOURTH DAY, *Saturday, November 3.*

1ST RACE.—A Plate of Rs. 500 presented by Rajah Modenarain for all horses added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each—5 forfeit; weight for age as below. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Craven distance. Gentlemen riders. To close and name on the 15th Sept. 1849.

| | | | | |
|------------------|------------|------------------|--------------|------|
| 3 years old | .. | .. | 9st. 5lbs. | |
| 4 ditto | .. | .. | 10st. 2lbs. | |
| 5 ditto | .. | .. | 10st. 10lbs. | |
| 6 ditto and aged | .. | .. | 11st. 0lb. | |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. a. h. | <i>Referee</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | .. 1 |
| Mr Mortlock's | b. nsw. g. | <i>Nimrod</i> , | 10st. 11lbs. | .. 2 |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. nsw. g. | <i>Firefly</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | .. 3 |

The public expected a good Race for this Purse, but the expectation was not realized. *Nimrod* was sick and couldn't go. *Firefly* threw his chance away in the first half mile, *Referee* coming in an easy winner, gallantly ridden by his sporting owner.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maiden country brod horses. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. each. H. F. To close on the 15th September 1849.

No entrance.

3RD RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all horses. R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each, maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 1st. To close on the 15th September 1849.

Did not fill.

FIFTH DAY, *Tuesday, November 6.*

1ST RACE.—The Hutwa Cup value Co.'s Rs. — presented by Maharajah Chuttherdharee Subaye, of Hutwa, for all Maiden Horses, Craven weights and distance. Heats. The winner of Derby, Colonial or Doomraon Cups 7lbs. extra. The winner of either Derby or Colonial and Doomraon Cup 10lbs. extra.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|----------------------|----|-----------|---|---|
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. h. | <i>Blood Royal</i> , | .. | Barnes | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Fox's | c. a. h. | <i>Sea Gull</i> , | .. | C. Barker | 2 | 2 |

Blood Royal won with great ease.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 35s.; 2d heat, 2m. 38s.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses. R. C. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the meeting, and the weights to be declared the day before the Race. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|-----------|---------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Holdfast's | c. cb. g. | <i>Pretender</i> , | 9st. 7lbs. | Barnes | 1 |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. a. h. | <i>Referee</i> , | 8st. 6lbs. | C. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Seymour's | g. a. h. | <i>Soothsayer</i> , | 7st. 12lbs. | | 3 |

This is the only race that *Pretender* has run to win during the meeting, and he was never nearer being beaten in his life. Considering the time, the running falls far short of his last year's performances as a three year old. It's to be hoped, for his owner's sake, that he is not going to follow suit to *Young Emblem*, *Belions*, &c., who were very great as 3 years old, but did not improve with age.

Time,—3m. 7½s.

3RD RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses. One mile. To be Handicapped by the Stewards. Nominations to be sent to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the meeting, and the weights to be declared the day before the Race. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 600.

No entrances.

SIXTH DAY, Thursday, November 8.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap for which all winners of public money above Rs. 500 in amount must enter. Optional to all other winners. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|------------|----------------------|-------------|-----------|------|
| Mr Holdfast's | b. a. h. | <i>Bonanza</i> , | 8st. 5lbs. | Hydur | 1 |
| Mr Holdfast's | g. a. h. | <i>Blood Royal</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. | Barnes | 2 |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. a. h. | <i>Referee</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. | C. Barker | 3 |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. nsw. g. | <i>Firefly</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. | .. | dis. |

This was the best race of the meeting. *Bonanza* winning with difficulty by a neck.

Time,—R. C., 3m. 10s.

2ND RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. from the fund for all horses that have started for but not won public money. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Craven distance. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

No entrances.

3RD RACE.—The Consolation Cup of 10 G. M. for all horses to be valued by their owners; the winner to be sold if claimed, at the price fixed. To carry weight specified at foot. One mile heats. Entrance 5 G. M.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|------------------------|----|-------------|---|
| | Valued at Rs. | 1,000 | .. | 10st. 0lb. | |
| | " | 900 | .. | 9st. 8lbs. | |
| | " | 800 | .. | 9st. 3lbs. | |
| | " | 700 | .. | 8st. 12lbs. | |
| | " | 600 | .. | 8st. 7lbs. | |
| | " | 500 | .. | 8st. 0lb. | |
| | " | 400 | .. | 7st. 9lbs. | |
| Mr Hawk's | b. cb. m. | <i>Alice</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Fortescue's | b. cb. c. | <i>Edward Morgan</i> , | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Holdfast's | b. a. c. | <i>Do-the-Boys</i> , | .. | Distanced. | |
| Mr Fox's | b. a. h. | <i>Gun Cotton</i> , | .. | .. | |

The mare won with ease.

LAHORE RACES.

FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—Lahore Derby.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|---------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Williams' | g. a. h. | <i>Snatcher</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Sims' | g. a. h. | <i>Akali</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |

Won in a canter.

Seven came to the post, *Surplice*, *Austerlitz*, *Ibrahim* and *Vexation*; *Austerlitz* made the running for the first half mile when he fell into the second place

and kept it to the half mile from home, where *Copenhagen* went to the front with ease.

Time,—3m. 6s.

2ND RACE.—Lahore Free Handicap.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|----------|-------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Rawlins' | b. a. h. | <i>Nutcut</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Sims' | b. a. g. | <i>Renegade</i> , | 7st. 7lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 |

Eight horses started, ending in a well contested race with the first three.

Time,—3m. 2s.

3D RACE.—The Charger Stakes.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|----|--------------------|----|----|-------|
| Mr Villier's | .. | <i>Zumbooruk</i> , | .. | .. | 1 2 1 |
| Capt. John's | .. | <i>Sheik</i> , | .. | .. | 2 1 2 |

Three others started but had no chance, the winner was ridden by General Gilbert.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 2s. ; 2nd heat, 1m. 3s. ; 3rd heat, 1m. 2s.

3RD RACE.—The Hacks.

| | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|--------------------|----|----|-----|
| The Arab Merchant's | .. | <i>Rhodadada</i> , | .. | .. | 1 1 |
|---------------------|----|--------------------|----|----|-----|

Time,—1st heat, 50s. ; 2nd heat, 1m.

SECOND DAY, Thursday, November 15.

1ST RACE.—Give and Take, one mile and a half.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-------------------------|----|----|---|
| Capt. Frederick's | gr. a. h. | <i>Pam</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Kinloch's | b. a. h. | <i>Master Charles</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

2ND RACE.—Gilbert Cup, one mile and a quarter.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------|----|----|---|
| Sir Walter's | b. a. h. | <i>Wukeel</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. a. h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Zeenab-ood-deen's | g. a. h. | <i>Shaw-in-Shaw</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Villier's | gr. a. h. | <i>Zumbooruk</i> , | .. | .. | 4 |

3D RACE.—Claret Cup, or Purse ; two miles.

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|------------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Rawlins' | b. a. h. | <i>Nut-cut</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Sims' | b. a. h. | <i>Renegade</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Pakenham's | cp | <i>Sir Harry</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Pakenham's | gr. a. h. | <i>The Centurion</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Sir Walter's | gr. a. h. | <i>Peshawur</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |

4TH RACE.—The Omnibus Stakes ; two miles.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----------|------------------------|----|----|---|
| Kinloch's | g. a. h. | <i>Charles</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Capt. Frederick's | g. a. h. | <i>Never-give-in</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. a. h. | <i>Revelation</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Williams' | g. a. h. | <i>The Snatcher</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. a. h. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Sims' | g. a. h. | <i>Akali</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr James' | g. a. h. | <i>The Iron Duke</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |

5TH RACE.—Sweepstakes for 25 G. M., 10 forfeit ; one mile and a half.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----|-------|---------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | gr. | a. h. | <i>Austerlitz</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr James' | .. | .. | .. | .. | pays forfeit. | |

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, November 17.*

1ST RACE.—Dragoon Cup. Two miles.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|-------|------------------------|-------|--------|----|---|
| Sir Walter's | g. | a. h. | <i>Oomrao</i> , | 10st. | 2lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Kinloch's | g. | a. h. | <i>Charles</i> , | 10st. | 5lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr James' | b. | a. h. | <i>Vexation</i> , | 9st. | 10lbs. | .. | 0 |
| Mr William's | g. | a. h. | <i>The Snatcher</i> , | 10st. | 12lbs. | .. | 9 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. h. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , | 10st. | 2lbs. | .. | 0 |
| Mr James' | g. | a. h. | <i>The Iron Duke</i> , | 9st. | 3lbs. | .. | 0 |
| Sir Walter's | b. | a. h. | <i>Wakeel</i> , | 10st. | 5lbs. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Villier's | g. | a. h. | <i>Zumbooruk</i> , | 10st. | 5lbs. | .. | 0 |

Time,—4m. 13s.

2ND RACE.—The Open Stakes. One mile and a quarter.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------|---------------------|------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | a. h. | <i>Copenhagen</i> , | 8st. | 3lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Sims' | b. | a. h. | <i>Renegade</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. h. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 3 |
| Mr South's | g. | a. h. | <i>Paragon</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs. | .. | 4 |

3D RACE.—The Hack Stakes. Three quarters of a mile.

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|-------|------------------|-------|-------|----|--|
| Mr South's | ch. | a. h. | <i>Cricket</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | .. | |
|------------|-----|-------|------------------|-------|-------|----|--|

FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, November 20.*

1ST RACE.—The Champion Stakes. One mile and three quarters.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------|---------------------|------|------|----|---|
| Mr Pakenham's | g. | a. h. | <i>Austerlitz</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. h. | <i>Nut-cut</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 2 |

Time,—3m. 35s.

2ND RACE.—The Give and Take. One Mile. Heats.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------|-------------------------|----|---|---|-----|
| Capt. Frederick's | g. | a. h. | <i>Pam</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| Mr Sims' | g. | a. h. | <i>Renegade</i> , | .. | 2 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr South's | b. | a. h. | <i>Dominie Skelp</i> , | .. | 3 | 4 | 4 |
| Kinloch's | b. | a. h. | <i>Master Charles</i> , | .. | 3 | 2 | dr. |

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 58s.

3D RACE.—Governor General's Cup. One mile and half.

| | | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------|------------------------|-------|--------|---|
| Sir Walter's | g. | a. h. | <i>Peskawur</i> , | 10st. | 4lbs. | 1 |
| Sir Walter's | g. | a. h. | <i>Oomrao</i> , | 10st. | 2lbs. | 2 |
| Kinloch's | g. | a. h. | <i>Charles</i> , | 10st. | 2lbs. | 3 |
| Zinab-ood-deen's | g. | a. h. | <i>Shah-in-Shah</i> , | 9st. | 13lbs. | 4 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. h. | <i>Ibrahim</i> , | 9st. | 13lbs. | |
| Capt. Frederick's | g. | a. h. | <i>Never-give-in</i> , | 9st. | 13lbs. | |
| Mr Pakenham's | b. | c. h. | <i>Sir Harry</i> , | 10st. | 11lbs. | |

Time,—3m. 4s.

4TH RACE.—Pony Stakes. Three quarters of a mile. Heats.

| | | | | | | |
|------------|-----|----|------------------------|--|--|--|
| Mr Black's | ch. | p. | <i>If-you-please</i> . | | | |
|------------|-----|----|------------------------|--|--|--|

FIFTH DAY, Thursday, Novemberth 22.

1ST RACE.—The Cup given by a Lover of Sport. 2 miles.

Sir Walter's g. a. h. *Peshawur*, .. Owner .. walked over.

2ND RACE.—The Consolation Purse. 1 mile heats.

Mr South's g. a. h. *Paragon*, 9st. 7lbs. Atkinson 1 1Mr Villier's g. a. h. *The Lawyer*, 9st. 7lbs. B. (J. Browne 2 2Capt. Frederick's c. cb. m. *Marchioness*, 9st. 0lb. West 3 3Mr James' b. a. h. *Sadulla*, 9st. 0lb. White Boy 4 41st Heat.—*The Lawyer* made play to the quarter mile post, where *Paragon* passed him and won easily by two lengths.2nd Heat.—After a good race *Paragon* won by a length.

3RD RACE.—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse. 1 mile.

Mr Pakenham's g. a. h. *Holdfast*, .. Francis, Esq. 1 1Sir Walter's b. a. h. *Wukkeel*, .. Owner 3 2Capt. Frederick's b. a. h. *Ganymede*, .. Owner 2 dr.Mr James' b. a. h. *Vexation*, .. Capt. Hicks 4 dr.*Holdfast* made play and won in a canter.2nd Heat.—*Holdfast* and *Wukkeel* off at score. At the first $\frac{1}{4}$ *Wukkeel* fell back a little, *Holdfast* running steadily on, at the $\frac{1}{2}$ from home, *Wukkeel* went up to *Holdfast's* head and shouts of "*Wukkeel* wins;" but *Holdfast* came away and won easily by three lengths.

Time,—1m. 2s.

4TH RACE.—The Beaten Purse. 1 mile.

Mr Sim's b. a. h. *Renegade*, 8st. 10lbs. Jonny 1Mr Rawlin's b. a. h. *Ibrahim*, 8st. 4lbs. Browne 2Kinlock's b. a. h. *Master Charles*, 8st. 6lbs. Atkinson 0Capt. Frederick's g. a. h. *Never-give-in*, 8st. 12lbs. • .. 5*Renegade* made the running and won in a canter by ten lengths.5TH RACE.—The Newmarket Stakes. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.Mr Villier's g. a. h. *Zumbooruk*, .. Sir W. Gilbert 4 1 1Mr South's b. a. h. *Dominie Skelp*, .. Owner 1 2 2Mr Pakenham's g. a. h. *The Centurion*, .. Hunt, Esq. 0 0 3Mr Lloyd's b. a. h. *The Gem*, .. Mackbell 0 0 0Zinabooddeen's g. a. h. *Aftab*, .. Pakenham, Esq. 2 0 0Mr Charles' g. a. h. *Dr Login*, .. Tulloch, Esq. 0 0 0Mr Young's b. a. h. *Ennis*, 0 0 0Mr James' b. a. h. *The Baronet*, .. Owner 0 0 0Capt. Frederick's g. a. h. *Paris*, .. Duffin, Esq. 0 0 0*The Centurion*, *The Gem* and *Dominie* the favourites, 7 to 1 against *Zumbooruk* taken.1st Heat.—*Aftab* lost some lengths at starting, which he was unable to recover quite, and was beaten by a neck.

2nd Heat.—A capital race between the two first.

3rd Heat.—Won easily by *Zumbooruk*, who was beautifully ridden by our gallant General.

AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

First Day, Tuesday, September 25, 1849.

1st RACE.—The Breeders' Purse a subscription of £15 each, P. P. for all 3 year old Colts and Fillies bred by Subscribers, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. Colts, 7st. 10lbs.; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One mile and a half.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|---|----|----|---|
| Mr Louw's | r. c. | <i>Agitator</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr J. Beyer's | b. c. | <i>Young O'Connell</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , dam by <i>Moresco</i> , | 2 | | |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. c. | <i>Young Glaucus</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , dam <i>Miss Whip-</i> <i>thong</i> , by <i>Discount</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Hoffman's | g. c. | <i>Adderley</i> , by <i>Discount</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Louw's | c. c. | <i>Lanercost</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Green's | c. c. | <i>Rococo</i> , by <i>Rococo</i> , | .. | .. | 0 |

Rococo made the running for the first half mile and then resigned his lead. *Agitator*, *Young O'Connell* and *Glaucus* had the rest of the race all to themselves and the two first contested it with great severity from the distance to the finish, *Agitator* winning with much difficulty by a head.

Time,—3m. 4s.

2nd RACE.—The Merchants' Purse value £50, for horses that have not won on the green-point course, weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. Entrance, £1-10.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------|---|----|---|-----|
| Mr Louw's | r. c. | <i>Sir James</i> , 4 years | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. m. | <i>Eveline</i> , by <i>Seth</i> , dam <i>Arctique</i> , | .. | 2 | dr. |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Puzzle</i> , by <i>Sideboard</i> , 4 years | .. | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Mostert's | b. c. | <i>Prince Albert</i> , 5 years | .. | 0 | 3 |
| Mr Meyburg's | b. c. | <i>Ethiopian</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , 3 years, dam by <i>Skipper</i> , | .. | 0 | dr. |
| Mr Green's | b. c. | <i>Mellernich</i> by <i>Mellernich</i> , bred by Messrs Reitz | .. | 0 | dr. |

1st Heat.—An excellent race all the way between the old mare and *Sir James* and won by half a length with difficulty. *Puzzle* did not go for the heat.

2nd Heat.—The mare being drawn, *Sir James* won the heat very easily from *Puzzle*.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 5s.; 2nd heat, 3m. 10½s.

3rd RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of £30, and Cradock Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. For all horses. Heats, two miles. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|---------|--|----|---|-------|
| Mr Hoffman's | blk. c. | <i>Sideboard</i> , 5 years | .. | 1 | 2 dr. |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. f. | <i>Selina</i> , 4 years, by <i>Glaucus</i> | .. | 2 | 1 1 |

1st Heat.—*Sideboard* made play for the first ½ when the filly took it from him and was leading by 2 lengths to the last turn, when the horse gradually came up, and collared her at the distance. Slashing work ensued, and *Sideboard* won by a head on the post.

AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB. 31

2nd Heat.—The mare relying on superior condition and blood went off at score, maintained a lead of some lengths throughout, and won in a canter.

3rd Heat.—The mare walked over.

Time,—1st Heat, 4m. 13s. ; 2nd Heat, 4m. 12s.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, September 26.

1st RACE.—His Excellency the Governor's Purse value £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. For all horses. Weight for age. Two miles. A winner on the first day to carry 7lbs. extra.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|--|----|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | bl. c. | Sideboard, by Sideboard, 5 years | .. | 1 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. f. | Selina, by Glaucus, 4 years, 7lbs. extra | .. | 2 |
| Mr Louw's | r. c. | Sir James, by Wildrake, 4 years, 7lbs. extra | .. | 3 |

Selina made play at a great pace and was closely followed by *Sideboard*, *Sir James* being beaten off very early in the race. After going a mile and a half, *Sideboard* took the lead from the mare, went clean away from her and won by some lengths, hard held.

Time,—4m. 11s.

2ND RACE.—The New Market Sweepstakes of £3 each, H. F. with £20 added from the race fund. For all Colonial-bred horses. Heats, one mile, 6 years old and aged horses to carry 10st. 4lbs. ; 5 years, 10st. ; 4 years, 9st. 4lbs. and 3 years, 7st. 10lbs. A winner once to carry 7lbs. extra ; twice or oftener, 14lbs.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|------------------------------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Louw's | b. h. | Wellington, 6 years | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | Laurel, 4 years | .. | 0 | 2 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | c. c. | Young Glaucus, by Glaucus, 3 years | .. | 2 | 0 |
| Mr Meyburg's | bl. c. | Ethiopian, by Gustavus, 3 years | .. | 4 | 3 |

1st Heat.—After one false start, they got away well together. *Wellington* went to the front immediately, drew away from his horses at every stride and won very easily by 2 lengths.

2nd Heat.—A false start again and *Wellington* overpowering his jockey ran the whole way home. At the next attempt *Glaucus* and *Ethiopian* took the lead, but were joined by *Wellington* at the half mile post, where *Ethiopian* dropped. The other two ran head and head to the distance and *Glaucus* obtained the lead there by half a length apparently safe to win, but suddenly staggered and stopped and *Wellington* beat *Laurel* in by some lengths. No time taken. It was found that *Glaucus* had broken his shoulder at the joint and he died the same night.

Time,—1st Heat, 1m. 59s.

3RD RACE.—The Welter Purse of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. For all Colonial-bred horses that have not won before the first day of the meeting. One mile and a half. 6 years old and aged horses to carry 11st. 3lbs. ; 5 years, 11st. 1lb. ; 4 years, 10st. 8lbs., and 3 years, 9st. 7lbs.

| | | | | |
|-----------------|--------|------------------------------------|----|---|
| Mr Van Reenen's | br. m. | Eveline, aged | .. | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | Puzzle, by Sideboard, 4 years | .. | 2 |
| Mr Louw's | r. h. | Sandilla, by Moresco, 6 years | .. | 3 |
| Mr Green's | b. c. | Metternick, by Metternick, 3 years | .. | 4 |

The old mare took the lead from the post, made strong running, and won easily by a length.

Time,—3m. 4s.

THIRD DAY, Friday, September 28.

1ST RACE.—The Visitors' Handicap of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all horses that have run during the meeting. To be handicapped by the Stewards. One mile and a half.

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----------|--------------------------|--------|-------|--------|---|
| Mr Van Reenen's | ch. f. | <i>Selina</i> , | 4 yrs. | 8st. | 12lbs. | 1 |
| Mr Hoffman's | • bl. h. | <i>Sideboard</i> , | 5 yrs. | 10st. | 0lb. | 2 |
| Mr Van Reenen's | b. m. | <i>Eveline</i> , | aged | 10st. | 1lb. | 3 |
| Mr Hoffman's | b. c. | <i>Laurel</i> , | 4 yrs. | 9st. | 0lb. | 4 |
| Mr Beyer's | • b. c. | <i>Young O'Connell</i> , | 3 yrs. | 7st. | 7lbs. | 5 |

Sideboard the favourite and *Young O'Connell* much fancied. The former made the running at a fair pace for the first mile when *Selina* took the lead from him, and went home in a canter, winning by half a distance in 3m. 4s. To account for this strange running it may be observed that the mare was amiss when she ran for the Governor's Purse on the second day, a fact unknown to the handicappers.

2ND RACE.—The Consolation Purse.—A Purse of £20, given by his Excellency the Governor's Personal Staff, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all Colonial-bred horses that have not won during the meeting. Heats, one mile. Same weights as for the Newmarket Sweepstakes; the winner to be sold if claimed, for £100; but if for £30, allowed 5lbs.; if for £60, allowed 10lbs.; if for £40, allowed 20lbs.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|----|-------------------|----------|-----|----|---|---|
| Mr Hoffman's | .. | <i>Puzzle</i> , | 4 years, | £60 | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Louw's | .. | <i>Sandilla</i> , | 6 years, | £40 | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Beyer's | .. | <i>Panda</i> , | 5 years, | £40 | .. | 3 | 3 |

Puzzle won both heats in a canter. No time taken in consequence of the heavy rain.

WEIGHTS FOR AGE FOR THE AUTUMN MEETING.

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|----|-------------|---------------|----|-------|-------|
| 2 Years old.. | .. | Feather. | 5 Years old.. | .. | 9st. | 9lbs. |
| 3 " .. | .. | 7st. 0lb. | 6 " .. | .. | 10st. | 1lb. |
| 4 " .. | .. | 8st. 12lbs. | Aged " .. | .. | 10st. | 4lbs. |

AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

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| Mauritius Races, | <i>Mauritius Times.</i> |
| Deyrah Races, | <i>Mofussilite.</i> |
| Mysore Races, | <i>Athenæum.</i> |
| Peshawur Sky Races, | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i> |
| Bangalore Races, | <i>Madras Athenæum.</i> |
| Belgaum Races, | <i>Bombay Times.</i> |
| Hishayarpur Races, | <i>Mofussilite.</i> |
| Sonepore Races, | <i>Our own Correspondent.</i> |
| Lahore Races, | <i>Ditto.</i> |
| Autumn Meeting of the South African Turf Club, | <i>Ditto.</i> |

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